00026662

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 001.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016

# PERSONAL MEMOIRS;

OR

# REMINISCENCES

# OF MEN AND MANNERS

AT HOME AND ABROAD,

DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

26662 ac

WITH

OCCASIONAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE;

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF

PRYSE LOCKHART GORDON, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,

NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1830.

923.541
Gorkiné Per
26662

# CONTENTS

OF

# THE SECOND VOLUME.

---


## INTRODUCTION.

Voyage to Lisbon—Picturesque scenery—Filth of the streets—Mr. Beckford's villa—Cintra—Mrs. Casey—Portuguese women—Society . . . . . page 1

## CHAPTER I.

The Arts—Early taste—The Progress of Folly—The difficulties of connoisseurship—The Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian—The knowing ones taken in—Mr. Beckford's Claudes—Del 'Era—An extraordinary genius—The modern Raphael—Death of Del 'Era—The works of the modern Raphael—The gullibility of amateurs—Successful hoax—Apollo and the muses—Tricks upon travellers—The Sienna court—A Raphael discovered—Remarkable instance of bad taste—Sicilian fleas—The folly of picture-dealing—A Vandyke discovered—Viscount Aylesbury—Hamlet at Ophelia's grave—General want of taste for the arts in England—Mr. Wilkie—A Titian discovered—A clerical booby—Greek medals—An antiquary . . . . . 8

## CHAPTER II.

Anecdotes of the arts—Bartolozzi—Mr. Merchant—Mr. Harris—Antiques—Gainsborough—The Orleans gallery—The Garden of Eden—Angelica Kauffmann—The art of mosaic—State of the arts in Flanders—An eminent artist—Pretensions of the Flemings—Comparison between the arts in England and France—A Teniers discovered—Mr. Bryan—The sword of Hampden—The battle of Radcott-bridge—Hampden's hut—Benvenuto Cellini—Celebration of the birth of Charles Fox—Sword presented—Strawberry Hill . . . . 46

## CHAPTER III.

Recollections of the Opera—William Taylor, M.P.—A skilful manager—Banti—Taylor and Banti—Catalan—Senesino—The enamoured Marchesa—Naldi—Bertinotti—Her début in England—Catalani and Bertinotti—Taylor—A manager's illiberality—A singular character—Dog Jennings—Sketch of a *virtuoso* . . . . . 82

## CHAPTER IV.

Second voyage to Sicily—Embarkation—Arrival in Minorca—The late Duchess Dowager of Orleans—A prophecy realised—Arrival in Sicily—Queen Caroline—Lord William Bentinck's measures—Strong measures of her Majesty—The banished Barons released—The new constitution—The plot detected—The Queen's intended banishment—Base conduct of her Majesty—Robbery of the famous Florence tribunal—Noble act of the Prince Regent—An imposing spectacle—The castle of Carini—A robbery—Sicilian criminal laws—Corruption of the judges—Agriculture in Sicily in 1813—An experimental farm—My indisposition and return to England—The passport . . . . . 120

## CHAPTER V.

Sardinia—Savage inhabitants—The Sardinian sportsman—A doctor—The liberal stranger—The chasse—The Sardinian dinner—The museum—Departure—The doctor's tale—A priest—Escape from a prison—The journey—Kind reception of relatives—The kind uncle—Dubbed an M.D.—The death of a miser—Marriage—Corsica—The English in Corsica—The rival doctors—General Bonaparte—His indisposition—The doctor in a dilemma—The doctor denounced—A prison—The cell—Short commons—The escape—Deliverance—A generous jailer—A voyage—The doctor's defence—Tyranny—Cagliari—A new friend—A new residence—Contentment is better than wealth—The rival humbled—Antonio the faithful domestic—His story—Conclusion of the doctor's tale . . 148

## CHAPTER VI.

Gibraltar—A swaggering tar—A *tick* ship—The King of the Jews—A financier outwitted—Spanish ball—The Duke of Wellington—Hidalgo fête—A Cortes orator—29th Bulletin—Duke of Wellington's departure—The portrait—The Bolero—Spanish soirée—General Nugent—Princess Butera and the English Lord—Princess Butera's death—An obdurate father—Imprisonment and separation—Law-suit . . . 188

## CHAPTER VII.

Colonel Rooke—A prisoner—The jailer—A friend in need—The embassy chaplain—Pulpit eloquence—The glass eye—Humorous Boniface—Charioteering—Stable economy—Political pamphlet—Knight of St. Anne—Royal fisherman—Temple of Segesta—Campieri—The unlucky dog—A jolly monk—Sicilian restaurateur—Solitude—Monkish hospitality—Sicilian hospitality—Chevalier d'industrie—A shuffler detected—Malta—Viletta—An unexpected visit—The hermit in Greece—Death of the wanderer—Eccentricities—A leg of mutton and turnips . . . . . 207

## CHAPTER VIII.

Sketch of a roué—Extravagance—Reform—"An old friend with a new face"—Adventures of a prisoner of war—Sir J. J——The King's Bench Prison scenes—The dinner—Repentance of a roué—Confessions—A faithful servant—Death of a sinner—The legacy . . . . . 245

## CHAPTER IX.

The Hundred Days and Waterloo—Flight of the English residents—The Duke of Richmond—News of Napoleon—March of the troops—The French prisoners—Lieut.-Colonel Rooke—First news of victory—The rout—The wounded—Benevolence of the Bruxellois—Melancholy spectacles—Mutilated officers—A bullet extracted—Colonel Elley—An old friend—A brave soldier—Visit to the field of battle—Napoleon's promises . . . . . 265

## CHAPTER X.

The British troops at Waterloo—Estimate of the numbers of the French and allied armies—Salucci, the French prisoner, an anecdote—Paris in 1815, during the residence of the army of occupation—A feat at Waterloo—Visit to a Parisian—Gambling house—Marquis de Leveret—The Duke of Kent at Brussels . . . . . 291

## CHAPTER XI.

Lord Byron at Brussels—His personal appearance—His réminiscences of Scotland—Mary Duff—His visit to Waterloo—His mother—Her marriage—Lord Byron at the age of fourteen—Sir Walter Scott at Brussels and Waterloo—Anecdotes . . . . . 321

## CHAPTER XII.

St. Elmo, a tale of the Neapolitan Revolution—The surrender—The treaty broke—Horrors of the siege—Connivance at escape—The *facchino*—Extraordinary rencontre—The prisoner's tale—The cameriera—A friend—The disguise—Generous stranger—Agreeable asylum—Bay of Naples—Good news—Captain Troubridge and the English consul—Friendship—Conclusion . . . . . 339

## CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. S. T——y—His *jeux d'esprit*—Epigrams—The enraged musicians—The poet Hewardine—His wit and profligacy—Mr. Cockerill of Brussels—His interview with Napoleon—A dram-drinker reformed . . . . . 368

## CHAPTER XIV.

The late Lady Hamilton—The discomfited artist—Lady H.'s attitudes—Sir William Hamilton—The favourite of fortune—The humiliating contrast—The failings of the Hero of the Nile—The late Lord Graves—His duel in Italy—British courage triumphant—John Philpot Curran—A pedantic parson—Curran at Glasgow—Counsellor Rudd . . . . 383

## MISCELLANEOUS MEMS. AND MEMOIRS.

Madame Belzoni . . . . . 404

Contrast between the lower orders of France and England . . . . . 406

The two Consuls . . . . . 408

The English at Spa . . . . . 410

Anecdote of the Ex-King of Sweden . . . . 411
Present residences of the Bonaparte family, 1829 . 412
Fredericks-Oord . . . . . 413
Sketch of a Dutch entertainment . . . . 414
Extravagant prices paid for wines . . . . 415
Superstition and Priestcraft . . . . . 417
Sketch of Holland under Louis Bonaparte . . 422
The royal army of Calabria . . . . . 429
Malaria of Rome . . . . . 430
Sketch of Brussels in 1829 . . . . . 432
The late Lord Montgomery . . . . . 447

Τῇ Ἐγγενεστάτῃ καὶ Σεβασμιωτάτῃ Κυρίᾳ
Ἄννᾳ Σαρρᾶ Κινέσῃ.

Ἐγγενεστάτη Κυρία

Μέχρι ὅσου ὧσιν ἡ ἐνέργειαι ἔχῃ ἡ σάρκινον λίθον ἀντὶ καρδίας, ἡμῖν χρέος ἐστὶν ἡ εὐγνωμοσύνης τὸν ἐνεργετικὸν ἡμῶν ὅμως ἀσθενεῖς καὶ σύντομον τὸ σύστασιν, μόγις δὲ ὅσοι ἐστὶν ἡ ἐνέργειαι ἀπομιμοῦνται μεγάλας εὐεργέτας. Τὰ μέγιστα οἱ ὑπογεγραμμένοι ἐνεργετούμενοι, ἡμεῖς μὴ δυνάμενοι ἡ ἄλλον τρόπον νὰ ἐκφράσωμεν τὴν ἡμῶν εὐγνωμοσύνην, ἐκ μόνου ὀλίγου καλοῦ ἐστὶν ἐπιθυμοῦμεν βραχέως διαλεχθῆναι σας ἐνόπιον τῆς ἐνόπιον τῆς ἐκκλησίας, ἐκεῖσε καὶ τὰ παραύτα μεγάλη τοῦτε αὐτόπτωτοι, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὁ ἡμῶν ἐνδεὴς μεδοστικὰ μας ἔμαμε νὰ δόσωμεν μὲ μεγάλην μας εὐχαρίστησιν ἐκκλησίας ἀρρόδους ἡ τὰς νεανίδας μας. Τὰς παραπαρακαλοῦμεν καὶ δεχθῆτε ἐπὶ σαρῶσαι μας ἀπεχόντων τὰ ἀγέρι ἐναρμὶ καὶ αἴσθησαι σύμπονοι τῆς εὐγνωμοσύνης μας, διὰ ἐπὶ τοῦτον ἐπὶ ὑμῶν χάριν, καὶ τὸ μαρτύριον ἐμῶν

# PERSONAL MEMOIRS,

## &c.

---

### INTRODUCTION.

Voyage to Lisbon—Picturesque scenery—Filth of the streets—Mr. Beckford's villa—Cintra—Mrs. Casey—Portuguese women—Society.

I HAVE already mentioned Lord M——'s great anxiety that I should accompany him to Lisbon.

A story is told of a man, not highly educated, who went to the East Indies and returned, and gave the whole sum and substance of his narrative in these words: "I put my head out of the port-hole of the ship one day, and my eyes! how she did whiz!" Now I suspect that my voyage to Lisbon will turn out not unlike that of this simple traveller.

Early in October we embarked from Falmouth, *via* Plymouth, in a government packet, of which captain *John Bull* was commander, a well known

skipper of that port, and a fair representative of his name.

I looked out at the portholes more than once, and "whiz" it did; for we encountered a heavy gale of twenty-four hours, but we accomplished our voyage in eight days and ten minutes by the chronometer.

The entrance into the Tagus is well known to be one of the most magnificent objects that can be imagined: the noble river, the distant view of the city, the white buildings crowning the hills, intermixed with ever-green oaks, cork, and orange trees, are all very imposing, and impress the stranger with ideas of cleanliness and comfort which a nearer inspection speedily removes. After a residence of six months there, I can say with a safe conscience, that to the best of my belief Lisbon, the chief residence of the House of Braganza, is the vilest and filthiest dog-kennel in the Christian world—an Augean stable, that without the aid of 50,000 dogs (the public scavengers,) would breed pestilence worse than the plagues of Egypt.

From Buenos Ayres to the Inquisition Square it is one continued dunghill, into which all filth of every description, the carcases of dogs, cats, and rats, and all the abominations that can be imagined, are indiscriminately thrown from doors and windows, to the disgrace of the police. I am inclined to believe that the Portuguese delight in the odours arising from these mountains of filth; in proof of this I will mention that having one

under our noses at Buenos Ayres, we hired scavengers to remove it, and to drain some stagnant water; but their labours were interrupted by the police, and the men were obliged to work in the night to accomplish our purpose. For this misdemeanour we were threatened with pains and penalties; which probably would have been inflicted on us but for the kind interference of a friend, General Forbes, who represented to the commissary that we had erred from ignorance, foolishly imagining that we were doing a meritorious act at our own expense!

The dirty state of this city is the more extraordinary as it stands on seven hills, like ancient Rome, has many fountains amply supplied with water, and the filth might be thrown into the Tagus, which is only done by the visitation of God in occasional floods.

The spring set in early in March, when we paid a visit with a few friends, to Cintra, whose charms have been so exquisitely described in the poetry of Byron, and the prose of Southey. We passed ten days most agreeably in this paradise, only lamenting that so lovely a spot should be situated in a country whose inhabitants are destitute of taste to see its beauties. It is impossible to imagine a more delicious retreat, where nature has done so much and man so little. Some years ago a few of the nobility had *quintas* there, but they are now deserted, and in a state of dilapidation; which is also the case with a villa erected by Fonthill Beckford

in 1796, of which once splendid house not a vestige remains except the walls.

We lived at the hotel of an Irish widow, Casey, a well-known and singular person; she treated us well, but her charges were enormous.

From Cintra we rode over to Mafra, a royal palace built on the model of the Escurial, and one of the largest in Europe, being a square of seven hundred feet each side. The roof is flat, and, it is said, would cover five acres; and that five thousand troops might be drawn upon it with room to wheel in close column. A convent is attached to it. We saw also a fine hall containing, we were told, 100,000 volumes, but they were locked up. The mad queen was at that time confined there, and we had a peep of her son, the hereditary prince, who did not appear to be much wiser than his mother. As our party galloped up to the palace, his Royal Highness sent a dragoon out to interrogate us, and when he found we were *English*, his savage features, which I had been all the while examining, seemed to soften into that grin which a monkey assumes when he gets a nut. This prince imitated humanity most abominably, but he was suited to be king of such a nation.

General Forbes, a native of Aberdeenshire, was for many years at the head of the Portuguese army, and a distinguished soldier. He made some noise by fighting a duel with Johnny Wilkes at Paris, whither he went to chastise that gentleman for his Forty-five. The challenge was accepted,

and they fought with swords. Wilkes was wounded; the seconds interfered, and would not allow the affair to proceed, though the Scot wished to continue it, as his antagonist would make no *amende*, and it ended with a scratch.

The generalissimo Forbes introduced us to a *hidalgo soirée:* such a dull assembly I had never seen. The women were ranged three deep on forms along the walls of an immense saloon, the men occupying the middle; and excepting with a few dowagers in the front row, there was no communication or conversation between the two sexes. In other rooms there were billiard and card-parties,—all composed of males—what a "gathering!" A quaker's meeting is a comedy compared to it. Refreshments of ice and eau-sucrée were handed about, and we took our leave at an early hour.

I had always a great curiosity respecting females in foreign countries, but in Lisbon I had no means of gratifying it, for they seemed to be as great *bores* as the men.

A species of monastic severity keeps the Portuguese within their houses; thus the ladies are only to be seen walking with a funeral gait to confession or mass, followed by Argus-eyed duennas, bespeaking propriety by the antiquated forms of their dresses and the leanness of their persons, and by the immense breadth of their green sun fans, the size of a kite; nor can I forget the downcast eye that ill conceals the roguery and mischief lurking

within! Did the odours of the well strewed streets permit the hurrying passenger to stop a few seconds, the balconies contain, besides the myrtle, carnation, orange-tree and jessamine, other flowers of a more attractive description to fix his intent regard.

How the Portuguese ladies pass their time within doors except when wistfully gazing from these well cushioned balconies, it is difficult to conceive, for they have no accomplishments, and I have heard, cannot even read.

They may have a seductive animation of eye, but certainly not the mental energy and chaste gaiety of our English women, nor the spiritual elevation and vivacity of the French or Italian well-educated females.

Our little society was much enlivened at Lisbon by the presence of the Countess of Westmoreland and her friend Miss Hunlocke, both extremely talented and agreeable persons. Her ladyship, being in delicate health and in that way that ladies wish to be, &c. selected Portugal as a climate favourable to her accouchement (which terminated happily.) In her suite was also Doctor Fellowes, a pleasant, well-bred man; with this family we had daily intercourse. Mr. L——, the secretary of the Irish post-office, was also here on the score of health; he was accompanied by his wife, whom he introduced as Mrs. L——, but it turned out that she was Countess of A——! A laughable cir-

cumstance in consequence of this *alias* occurred shortly after her arrival, at a ball given by the English merchants. I introduced the lady to the master of the ceremonies of the evening as Madame L——, when he said smiling, "why, my friend, I have been this moment presented to the lady as the Countess of A——." She blushed and taking me aside whispered, "It is true I am Lady A., but for particular reasons I wished to be incog. during my travels; but my blundering countryman, Doctor S., who unfortunately knew me previously, though I begged him to keep my secret, has betrayed me; I suppose he thinks it a feather in his cap to be acquainted with an Irish Countess." Her ladyship being extremely handsome, and decked out in diamonds and pearls, attracted no small notice and admiration, and I have reason to believe that she was not displeased with her friend for having let the "cat out of the bag."

After six months thus passed in Lisbon, with not much pleasure but considerable profit to my friend's health, we returned to England in the spring of 1807. Lord Montgomery's family having passed the winter in Devonshire, he joined them on our arrival at Falmouth; I bade him adieu, and returned to the metropolis to join my own family, whom I had left in Hans Place. I had then again the pleasure of entering into the enjoyments of London life, in the society of many old friends.

## CHAPTER I.

The Arts — Early taste — The Progress of Folly—The difficulties of connoisseurship — The Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian—The knowing ones taken in—Mr. Beckford's Claudes—Del 'Era—An extraordinary genius—The modern Raphael—Death of Del 'Era—The works of the modern Raphael—The gullibility of amateurs—Successful hoax—Apollo and the muses—Tricks upon travellers —The Sienna court—A Raphael discovered—Remarkable instance of bad taste—Sicilian fleas—The folly of picture-dealing—A Vandyke discovered—Viscount Aylesbury — Hamlet at Ophelia's grave—General want of taste for the arts in England—Mr. Wilkie—A Titian discovered—A clerical booby—Greek medals—An antiquary.

FROM an early age I evinced a strong taste for drawing, and having an uncle at Rome who practised the profession of painting, I had taken it into my head, (after having been greatly praised for a sketch I made of an *old beggar*, when I was ten years old,) that I also would be a painter: had I known what Corregio said when he saw the works of Raphael, I would have written under this performance, "*Ed io anche son pittore.*" My uncle, an artist at Rome already mentioned, who

was consulted, agreed to take charge of me at a proper age, and in the mean time desired that I might be provided with paper and crayons, and sent to study in the fields, but no master was to be allowed. But although my profession was changed, my taste for art still continued; and I amused myself occasionally by sketching landscape, and drawing *odd* figures, in which I was pretty successful.

The first money I could spare, which was at Cork, was laid out in prints, which, on my visiting London, I found were wretched gaudy daubs. These I disposed of, and happening to lodge at a printseller's, I soon got a better taste, and discovering that good prints were to be picked up at auctions for a *fourth* of their selling price, I attended them, and before I stopped, I had disbursed nearly 30*l.* which to a subaltern was a little fortune. As I advanced in knowledge of the art of engraving, I became more fastidious and *recherché*, and would only buy *proofs* and rare prints; but I soon found this *hobby* by no means suited to my finances, and that the sums I had already expended would be required to equip me for a voyage to the West Indies. I disposed of my whole treasures to a Portuguese gentleman, an amateur, and my fellow lodger, who gave me a liberal price.

My taste however for works of art was not extinguished—its indulgence was only postponed till more favourable times. At Plymouth, at the conclusion of the American war, I made the ac-

quaintance of Mr. Payne, an artist of great celebrity in water colour: he sketched views from nature, with great truth and freedom. He was employed as a draftsman in the ordnance department, and had a few pupils at his leisure hours. I took lessons from him, by which I greatly profited. I now despised *prints:* any one could procure them, but good drawings were not *come-at-able* except by the *rich.* How did I sigh for wealth to buy drawings! I would have stripped Payne's portfolios! but my means (and that only by stinting myself of wine and other luxuries) only enabled me to make a few acquisitions. This rage continued for years, and I starved myself! When I got a company, and was placed on the staff, I was able to indulge my favourite pursuit, and wherever I could pick up a good drawing, (by this time I had become somewhat of a *connoisseur,*) I bought it. My collection became pretty extensive, and as I was constantly moving about, I determined to get rid of it. This was not so easy a matter as disposing of prints. A dealer however in London, my countryman, Mr. *Phelp,* made a proposal to me, which I accepted, and though I did not get the value of my portfolios, I was in pocket by the speculation—this was the year previous to my going to the continent with Lord Montgomery.

For some years I had been examining the higher branch of art, painting in oil. I attended every picture sale, and kept marked catalogues of

the prices they produced. I visited every public and private gallery, or collection of pictures, to which I could procure the *entrée*, both in London and the provinces. I made the acquaintance of Opie, Lawrence, Shee, West, Romney, Beechy, Cosway, and of every artist in London of any celebrity. I never found any difficulty in getting access to these gentlemen, and was always received with politeness.

I began to have some idea of the *hands* of *masters*, but the farther I advanced in this knowledge, the more sensible did I become of my imperfect judgment; and when I had made the tour of Europe, and seen every thing, I discovered that I was any thing but a *connoisseur:* my eye was improved, and so was my judgment, but I was contented to think myself only an *amateur*. How many pretenders are there who set up as *cognoscenti*, who know still less than I did! My uncle, who had lived more than half a century at Rome, and whose whole study it was to acquire a knowledge of art, told me that it took him more than twenty years to be able to distinguish copies from originals. I dabbled in pictures as far as my purse would permit, and although I trusted to my own judgment, I made a few good *hits* which I shall mention.

As Lord Montgomery and myself were the first Englishmen who visited Rome after the counter revolution, I had it in my power to have

enriched myself, for I could have got my uncle's judgment, one of the most profound in Europe, but unfortunately neither of us had provided ourselves with the means of purchasing. Previous to this revolution, the pictures belonging to the noble families at Rome were *heir looms*, and entailed with their estates, but when the French laid such heavy contributions on them, they declared they had no property except the contents of their palaces, which by the feudal law of Rome could not be disposed of. Napoleon, however, soon found a mode of setting them at liberty: he abolished this law. It was shortly after this, that I visited Rome. The French, however, had not been able to profit by this arbitrary measure, for before they had time to export the treasures of the palaces, which they had stolen, or bought at their *own* valuation, the disasters they met with in the north of Italy obliged them to evacuate the kingdom.

The few English who remained in the Roman capital were chiefly artists, and though they had but small means, they made great acquisitions. Mr. Day, an Irishman, a painter in miniature, had been some years in Rome. He contrived to establish a credit in England, and purchased every *chef-d'œuvre* that came in his way on such favourable terms, that within *two* years he had realized 25,000*l*. It was from him that the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of *Titian* was purchased by Mr. Buchannan, who again sold it to Lord Kinnaird

for 3,000*l.* and it is now the property of the nation. I could have had it for 700*l.* and made an offer of *six* which was refused. The Duke of Hamilton had given me a commission to buy it for him, but limited me to 500*l.* I found, however, that 700*l.* would have been taken. "My poverty, but *not* my will," prevented my buying it, and my friend Lord Montgomery resisted the temptation.

Mr. Day, who has since been well known in London by his collections of art in Piccadilly, played an ingenious trick on the *savants* of the Roman custom-house. No picture can be exported from the capital without the permission of the authorities. The celebrated picture, "the St. Gregorio with two angels, by Domenichino," and considered as his *chef d'œuvre*, had come into this gentleman's possession, but it was presumed that there was some mystery connected with it, for it had been concealed in a garret.

It was necessary to pass the *douane*, and must therefore be put into *masquerade*, for which purpose Cammucini, a clever Roman artist, was employed to paint over it; and, "St. George with the Dragon," was chosen as an appropriate subject. It was executed with great spirit *in distemper*, and packed in its case. A friend of Day's, acquainted with the Neapolitan commandant, obtained permission that this English saint should be visited and *plombé*, previous to its departure for England. The connoisseurs *laughed in their*

sleeves at the bad taste of *Milord Inglese*, in sending such a *croute* to London; but it was alleged that St. George was the patron saint of England—so the case was sealed, and the *savant* pocketed his three sequins. The two saints descended the Tiber, and were put on board an English ship of war at Civita Vecchia. They arrived in safety: a little spirit of salt obliterated St. George, leaving St. Gregorio in a perfect state of preservation. He was afterwards disposed of (I believe) to the Marquis of Stafford for 4000*l.*

During my visit to Rome, two curious and interesting objects of art were brought to light—the original cast in *terra cotta* of Michael Angelo's Moses, and the finished sketch of the Transfiguration in oil, by Raphael's own hand. Various accounts were handed about, of how and where these precious relics were discovered, but none that could be depended on; they spoke, however, for themselves, and no doubt could be had of their being genuine. Mr. John Clerk of Edinburgh (now Lord Eldin) is the fortunate possessor of the Moses; and it graces "the modern Athens" in that gentleman's interesting collection. Raphael's sketch, which was about three feet high, and in perfect preservation, was purchased by Mr. Head, an artist, who brought it to England; but I never could trace into whose hands it fell.

I picked up at a broker's stall a very beautiful specimen of Titian—"a Venus at her toilet;" I got it for a few crowns, and presume it might have been French plunder. I afterwards disposed of it for 150 guineas. I was also fortunate enough to detect in the same way a small highly finished cabinet gem, which my uncle pronounced to be by Annibale Caracci. It was a "Venus rising from the sea;" it brought me a hundred. I mention these to show what bargains, if one had funds, might have been picked up at this time; but shortly after hordes of English arrived, and the market rose 500 per cent.

Mr. Grignion, an engraver, was so fortunate as to buy the two celebrated Claudes from the Colonna palace (it was said for 600*l.*). They were embarked for England, and landed at Falmouth; but by some untoward accident the addresses had been obliterated, and they would in a few days have been disposed of by auction for the duties, had not Mr. Fazakerly, a friend of Grignion's, just returned from Italy, fortunately arrived at Falmouth, and paid the charges on them; they were destined for Mr. Beckford of Fonthill, who gave an enormous sum for them.

While I am on the subject of art, I cannot omit a sketch of the history of one of the most promising geniuses of the age, who died while I was in Italy, and by which the arts lost their greatest ornament.

This young man, *J. B. Del 'Era,* was a native of *Arezzo* in Tuscany, the son of humble parents; but on discovering a very early propensity to drawing, they encouraged him as far as their means permitted, and having a relation at Rome in a sculptor's *studio,* they prevailed on him to take charge of the boy, when he reached his sixteenth year. This man soon perceived the extraordinary talent of his cousin, and showed some of his compositions to Canova, at that time getting into fame. This amiable and illustrious artist immediately sent for the youth, and not only gave him advice for pursuing his studies, but supplied him with the means of supporting himself. The progress he made was unexampled; within two years he gained the first prize of design; and before he reached his twenty-first year, he had composed six *cartoons,* from which he intended to paint pictures. Besides these, he had copied all the fine remains of Michael Angelo and of Raphael in the Vatican; and designed many historical subjects, chiefly from the Greek and Roman histories; but the most extraordinary proof of his exalted genius was his knowledge of *colour.* He painted a cabinet picture of such extraordinary merit, that it was not possible to distinguish it from the old masters. It was a *repose* during the "flight into Egypt," and from the recommendation of Canova, it was purchased by the envoy at the court of Naples from Russia, who liberally

bestowed on the young and modest artist double the sum he asked for it. This specimen of modern art is now in possession of the emperor, and is so highly considered, that it is placed in a room by itself at St. Petersburgh. He painted a companion to this, which I shall mention here after.

Thus encouraged, the young Raphael (as he was called) was fast rising into fame; when unhappily Rome was invaded by the French, which so alarmed poor Del 'Era, (who had just espoused a little Roman girl,) that he fled in the middle of the night with his *sposa*.

She had some relations at Perugia, and thither the young couple bent their steps, and were kindly received. He had brought with him a few sequins and his pallet, and soon set to work; but alas! he was shortly attacked with the *mal aria* of that pestilential climate, and was soon unable to proceed with his labours. He was recommended change of air, and proceeded *en famille* to Pisa, where he had the advice of a celebrated physician, but his disease had so rapidly advanced as to afford but little hopes of his recovery. The climate of Florence in the spring was thought advisable, and there he went; but daily declined, and before winter, he was pronounced to be dropsical; this was in 1798, and the year after I visited Tuscany. Notwithstanding

the state of his health, he had been able to finish the companion to his picture I have mentioned, "the Nativity," in the style of the *Chevalier Vanderwerf*. The keeper of the gallery was his friend, and to him the picture was consigned with a view of disposing of it, for the poor youth's funds were exhausted. I saw it, and need hardly add that I admired it, but was not rich enough to reward the artist as he merited; yet I was desirous of seeing so interesting a person, and of contributing my mite to his temporary relief, and I knew that I had a friend who would also assist him. The *custode* conducted me to his apartment:—what an affecting group! The poor invalid worn to a shadow, but with swollen limbs, was on a couch propped with pillows, and employed with a *porte crayon;* his little interesting *sposa* at his side, nursing a baby; while an elderly dame (whom I afterwards found was his mother) was occupied in preparing their humble dinner. The apartment was hung with spirited sketches in bister; a table, a few chairs, a layman, a broken mirror, and a guitar, were the whole furniture of the room, which however was airy, and looked into a garden from a veranda. The sposa, though on a small scale, was beautiful, and quite a model for an artist; there were several sketches of her on the walls (studies), and he had introduced her into more than one group. After the usual salutations, I

pretended to have some skill in medicine, and cross-examined the invalid; but his cadaverous tint, hollow eye, and sowllen legs, showed that he was beyond the reach of art. I was, however, determined to call to his aid an accomplished English physician, at this time travelling with Lord Ossulston; he came, but, as I had suspected, too late; he found the disease to be a confirmed dropsy in the chest; he lingered a few months, and died at the age of twenty-four, during my absence at Rome. In the mean time, by the liberality of my friend Lord Montgomery, our ambassador, Mr. Wyndham, and my own mite, a sufficient sum was raised to afford the poor invalid all the comforts he required, and a provision for his family in the mean time.

The *custode*, whose conduct was so praiseworthy, urged me to purchase "the Nativity" and a portfolio of historical drawings, and as he had fixed the price of the whole at 300 *sequins*, I strained a point, and they became my property. The drawings I still possess, and they are considered as *chef d'œuvres* of art as to composition and execution, and have never perhaps been surpassed. The late Francis Bartolozzi was of this opinion, and Sir Thomas Lawrence acknowledged that he possessed nothing finer, either ancient or modern.

On one occasion I was inclined to dispose of

them; for which purpose I put them into the hands of Mr. Day, who at this time was exhibiting his pictures in Brook Street. Among other amateurs, the late Earl of Carlisle, esteemed a nobleman of very first rate taste in the arts, admired the drawings, and agreed to give the price I had fixed on them, 300*l.* When his Lordship came to pay for them, he remarked, "that they were in extraordinary good preservation for their age." Mr. Day, who had no wish or interest to deceive the amateur, and I had not concealed the artist's name, replied—"My Lord, they are not very old, for the designer has not been dead above seven years; he was considered the most talented young man of his time, and his works are not to be procured." The Modern Mecænas, shutting the portfolio, and adjusting his *lunettes*, said—"Sir, I never purchase anything *modern!*"

I have no comments to make on this *sensible* resolution.

"The Nativity" was put into a mahogany case with a silk curtain, after having been shewn to the late Mr. Bryan, though he admitted its being one of the most perfect pictures he had ever seen, was not authorised to give me more than 300*l.* and my demand was five; but shortly after Mr. Slade, a well known dealer, who had been the *agent* for the Orleans gallery, and was my old friend, brought with him an *amateur*, Mr.

Purling of Devonshire Place, who without hesitation gave me a check for the amount. Seven years afterwards this gentleman died; his gallery was brought to the hammer; and the *Nativity* produced 750*l.*

I shall mention an extraordinary instance of the *gullibility* of *John Bull.* A young artist at Florence, a Frenchman, Monsieur Averani, had extraordinary talent for copying miniatures, giving them all the force of oil. I had frequently seen him at work in the gallery, and I purchased a clever copy of "the Fornarina" of Raphael, and one from the Venus "Vestita" of Titian, in the Pitti palace, said to be the only miniature ever painted by this great man. It had a good deal of the character of Queen Mary Stuart, was painted on a gold ground, had great force, and was highly finished. I gave the artist his price, six sequins, and brought it to England. When I disposed of my *virtu* in Sloane Street previous to my settling in Scotland, this miniature made a flaming appearance in the catalogue, and my friend, the late Mr. Christie, puffed it so well, that a certain Mr. F——, a sort of broker, became the proprietor of this *gem* for fifty-five guineas. I thought I had done pretty well by this transaction, until I saw it advertised in the Morning Chronicle; a flaming puff, stating, "that an original portrait of Mary Queen of Scotland, the

undoubted work of *Titian*, value 1,000 guineas, was to be seen at No. 14 Pall Mall—price of admission 2*s*. 6*d*.

The bait took: Mr. F—— put three or four hundred pounds in his pocket by the exhibition, and sold the portrait for 7 or 800*l*.

Here was I, an innocent accessory to the greatest imposition that ever was practised on the public. As a work of art, it was worth all I got for it; and I was offered nearly that sum from a friend, who knew its whole history. I understood that Lord R——k was the purchaser of this beautiful miniature.

One more anecdote of merchandising, and I have done. At Naples, during the revolution, I purchased a superb Greek vase for a few dollars. I sent it to Philips in Bond Street, to be sold along with some other articles of the same kind. An intimate friend promised to attend the sale, and to buy it in, if it did not fetch 20*l*.; but great was my astonishment when I received a note from him to say that he had persuaded his worthy friend Mr. D——, of St. James's Square, to give eighty guineas for my vase. Mr. Chinnery, of the Treasury, also a collector, ran the *contractor* nearly up to this sum.

It may not be out of place to mention a few instances of the extreme folly of our countrymen, who, in travelling on the continent, think it in-

cumbent on them to buy pictures without any previous knowledge of their value or their merits. Few of them ever think of looking at a picture in their own country:—the air of Italy alone makes them amateurs.

An intimate friend of mine, a most amiable young man, but long since dead, visited the continent at the close of the century, and I first met him in Sicily. At that time he showed no taste for the *beaux arts;* but a few months after, when I again met him at Rome, he had become a great amateur. He was travelling with the Honourable Mr. R. (now Lord N.) whose knowledge was perfect, but unfortunately he would not take his friend's counsel, and the consequence was, that he got egregiously cheated. At length he came home one morning, boasting, "that he had picked up a superb historical picture for an old song, but it was rather, he said, on a large scale; he begged Mr. R. and myself to accompany him to see it before it was rolled up, for he said it had no frame. This was suspicious; but judge of our surprise, when we beheld, stretched on tenter-hooks, a piece of canvas, painted in *distemper*, and highly varnished, representing "Apollo and the Muses!" "Why, my friend," exclaimed R. "this is the drop of the theatre of the strolling puppets," and so it was! He had agreed to give *sixty ducats* for this execrable daub, and had de-

posited *ten* as security. We threatened to bring the owner of the *god* of *music* before the commissary of police for such a gross imposition, if he did not restore the deposit, though this was hardly to be expected. After a great deal of violence the fellow agreed that the bargain should be null and void, on his keeping the cash. We had a hearty laugh at our friend's expense, and we hoped that this example would cure him of buying pictures on his own judgment; he was restrained for a time for fear of being quizzed, but on his journey to Florence, he found from the waiter at *Sienna*, "that a marchese was disposing of a gallery of pictures, that had been in his family for ages," (the usual tale). This information he procured while he was undressing to go to bed; and as he was to set out early the following morning, he hastily arranged his toilet, sent a message to the Signior Marchese, stating the pressure of his affairs, and begging to be admitted instanter. "His Excellency," said the waiter, on returning from delivering the message, "will have the honour to receive *Signior Milordino* in half an hour, *en deshabille*, if he will excuse this." At midnight our amateur was conducted by the light of a *torch* to the hotel of the Italian, a mean, dilapidated building, in an obscure street. He was received in the vestibule by an ancient domestic, with his few grey hairs *en papillotes*, who conducted him up

a creeking staircase into the *salle de reception*, where he found the Marchese seated in a *fauteuil*, in a *robe de chambre* of flowered damask, which had the appearance of having once served as a window-curtain. His hair was also *en papillotes*, and he had hastily thrown a dash of hair-powder on his scanty locks, but had omitted to wipe it from his face. He was a gentleman of a certain age, with a small keen eye overshadowed with bushy eye-brows, and a beard of a week's growth; upon the whole the Cavalier had very much the appearance of a superannuated *valet-de-chambre*.

After mutual apologies on the part of the Englishman for disturbing the Marchese at such an hour, and on the part of the other for receiving such a distinguished *cavaliere* in a *robe de chambre*, they proceeded to business. A great many pictures were on the walls, which the glimmering of a lugubrious dingy lamp rendered hardly visible; and on the floor were several rows of the cabinet size, which our amateur proceeded to examine, while the Marchese harangued on the merits of his collection, their antiquity, &c. &c. "that the pressure of the times, and the contributions which had been levied on him by the French, &c. had alone induced him to dispose of such treasures." All this was greedily swallowed by the novice, and before they parted, he had purchased to the amount of 500 sequins! He travelled in his own English carriage, and proposed to take as many of the smallest pictures as

could be stowed into it; but he was not prepared with funds to pay for the whole, and the Marchese could not agree to this arrangement—"he must positively have the *pezzi duri*," he said. It was therefore agreed that the Cavaliere should leave his carriage as a deposit, and hire one to conduct him to Florence, taking with him as many pictures as he had money to pay for, which amounted to 100 sequins: thus it was settled, and our traveller arrived in the capital of Tuscany, laden with specimens of the *beaux arts*, packed into a crazy vehicle. I was at this time in Florence, when my friend made his appearance with his precious cargo; he was in high spirits, and exhibited them with the air of a connoisseur;—but such a collection of vile *daubs* it is impossible to imagine! It so happened that Lord M. had invited the *custode* of the gallery to dinner; he was a man of complete knowledge, and I advised my friend to take his opinion; I need not say what it was. He had been grossly cheated, and if he did not fulfil his bargain with the scoundrel who had thus imposed on him, he would find difficulty to get his carriage out of his hands. I recommended him to state the case to our ambassador, Mr. Wyndham. This gentleman took it up warmly, applied to the authorities, and the carriage was returned, and the *escroquē* threatened with a prosecution for swindling. This put an end to the dilettante's picture-dealing in Italy;

but he afterwards visited Malta, and there he had the good fortune to *detect* a picture, which reimbursed him for all his follies. It was a *Raphael*, in his *last* manner, and had been brought to the island by an Englishman, who died there, and its value not being known, it was purchased for a trifle. Lord N—— afterwards told me that he esteemed it worth 1,000*l.*!

A much more glaring instance of the *gullibility* of an Englishman I have to relate, that has the appearance of *fable*. About ten years ago I received a letter from an old acquaintance, Mr. M——, a London solicitor, entreating me to take charge of a large cargo of pictures, which had been consigned to him by a correspondent in Sicily; they consisted, he said, of three hundred and fifty, chiefly of the Italian school, as I would see by a catalogue, which he enclosed. In this list were the names of the great Roman and Venetian masters, and indeed of all the Italian schools. They had, I found, been purchased by an officer of a German regiment in the English service in Sicily, where he had been quartered; this was a suspicious circumstance, for during my two visits to that island, I had never seen a picture for sale worth five pounds. My correspondent, moreover, informed me that the duties amounting to 1700*l.* were beyond the reach of the proprietor's means, and this was the cause of their being re-exported, trusting that *amateurs* would be found among the English *dilettanti* of Brussels. He

begged they might be sold by auction under my direction, and concluding his letter by telling me that his friend had expended 6000*l.* on them! Though I did not form a high idea of this collection, I readily agreed to receive them, and to do the best in my power to forward the sale. Accordingly I hired a large apartment in the old palace, and prepared my friends to a *treat*, for which purpose I proposed to have them privately viewed previous to the sale, and engaged *Mr. Thys*, the best judge of art in the Flemish capital, to assist me.

The *virtu* arrived in waggons, and some of the cases were so heavy, that it required the labour of *six porters* to raise them! No. 1. was opened, and out flew a swarm of *Sicilian fleas*, that filled the apartment; as the contents were brought forth, our astonishment increased. The Flemish connoisseur stared with open mouth; *spunges* were put in requisition; and when the dust and cobwebs were removed, and we had taken a hasty glance of the whole, I broke the silence, which had hitherto prevailed, by saying to the honest and modest Fleming, "well, Thys, what do you think of this *splendid* collection?" He replied, "I did not before imagine, Sir, that in Europe so many execrable *croutes* could have been found. I would not give a *plaquet a-piece* for them: the packing-cases are the most valuable, for the frames are rotten, and so is the canvas!" When I told him what this rubbish had cost, he held

up his hands in astonishment. I was truly ashamed of my countryman, and of the trouble I had given; Thys advised a sale in the *grand place*, though he thought they would hardly pay the expenses.

I was chagrined in having had any thing to do in this affair, and was not a little quizzed by some friends, to whom I had offered tickets of admission to a private view. I wrote to the agent, desiring to be reimbursed 22*l.* which I had paid for the carriage of the cargo from Ostend, and declined any further concern in it, giving him my opinion, as well as that of Monsieur Thys, and recommending an immediate sale of the trash, as advised by him; and as he would have to pay a *guinea a week* for the hire of the room, the sooner this was done the better. But the *engrosser* of parchment mounted *his high horse*, insinuating, "that my judgment must be erroneous, for the captain (whose name was A——n) had not bought the pictures of *dealers* and *chapmen*, but of *princes* and *noblemen!*"—that they had formed a part of the collection of the Duke of *Sorentino*, &c. &c. Now it so happened, that I had the honour of being acquainted with this *worthy* Sicilian noble, who kept a faro bank when I was at Palermo, and who had been banished Naples for pawning *paste* on the Duke of Sussex for *aqua marina!*

The money I had advanced being refunded, I

left the lawyer and his client to enjoy their own opinions.

They had the obstinacy and folly to let the trash remain *three years* in the room I had hired, and the proprietor of it at length threatened to sell it for what it would fetch for his rent, which he had reduced to 100*l*! Mr. Thys's advice was finally taken; one half was sold in the market-place, and produced 95 francs beyond the expenses of the sale; the other moiety was sent to Antwerp, which fetched 120!

I will venture to assert that this is the most extraordinary, (and I might add *melancholy*,) example of folly that is to be found in the records of art—to find a man in the nineteenth century squandering every shilling he possessed on a speculation, of which he had not the slightest knowledge, after having amassed this little independence by strict economy and the labour of twenty years service!

While I am on this subject, I cannot omit mentioning a singular piece of good fortune I had in discovering in a *remise* an excellent specimen of Vandyke, and on a most interesting subject.

At the sale of the late Countess de la Lang, a noble lady of Brussels, I accidentally saw among some rubbish in the yard a portrait in an ancient carved frame, which attracted my notice, but it was hardly to be distinguished, owing to the dirt and yellow varnish with which it was encrusted. The

subject however was evident; it was "a man holding a skull," and as I discovered good drawing in the hands, I determined to buy it, knowing that a small sum would be sure to put me in possession of the "*Apothecaire avec un tête de mort dans sa main*," as the *oracle* of Brussels, *Monsieur Marneuf*, designated the "croute." I therefore left directions with a broker to purchase it for me, *coûte qu'il coûte*, for an engagement prevented my attending in person.

At three o'clock, "the *tête de mort*" made its appearance. "I have got your picture," said my commissionaire, "but I have paid *clear* for it six francs; I thought to have had it for fifteen *decimes* (pence), but the *femme de chambre* ran me up." "Never mind," said I, "my friend; here is a franc for your trouble, and another for porterage." I set to work with a spunge at the pump, and though the varnish stuck, I was glad to perceive that the streaks of dirt on the face were superficial. I stopped all further experiment, and sent for my friend *Mr. Thys*, the best restorer and cleaner in Flanders. He set to work, and in twenty-four hours came forth from the canvas a virgin picture, pure as the hour it came from the easel! On showing it to my wife, who is well read in Shakespeare, she exclaimed, "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, paint she inch thick, to this favour she will come at last." Her quotation was just—it was probably Hamlet visiting the grave

of Ophelia, and moralising on Yorick's skull, which he held in his hand. *Thys* pronounced it to be by *Vandyke*, and in his *tone violet*. He had re-lined it; for being painted on a fine Holland cloth, it was *frail*. The frame was soon regilt,—a case and curtain made—and the picture was the admiration of all the connoisseurs, who flocked to visit "the Prince of Denmark!" The *Bruxellois* were jealous that an Englishman should have purchased a Vandyke at a public sale, in face of *Monsieur le Colonel Marneuf* and all the *dilettanti*. The late Duke D'Arenberg was particularly jealous, and as he could not satisfy his own eyes, being unhappily blind, he sent for *Thys*, to ascertain if it was a true picture of the master; and on being satisfied thereof, he began to recollect something of its history, which his highness politely communicated to me. "He had seen it," he said, "in his younger days; that it had been formerly in the dining-room, but the countess not liking to look at a *skull*, when she was "in that way which ladies love to be," &c. it was sent to the butler's room, from whence it had ascended to the *grenier;* that the picture had been brought into Flanders by Count Bruce of Aylesbury, a follower of the Stuarts, whose son married a daughter of the *Prince de Horn*, the descendant of whom, after erecting the fountain in the *Grand Sablon*, died in Brussels, and his hotel was sold to the family of *de la Lang*." Such is the history of Hamlet.

The Queen having heard of the circumstance, was desirous of seeing this interesting portrait, and the *Prince* of Denmark passed a week at the Belgian Court.

The Neapolitan minister, a man of fine taste, was one of his greatest admirers. "Votre tableau, Monsieur," said he, "est historique, poetique, et tragique !"

It was universally admitted to be a *chef d'œuvre* of this great master. It is a picture that, having been *once* seen, can never be forgotten; like the *Chapeau de Paille*,* it seems to have been begun and finished, before the pencil of the artist was dry; every *touch* is a *coup de maitre*. I intended to have had it engraved, and Mr. Thomson, an English artist, made a very fine copy from it; but *Benoit*, a rascally Frenchman whom I employed as the engraver, after extracting twenty-five napoleons from me, ran off with the plate half finished. From the kindness of the Marquis of Hertford, I had hopes of having the original shewn to the king. Some years ago, when at Cheltenham, I had an offer made to me by Mr. Armitage, and I unwillingly parted with one of the most interesting and beautiful specimens of art in existence; but the drawing I still possess as a

* This portrait is generally called the Chapeau de Paille; but it may be doubted whether it is not a *felt hat*, or *Chapeau de Poil.*

memorial of my loss, like the portrait of a deceased friend.*

It appears extraordinary in an age when the fine arts are so much cultivated, that more attention is not paid to giving our young men a taste for them; this forms no part of the education of the English youth. They are sometimes taught to draw, but when they quit school, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the pencil is put aside. The fashion of travelling will in time, it is to be hoped, give

* The following paragraph appeared in the Brussels newspapers soon after I came into possession of this picture:

"Un Anglais, demeurant à Bruxelles, a eu le bonheur de tirer de l'oubli un tableau original de Van-Dyck, qui représente la scène de la tragedie de Shakespeare, où *Hamlet contemple le crâne de Yorick.* Ce tableau fut trouvé par hasard dans le fond d'un remise à Bruxelles, mais tellement couvert de poussière, qu'on pouvait à peine en distinguer les traits. Cependant, des amateurs flamands y reconnurent du mérite; mais le sujet leur parut peu intéressant, parce qu'ils crurent qu'il représentait un médecin examinant une tête de mort, et le tableau fut vendu à vil prix. Après qu'il eut été soigneusement restauré, il se trouva que la peinture en était bien conservée, et que les couleurs en étaient encore aussi fraîches que si elles fussent sorties de la palette du peintre. Les personnages sont peints à mi-corps; la physionomie d'Hamlet est d'une expression admirable; les mains surtout ont cette touche délicate qui distingue particulièrement le pinceau de Van-Dyck.

"On a découvert depuis que ce tableau précieux appartenait au comte d'Aylesbury, qui épousa une princesse de Horn, et qu'il a été originairement peint pour Charles 1er, lors du séjour de Van-Dyck en Angleterre."

them a taste for improving their minds by studying works of art. How seldom do you meet in society with a man who knows anything about a picture, or a statue, or a gem! If the subject is started in a mixed company in conversation by an *amateur*, he is stared at, and thought a pedant. How many well-educated and highly accomplished men have I seen walk into a room, the walls of which were covered with works of art, and not a glance given to them! If you have travelled, and talk about pictures, no one will listen; but if you should observe that in the *Maremma* of Tuscany, or the Pontine Marshes, wild boars and woodcocks are in abundance, *then* all ears are open—"how many couple of cocks may a good shot *bag* in a morning? Is not boar-hunting dangerous and fevers abundant?" the traveller is asked, and if you satisfy the sportsman on these points, he will tell you, "that shooting in Italy interferes with hunting, and crossing the Alps in winter is a service of danger." Do you ever hear of a young nobleman ruining himself by buying pictures? How rarely even of his encouraging an artist! It has been the fashion, however, to purchase works of art for furniture: this is the first step to an improvement in taste; the eye like any other faculty will improve; and in time the possessor of a gallery will become an amateur.

The feeling for art is less in Scotland than in England. Twenty years ago, I do not think there

was a nobleman's or gentleman's house, between *Berwick* and *John O'Groat's*, that contained a single object of art worthy of going a mile out of your way to visit, Hamilton Palace excepted. Now, however, I rejoice to hear that in Edinburgh the arts are cultivated, and there is an annual exhibition of the works of Scottish artists.

Scotland has lately produced men of splendid talents. In portrait, Raeburn had scarcely any superior except Sir Thomas Lawrence; and Wilkie stands unrivalled in Europe. It is singular that this admirable artist started at once into excellence. I believe he painted his "Blind Fiddler" before he was twenty-two. I am in possession of a little *bijou*, which he kindly presented to me—"The grave-digger in Hamlet," intended as a vignette for my Vandyke. It is equal in brilliancy of colour and spirit to Teniers. The Flemings, who are extremely fastidious, and jealous of English artists, admit this.

I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of this highly talented and amiable man on his coming to England. I introduced him to Lord Montgomery, who was anxious that he would paint him a picture, for which he had *carte blanche* as to subject, time, and price. He was far advanced in one, when Lord Montgomery was obliged to go abroad on the score of health, and as the artist had an opportunity of disposing of it, my friend ceded it on promise of his painting

another, but alas! his Lordship did not live to get it.

In Lord Montgomery was a strong proof of my opinion, that a taste for art is to be acquired. When I first accompanied him to Italy, he had not the smallest idea of anything that belonged to it; but I was anxious to make him an amateur, and I coaxed him to the gallery day after day, as the best place of exercise; the statues first attracted his notice, and then he began to compare the beautiful females of Raphael, Titian, and Guido, with living models.

Architecture caught his fancy, and in a few months I had hopes of my *élève*, and I got him to buy a few miniatures, copies from the old masters. We proceeded to Rome; he was obliged to *submit* to a course of lectures on antiquity from our cicerone, who conducted us to every palace; and by comparing and examining these interesting objects, his taste rapidly advanced. He laid out a few hundred pounds in pictures, showing considerable discrimination, and taking interest in objects that before gave him no pleasure. At length he discovered that he had gained a new and pleasing faculty, the use of his eyes; before his return to England he became an amateur. I accidentally found among a few pictures, that had belonged to Lady M——'s father, a Venetian picture, probably Cymon and Iphigenia; from its nudity it had been condemned to the garret along

with some family portraits, and had not been seen for half a century. I got permission to examine this collection, and this picture, though hardly visible from dirt, showed in my opinion masterly drawing. I brought an American restorer, Mr. Jennings, whose judgment I could depend on, to look at it. He took off some of the varnish, and pronounced it to be *Venetian:* it was put into his hands to be cleaned; it came out a *gem,* an undoubted *Titian* in his best manner. Here was a *diamond* rescued from a dunghill, for it was intended to have sent the contents of the garret to the hammer, till this discovery was made. Another clever picture was rescued, a copy from the Danae of Titian, and "a conversation" of the Flemish school.

Mr. Hamilton of Sundrum, on this being mentioned to him, recollected that Alexander Earl of Eglinton, who had been his contemporary in his younger days, had purchased a fine picture from Sir Joshua Reynolds, which was brought to Scotland, and there was little or no doubt that it was this Titian.

The late Mr. Bryan, who came to see it, considered it as an undoubted picture of this master, and he thought it worth a thousand pounds. It is now at Coilsfield.

In my opinion, a man without taste or feeling for the arts is wanting in one of the greatest of mental enjoyments. I am always inclined to pity a man of education, and in other respects

agreeable and accomplished, who is thus deficient; who would show no more pleasure in looking on the "Fornarina" of Raphael than on a sign post. I once acted as cicerone to a countryman at Florence, the Rev. Mr. C——, Lord N——'s chaplain, who had journeyed from Leghorn to visit the galleries. I soon discovered that this sprig of divinity had no more *eye* than a *cod-fish;* but as the above exquisite *morçeau* approaches so nearly to real and actual life, I thought it might touch his obtuse brain. It stood alone in an apartment of the gallery. I placed a chair for him in a proper point of view, and drew aside the silk curtain, while I watched to observe his countenance, but there was not the smallest change—no expression of pleasure or surprise. He stared for half a minute, and casting his vacant eye on an inlaid table of various marbles, placed under the lovely female, he jumped up, and running to the object that had attracted his notice, and having ascertained that it was *not painted,* exclaimed, "Oh dear! how beautiful!"

I purchased at Florence from a broker several portfolios of drawings of old masters, the weedings of the gallery; there were fifteen hundred, and they cost me only twenty dollars; but the duty at that time was very heavy on such articles. Can any thing be more absurd than levying high duties on articles of this kind? The good sense of our government at length induced them to reduce

the tax; and drawings now pay one penny like prints. The reduction of the duty on pictures was also a sensible measure; ten times the number are imported since it was altered, and the revenue much increased; besides it induces amateurs to *buy*, and though they are often cheated, they gradually acquire a taste for art.

In this collection were many masterly sketches; I put them into the hands of the celebrated connoisseur, Mr. O—y, whom I knew at Rome; he selected about one hundred and fifty, for which he gave me a liberal price.

In my tour of Sicily I collected nearly 2000 Greek medals chiefly in copper, without knowing much about antiquity. My friend Lord Northwick, a most profound antiquary, (whose collection is perhaps the finest of any private individual in Europe,) was at this time at Palermo, and he gave me hints as to the value of coins so useful, that except on *one occasion* I was not greatly imposed on: this trick merits record, and will serve as a caution to the *novice* in medal hunting.

I had a letter of introduction to Baron Recupero at Catania, who greatly assisted me in my new pursuit, and from him I got a little insight into the science. "Mine host" of the Golden Lion, the Signior Giuseppe Abbate, a cunning Sicilian, seeing my rage for medals, told me that he knew a person who had a fine collection for sale, and

conducted me to the dwelling of his friend, who, being no doubt prepared to receive me, was poring over a drawer of *moneta antica*. He looked as rusty as his medals; and his costume and apartment were of a piece, shabby and filthy. He rose on my entrance, and with a most profound reverence thus addressed me: "Signior Colonnello, I rejoice to have the honour of receiving in my humble abode a cavalier of distinction, with a taste for antiquity, a noble pursuit, to which I have devoted my whole life; and formerly I was possessed of an invaluable museum—but, Signior, you know a man is rich one day, and poor another—such is our lot. A profligate son not only plundered me of all my ready money, but robbed me of a cabinet of Greek medals of immense value; he fled to the continent three years ago, and I have had no news of him since. The unnatural monster only left me these few duplicates, (pointing to the drawer,) they are, as you see, of the *prima forma*, and you will find them in the most perfect state of preservation; your *Eccellenza* may travel from one end of Sicily to the other, and not meet with so many splendid medals for sale—my poverty alone induces me to part with such treasures."

I confess with shame that I was silly enough to take all this peroration for *gospel*, although it looked very like quackery; and we proceeded to examine the drawer, in which *reposed* a considera-

ble number of copper coins, labelled in proper form, extremely beautiful, and of a large size. As I examined them with my *loupe*, one by one, he gave me a dissertation on each with much eloquence. They were sixty in number; I had inspected them with great attention, marvelling not a little at their fine state of preservation, and expressing my surprise. "*Avete ragione*," said the connoisseur, "it is indeed rare to meet with so many perfect medals, but when I tell you that I have been selecting them for thirty years from thousands, you may believe that I now part with them with deep regret."

He no doubt had observed from my remarks that I was an ignoramus, and likely to become his dupe; for when I asked his *ultimo prezzo*, he had the impudence to demand as many ducats as were equal to 100*l.* sterling. I rose up and thanked the Signor Barone for the trouble I had given him, but said such a sum did not suit my finances. "Caro Signore," replied the rascal, getting familiar, "what I ask for my medals is not a tithe of their value." "That may be," rejoined I, "but they do not suit me; if however you will accept the contents of this little bag," counting on the table twenty Spanish dollars (5*l.*), "the silver is yours and the copper mine." The Barone stared, and holding up his hand, exclaimed two or three times—"Come!—Venti pezzi!—Jesu Maria!" I made no reply, and was marching off,

when the Signor Abbate interfered as mediator, but I cut him short, saying, "I would not advance a single grano." The two worthies consulted apart, and after an attempt at extracting other ten pieces which I resisted, my offer was accepted on the score of poverty, and the bags exchanged.

In the evening I called on Recupero, anxious to shew him the acquisition I had made. "Look," said I, "is not this beautiful?" holding up one of the medals. He took it in his hand, and after a slight glance, said—"Yes, it is molto bello, ma falso;" adding, "I know where you got it—I forgot to put you on your guard with the rogue," naming him, "but you are not the first he has cheated." Emptying my bag on the table, I told him my tale. "They are all false," said he, with great gravity. "I will tell you the history of these imitations. They were executed about twenty years ago by a Frenchman of the name of Paris, and certainly are admirable; though I am surprised that with your tact you did not discover the cheat, for it is impossible to find true medals in such preservation."

I looked again at them, and was mortified to think I had been so mystified. Recupero rejoined, "Paris, before he issued his *moneta antica*, generally touched them with aqua fortis, and buried them for a certain time; they by this means acquired a patina, and an air of antiquity. You have not paid much more than their worth as spe-

cimens of modern art; I have a few in my little collection."

This was rather consoling, but as I did not like being cheated, I told the Baron I was determined to get back my money. He strongly remonstrated against my making any such attempt. "The fellow," said he, "is unprincipled; and if you apply to the police, I do not think you will get any redress. Your landlord should be punished for introducing you to a man whom he well knows to be a rogue." "I have no doubt," said I, "that he is in league with the fellow to cheat me, and I shall leave his house." This last measure he approved of, and I took my leave, proceeding immediately to the antiquarian, whom I found at home in great deshabille. Pretending that I wanted to look at some other medals I had seen in the morning, I begged him to open his cabinet; he complied, hoping no doubt to exchange a few more of his broad pieces for some of mine. I espied my sack in the same pigeon-hole where it had been deposited, and seizing it with one hand, I laid hold of the rascal with the other, and said with great *sang froid*, "Villain, you have imposed on me by selling me counterfeit coins; I ought to give you a sound drubbing as a warning how you attempt to cheat my countrymen in future; but I shall content myself with taking back my silver, and returning your base brass." Before I had finished this harangue, the old miscreant was on his knees

begging for mercy. I counted my dollars and found three deficient, and to make up for this defalcation I said, "Signor Barone, I will retain six of your coins as a memorial of your villainy, in lieu of the money which I find wanting, and shall denounce you to the commessario, along with your colleague Signor Giuseppe Abbate, trusting you will be both sent to prison for swindling a stranger and a British officer, travelling under the protection of the law." So saying I retired, leaving the rogue with a fit of the ague, but probably glad he had so well escaped.

## CHAPTER II.

Anecdotes of the arts—Bartolozzi—Mr. Merchant—Mr. Harris—Antiques—Gainsborough—The Orleans gallery—The Garden of Eden—Angelica Kauffmann—The art of mosaic—State of the arts in Flanders—An eminent artist—Pretensions of the Flemings—Comparison between the arts in England and France—A Teniers discovered—Mr. Bryan—The sword of Hampden—The battle of Radcott-bridge—Hampden's hut—Benvenuto Cellini—Celebration of the birth of Charles Fox—Sword presented—Strawberry Hill.

About thirty years ago, the late F. Bartolozzi, at the age of seventy-four, petitioned the ministers to grant him a small annuity, as he could no longer support himself; and having for a period of forty years contributed more to the progress of engraving than any other individual who ever visited England, he considered himself entitled to some mark of favour from the country; for by his labours he had so advanced the art of engraving during this period, that in a commercial point of view his works had become a great national object. I have heard the late Alderman

Boydell say, that previous to Bartolozzi's days, the balance of the *print trade* with the continent was greatly against England, but he had raised it to many thousands a year in favour of England shortly before the Revolution. This was made known to our government, but in the mean time the venerable artist accepted a proposal made to him by the Prince Regent of Portugal, on the recommendation of the ambassador *Souza*, to superintend a school of engraving at Lisbon, with a handsome pension. It is said that our government offered him 400*l.* a year to remain; but he would accept it only on condition that the matter was explained to the Prince Regent. This was not deemed proper, and Bartolozzi bade farewell to England for ever. Several years after his arrival at Lisbon, I saw this highly talented man with *burin* in hand, working with as great beauty as ever. Unfortunately he was improvident, like most of his countrymen who visit England; but his pension brought him all the comforts he required; and he continued to work till his eighty-eighth year in full possession of all his faculties, though his sight required the assistance of spectacles for the last few years. He confessed to me, "that it was long before he could conquer his chagrin, in having been obliged to leave England, for he had considered it as his country."

Mr. Merchant, the most celebrated *gem-engraver* which England ever produced, finding (some thirty years back I think) that this pro-

fession did not meet with encouragement from the *dilettanti* of his day, made a proposal of executing dies for the current coin of the kingdom, and transmitted to the Master of the Mint a specimen of his talent—a *farthing*. It was admirable, and greatly admired, but his proposal was not accepted. Some years after, Mr. Merchant contrived to get access through a friend to another cabinet minister, and he was appointed to the direction of the *copper money*, with a salary of 500*l*. I believe, however, his talents were never put into requisition for the current coin of the realm, his duties being to cut *stamps for bills of exchange, receipts*, &c. (This I had from himself.)

It is singular how few of our monarchs have paid any attention to the beauty of their coins: some of Charles I. are pretty good, but the best out of all comparison are the gold and silver of Cromwell.

*Pistrucci* has lately greatly advanced the art, but I have seen none equal to the money of *Napoleon*, especially the coins of Milan.

So little were antique gems prized in London thirty years ago, and so ill was their value understood, that I purchased, in 1800, of Gilbert and Jones, jewellers, Cockspur Street, sixty antiquë intaglios, and several of them finely executed for seven guineas. They had belonged to an Irish marchioness, but her ladyship preferring the modern to the antique, she had exchanged them for a necklace of Birmingham wares. I luckily

happened to call at this shop, a day or two after the transaction, and saw the stones on the counter. They attracted my notice, and I found they were about to be dismounted of their setting. As I always carried a magnifying glass in my pocket, and had an opportunity of examining them, I made an offer for them, when they were dismounted, of half-a-crown each. On referring to their books, my offer was accepted. I begged, however, that extracting them from the gold might be left to a careful person I knew, as they might receive injury in the operation, which was also agreed to, and I marched off with my acquisition.

Mr. Harris, the celebrated gem-engraver of Pall Mall, was my Magnus Apollo in these matters, and I carried them to him. "Here," said I, "my friend, is a batch of antiques, which I have just picked up, and I want your opinion; I suspect they are pastes, from their low price." He examined them with great attention, took impressions of them, and touched them with a diamond, and found they were all stones. He selected a dozen of the best executed, which he valued at five guineas each, and a *Julia Tita* on an amethyst at fifteen, offering me that sum for them, which I declined. He stared when I told him what I had given for them, saying, "he had been twenty years an engraver, and such good fortune had never fallen in his way." He recommended

me to keep the best for rings, and to have the others of inferior workmanship reset in the modern taste as a necklace. I took his advice, expending fifteen guineas in the setting. Being at this time on half-pay, I was desirous of turning some of my *virtu* into cash, and I carried my splendid necklace to the Duchess of Gordon, who had been always so kind to me. I had fixed the price at fifty guineas, on Harris's recommendation. Her Grace was graciously pleased to endeavour to dispose of it for me. In ten days, I received a note from her to desire I would call on her; when I found that a party of her friends had played a pool of commerce for the prize, and she put the amount into my hands. In the mean time, my rings were re-modelled, and I put them into Harris's hands; I had done so well with the others, that I was desirous of taking the sum he had offered me, provided he would pay for the setting; to this he agreed, and I found myself about a hundred pounds in pocket by the transaction.

*Now*, articles of antiquity are better known by the dealers; and Messrs. Rundle (and probably other jewellers) have a *savant* in their establishment.

The public taste for, and knowledge of, the *beaux arts* have been greatly improved in England during the last thirty years. In the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he alone stood a painter of portrait above me-

diocrity. Gainsborough, jealous of this great artist's reputation, was desirous of acquiring fame in this line, as well as of getting money; but though one of the best landscape painters that England has ever produced, he failed in portrait: his attempts were tame, spiritless, and without force or colour, and little knowledge of *chiaro scuro*. He had early in life painted portraits at five guineas, (before he settled in London,) which he forsook for a long time for landscape. Nothing could be more beautifully drawn or coloured, or more true to nature, than his peasants and cottage girls; yet his portraits had more the appearance of dead colour, so slightly were they worked, though the general effect was pleasing, and the unfinished manner contributed to the striking resemblance for which his portraits were so remarkable. He had a hundred guineas for a full-length.

The Orleans gallery was brought from Paris, and purchased by certain noble amateurs on the recommendation of Mr. S——, at that time and since a well-known connoisseur. This gentleman, who held an office under government, had lost his situation in consequence of some attempts to introduce pictures without the usual ceremony of passing through the custom-house, and was obliged to retire to the continent for a time. Mr. S——, being a man of profound knowledge in art, happened to be at Paris when the Orleans gallery was offered for sale, and being known to the Earl of C—, a great collector, he made his Lordship a

proposal to treat for them on certain conditions, which were accepted, and this noble collection was immediately imported.

It was said indeed, that the purchase was made by three noblemen, who after selecting a certain number of the *chefs d'œuvre*, the remainder were brought to the hammer, and the produce of the sale amounted to a considerable sum beyond what had been given for the whole.

Although S——'s judgment of pictures was admitted to be perfect, I cannot omit mentioning an anecdote, to shew that even the *savants* are sometimes erroneous. I had purchased at the sale of Sir James Wright at Bath a few cabinet pictures for small sums, and among others "a Salutation" for the sum of four guineas. It was called in the catalogue a Correggio, and was certainly much in his manner; but being desirous of giving it a new name, and knowing that a contemporary of this great master, Primaticcio, imitated him with success, I thus designated my acquisition, which was certainly Italian, and very cleverly painted. I hung it up in my little collection; when a year or two after I had a visit from a friend, an eminent dealer, who admired my little picture, although he had never seen in England any specimen of the master to whom I ascribed it, his works being extremely rare.

I sold it to this gentleman for fifty guineas in cash, and four small pictures, which he valued at thirty more. The following year I met my friend

S—— in the street, who invited me to look at a new gallery he had fitted up in Bond Street.

After exhibiting a great many splendid pictures he said—"Now I will shew you a gem of the first magnitude," and opening a mahogany case, he drew aside the curtain, when I beheld my old friend Primaticcio! I had difficulty to retain my gravity. "This," said the wily dealer, "I consider of great rarity, and of high value; it is an undoubted and beautiful specimen of Primaticcio, of the school of Correggio, and just arrived from Bologna." Composing my features, I replied, "that I had never seen but *one picture* by this master," adding, "that it might pass for a Correggio." "I was fortunate enough," rejoined the connoisseur, "to pick up this little gem, *bon marché*, and can therefore afford to dispose of it for 300 guineas, should you know of an amateur." After bestowing every term of commendation I could think of on his acquisition, I took my leave, saying, I would mention it to a friend, who was collecting cabinet pictures.

Whether S—— meant to mystify me, as he knew I had but little judgment of masters' hands, or that he was himself deceived, I could not ascertain; but I laughed in my sleeve, and my *amour propre* was not a little elevated to find that the opinion of two such learned *dilettanti* respecting this picture, accorded with my own!

About the close of the century, when I was at Rome, I saw a picture which had been lately finished by a German artist. It represented "a terrestrial Paradise," the garden of Eden, and contained a countless number of animals. It had been the labour of ten years.

Lord Bristol had been long in treaty for this extraordinary production, and at length made an offer which the artist could not resist. His Lordship agreed to pay 100*l.* a year for ten years; but in case of his death before this period expired, the picture was to be returned, and the annuity retained. The peer lived nearly eight years, when "he was gathered to his fathers," and the Paradise became again the property of the painter. In 1823, I saw it sold at Stanley's in Bond Street, with a magnificent frame for 25*l.* At the same sale was a picture by Camuccini, painted for Lord Bristol, "the death of Cæsar," for which 500 sequins had been paid. It was knocked down for twenty guineas; so little are foreign modern artists estimated in England.

This picture was admirable, both in drawing and composition, and the original sketch which I had seen had great merit; but as a colourist, this clever artist is very deficient, and has no knowledge of *chiaro scuro;* he ought to stick to design, in which he stands unrivalled.

It is singular that Italy has not possessed for many years a painter of any eminence, excepting

Del 'Era, who died at twenty-four. Angelica Kauffman had fine talents, but she cannot be reckoned a great artist; her productions were only pleasing and graceful. I saw her frequently at Rome in 1800, when she continued to practise her art with assiduity. She painted a portrait at full-length of Lord Montgomery in the garb of the 42nd Highlanders, in which corps he had served. It is painted with more vigour than her works generally shew, and is a faithful resemblance. This amiable and talented lady died in the Roman capital in 1807, possessed of all her powers, at a great age, and universally esteemed.

The artists gave her a classical funeral, at which many of the first nobles attended, and a subscription was proposed at the time to erect a monument to her memory; but I know not if this plan has been carried into execution.

The art of mosaic is carried to the highest state of perfection by the Romans. The work is minute and tedious, so that even small specimens are very costly; we may therefore judge of the immense labour and expense of the large pictures in St. Peter's. Ornaments of conchiglie (shells) are also admirably executed, and so closely imitate gems, as to deceive many pretended connoisseurs; the price of them is not high. They are generally set in rings, necklaces, &c. and are well adapted for presents to female friends.

Travellers are beset with dealers, who offer them, as genuine antiques, cameos and intaglios of very inferior workmanship, and which frequently are but casts from gems. In order to deceive the amateurs more completely, they are lined with *pietra dura*, so admirably executed that it is with the greatest difficulty the cheat can be detected. They are called *doppie*, and many a notable *dilettante* has been taken in by these imitations.

* * * * *

By a royal decree of August 13, 1827, it was ordered, that in all the principal towns of Flanders, there should be a school of design, and that the pupils should be instructed at a small expense, in drawing after busts, academy, and living figures. Accordingly these academies are established in the principal towns of the provinces, where it is not rare to find a young man of the lowest condition with talents of the first order. The masters report these dawnings of genius to the government, and a small pension is granted to the boys during their studies. There are two royal academies, one at Amsterdam, the other at Antwerp; into these the young *élèves*, when they are sufficiently advanced in drawing, are sent to finish their education in the study of painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, &c.; masters who are paid by government, being provided to superintend them.

In order to be permitted to enter into these academies, there must be some previous proof of talent, by the pupils having obtained prizes in the inferior schools. The scholar also must submit to an examination in that branch of art, which he proposes to pursue.

Every two years the prizes are fixed for the great competition, or that which is called "the Concours D'Italie." For this purpose a subject of composition is indicated. Those pupils who propose being competitors for the prizes, are shut up in separate rooms, until they have completed their first *sketch*. Those which are esteemed the best are proceeded with; and the *élèves* continue, during the whole period of their works, shut up for a certain number of hours; and in order that they may have no assistance from the designs of better artists, they are every day personally examined, and stripped *even to their shirts*.

When the compositions are finished, they are sent to a *salle* open to the inspection of the public, when a committee of the best artists award the prizes.

The pupils who obtain them are rewarded with a pension of 1200 francs for two years, to enable them to visit Italy; and when it is found that an *élève* has considerably profited by his visit to that classical country, his pension is continued for another year.

A youth of the name of Jacobs, who had

studied at Ghent with the promise of talent, went to Italy about twenty years ago, and two years after he had been at Rome, he gained the great prize of the academy of Milan, (the first school in Italy,) a medal, value 2000 francs; but this promising youth had probably been attacked by *mal-aria*, for he unhappily died during the exhibition of his picture.

The subject of it was "Pompey's head brought to Cæsar." The execution, design, and colour were so exquisite, that the academy, in order to console the father in some degree for the loss of his son, not only sent him the medal, but the picture along with it, and a letter, regretting "that the arts, in the death of Jacobs, had lost one of its brightest ornaments." When the prize picture arrived at Brussels, where the father of the artist resided, it was sent to the church of St. Gudule, accompanied by a procession of artists and lovers of the arts; — a requiem composed for the occasion was performed, and every honour done to the deceased compatriot. On the death of his father and brother, a few years ago, this admirable picture was offered for sale at a very moderate price, and much below its value; but fifteen years had elapsed, and the taste of the connoisseurs of Brussels had altered. It was now pronounced "to be a *daub* and good for nothing." What a revolution in public opinion! And yet it is not probable that the di-

rectors of the academy of Milan (not less competent judges, we presume, than the cognoscenti of Brussels) would have bestowed their first prize on a daub, the work too of a stranger.

But to return to the academies of Flanders. These schools and prizes are not the only means employed to forward the arts. There are in the cities of Amsterdam, the Hague, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels, "*Societés des beaux arts*," formed by the voluntary contributions of individuals, who subscribe an annual sum for the following purposes:

In one of the above cities there is an exhibition every year for the productions of living artists, which is open generally six weeks, and attracts the attention of the public; by which means its taste is improved.

It is divided into two classes—that which contains the compositions of the young men who contend for the prizes, which have been fixed for several months previously, and announced in the public journals.

The names of the competitors are concealed until the prizes are decided by the directors. They are gold and silver medals, with sums of 200 to 800 and 1000 florins, according to the importance and merit of the work.

The society keeps the prize pictures, except the artists wish to retain them; in which case the medals only are given.

The other part of the exhibition is formed of the works of artists who have passed the age of study in the schools. This, of course, is the most important, and most worthy of the notice of the public. On the close of the exhibition, a committee selects the best works of the pupils, which are put into a lottery, in order to encourage the rising artist by the sale of his productions; this lottery is limited to the subscribers, and by this mode both the amateur and the artist are gratified.

It now only remains to say what are the results of these institutions, organised to promote the fine arts. In order not to speak too superficially, it will be necessary to advert to a former period; but it would exceed the limits of these brief remarks, to enter into the details of the various branches of art in Flanders; I shall therefore only touch on the historical school.

The style of Rubens, colossal, often *outré*, but always noble, bold, and imposing, by its force and richness, must render that great man immortal. But it degenerated in his successors into an exaggerated style, only showing the faults without attending to the beauties of their master. In a short time, Belgium had no school of history; till towards the middle and close of the last century, M. Herreyns of Malines, and André Lens of Brussels, undertook the task of restoring this branch of the art. The first, although without

much genius, acquired a chaste yet vigorous style, which proved a striking contrast to the tame and insipid productions of the pencils of Bouchers and Vanloo in France.

In the church of St. Nicolas at Brussels, is a picture by Herreyns, "The Last Supper;" and another in the cathedral at Antwerp, "The Disciples of Emmaus," which merit the notice of connoisseurs, and especially the last. A. Lens, without the force of his colleague, produced in his figures the beautiful forms of the antique, though he did not discover much original invention. But a circumstance occurred, which produced indeed a complete revolution in the arts, as if by enchantment.

The efforts which Lens had already made coincided with the opinions of the great German author Winckelmann, whose learned works had acquired high reputation on the continent. The influence of these opinions gave birth to the celebrated school of David. It is an incontestible fact that David, with all his glaring faults, gave a strong impulse to the art in France.

The monstrous commotions of the revolution were the horrible muse of this artist, and hence followed the heroic and eccentric productions of his pencil, so much the theme of praise by the demagogues of his time, though so widely different from the *beau ideal* of the Italian style, and the real beauty of art, in the hands of Raphael and his contemporaries. But the great defect of

David is his copying too closely the antique models, which gives to his pictures the appearance of an assemblage of statues. Be this as it may, his influence extended over Belgium, which soon became a province of France. From that moment the young artists, already well initiated by their study of the works of Herreyns and Lens, went to finish their career at Paris, and the French style became predominant in Belgium.

In forming themselves after this school, they lost that native genius, which only can create *chefs d'œuvre* of art. Imitation is always an error, and they never attained that spirit and energy, which even in its excesses gave a certain degree of character to the French school, so that their copies became tame and insipid. They, however, continued to study drawing and drapery, with all the diligence and patience of which the Flemings are capable; and in colour they afforded a proof that the instinct of this essential part of the art is still inherent in the descendants of Rubens and Rembrandt.

But the French manner was adopted only by artists; it never became the taste of the nation in general. Its theatrical bombast and exaggeration formed too great a contrast to their simple manners; and since the restoration many artists who visited Italy, (among whom Jacobs, whom I have already cited as an example,) perceived that the study of the antique *alone* was not sufficient to form an

artist, and it is to be hoped that they will return to nature, and the fine examples of the Italian masters of the sixteenth century.

But the French manner has not yet lost its admirers and followers, as may be seen in the *pose* and attitudes of their figures, and their theatrical expression. On the other hand may be seen, now and then, among a few of the Flemish artists, a better style in some of their groups, more ease in the draperies, and a good tone of colour, though always overcharged.

These remarks, however, can only convey a faint idea of the state of the arts here; and if we were to enter more into detail, it would be abusing the patience of our readers. We cannot, however, close the subject without mentioning the principal historical painters.

M. Odevaere, painter to the King, has executed several pictures, representing the remarkable events in the history of the family of Orange, and the Pays-Bas:—"The institution of the principality of the house of Orange by Charlemagne;" and "The battle of Nieuport, gained by Maurice of Orange against the Spaniards;" and "The battle of Waterloo."

M. Odevaere is at present occupied in painting a picture, (as a pendant to the first mentioned,) "The inauguration of King William the First."

In all these pictures may be discovered a man who has well studied his subjects, but whose

execution is inferior to his design. He is also a man of letters, and is occupied in a work on the state of the arts in Italy during the time of Raphael, which is looked for by the amateurs with impatience.

M. Paelinck, her Majesty's painter, is a man who has studied his art with the greatest assiduity. One of his best performances represents "Psyche at her toilet," which is in the museum at the Hague. He has also treated with considerable success several sacred subjects, and has a good knowledge of *chiaro scuro.*

M. Navez is highly esteemed by his brother artists for his compositions in the manner of Caravaggio. He also has attempted "le grand style historique" in the subject of the prophet Elisha, which he calls "le prophète Elisée, qui ressuscite l'enfant de la veuve."

The connoisseurs consider this as a *chef d'œuvre* of modern art. This picture is also at the Hague. His last work, (exhibited at Brussels in 1827,) "the meeting of Isaac and Rebecca," is not so highly estimated.

There is a stiffness and rigidity in the figures, a meagre tone of colour, with a monotony of expression approaching to tameness, unworthy of the hand of this artist. But he is still in the prime of life, has great enthusiasm, and is desirous of forming a school of his own. The favourable success he has already had, induces a hope that the ex-

pectation of his admirers will not be disappointed.

Lastly, M. Verbockhoven stands deservedly at the head of artists in landscape. He is an imitator of Paul Potter in his cattle, and Wouvermans in his skies. His cattle are carefully and well drawn, and true to nature, and he groups them with judgment. He finishes very highly and elaborately; but in his attempts to give the fine colour of the masters he would imitate, his efforts are not successful: the glare and vivid tone of his colouring are not to be found in nature. This is to be regretted, for M. Verbockhoven is undoubtedly a man of very fine talents. He gets high prices for his pictures: a landscape by this artist, exhibited last year, was purchased by an Englishman for 3000 francs.

The lithographic art advances with rapid strides, and gives profitable employment to a great number of young artists, who have a ready sale for their productions.

Mr. Thys, son of the celebrated restorer of pictures, has great promise as a designer of figures. Last year he exhibited a clever composition, "The meeting of Rubens and Vandyke," a well-known anecdote, which the artist has treated with great taste, and the figure of the young woman who is sitting for her portrait is extremely well-imagined. Independent of Mr. Thys's talents in design, he restores and cleans pictures

with much judgment, and amateurs may put their property into his hands with safety.

The pretensions of the Flemings, in imagining that they are the greatest living artists in Europe, are highly ludicrous; but it may be invidious to mention the names of these pretenders, though I have been gravely told by a landscape painter of Brussels, (whose talents are not much above the common order,) "that, as a *colourist*, he considered himself equal to the old Flemish masters!" and is offended, if you insinuate that he imitates in his *touch* the great Albert Cuyp! An historical painter of the same school thinks himself on a par with the Caraccis!—he is a pupil of David, whom he considers to have rivalled Poussin! These *asses* hold the English artists in great contempt, and tell you, "that, Wilkie excepted, we have no painter above mediocrity!"

I visited one day a new foundry, established in Brussels for casting figures and ornaments in bronze. Wishing to hear what the proprietor thought of the English artists in this line, I pretended to be an American, when he gave me a *philippic* on poor John Bull, saying, "that he knew nothing, except weaving cotton and casting stoves." "Les Anglais, Monsieur," said the impudent rascal, "sont *solides*, mais point de goût—lourds, tres lourds—c'est tout! Regardez cette figure, combien c'est gracieuse!" pointing to a villainous Cupid of French manufacture.—"You cannot," con-

tinued the critic, "find all the talent of England, combined together, capable of casting such a clock-case," exhibiting another Parisian bauble, representing a *Cupid and Psyche* in the attitudes of *figurantes!* I joined in the abuse the fellow bestowed on my countrymen, which seemed to afford him great satisfaction; but I imagine he at last discovered I was hoaxing him, and when I talked of buying a few of his *beautiful figures* to send to England, he drew in his horns, concluding his remarks by observing, "that the English, though they had not much taste for the *beaux arts*, were *braves gens*." I continued to mystify the artist, however, by telling him, "that when I returned from New York, I would again call on him."

In Paris I found the same contempt for English success in the fine arts, and the same egotism regarding their own. A Frenchman thinks no nation but his own can do any thing, and considers David and Gerard as the only great painters of modern times; but the fact is, that not one of a hundred of these critics ever saw a good English picture: they do not travel as our countrymen do, and their ideas are therefore confined, for it is only by comparison that we can judge of the merits of different schools:—"parmi les aveugles, les borgnes sont rois."

The inhabitants of Brussels consider the clumsy Dutch busts, and groups in the Parc, as fine

specimens of sculpture, and will tell you that their sculptor *Godecharles* was the greatest artist that has appeared since the revival of the arts! A Scotsman, who has never been twenty miles from Glasgow, thinks that city the most superb in Europe. A Tuscan Marchese asked me if London was as large as Florence! and if all the *Scotch* lived in it! The Dutch believe Miss Smithson to be the finest tragedian in the universe, and even the French highly rate the bombast and extravagance of this actress: in London she would only be admired east of Temple Bar.

A French artist, or *savant*, smiles with contempt when you talk to him about England having a school of painting. Ask him if he ever saw a portrait by Lawrence, a scene by Wilkie or Landseer, a landscape by Turner, or Constable, or Glover, or a statue by Chantrey, and he will confess he has not. This ignorance arises from prejudice: he has made up his mind on the subject; he has been long accustomed to believe that John Bull is a *warlike shopkeeper*, but that in a knowledge of the *beaux arts*, he is as ignorant as a Dutch skipper! We are weak enough to retaliate, insinuating that a Frenchman can only *dance* and *cook*; that his *Davids* and his *Gerards* are dry, mechanical, stiff outliners, who knew nothing of *chiaro scuro* or grace, and that their colouring is tame, harsh, and insipid. An English connoisseur turns his head aside when a modern French picture is put

before him, and without examining it, or probably knowing any thing of the matter if he does, exclaims *pshaw!* expressing disgust and nausea. All this is very pitiful on both sides. It would be wiser, and would serve to get rid of national jealousy, if, instead of sneering at each other, our English artists would exchange with France annually a score or two of our best works, in the various departments of the art, for a similar number of their first-rate productions; by which both nations would be able to form a competent judgment of the schools by comparison, provided they were publicly exhibited. We have many admirable painters, but it can hardly be said that we have a *school of art,* though the progress made within the last twenty years is incredible.

Nobody disputes that the English manufacture cottons, and the French silks, better than any other nation in Europe. The French themselves confess that the greatest novelist that exists is Sir Walter Scott, and that Lord Byron was a sublime poet; while *we* admit that the ballet of Paris is as superior to that of London as the sun to a rush-light; and that a Frenchman is at the head of the culinary art, is tacitly agreed on by all *gourmands.*

Now in regard to painting, it ought to be admitted that the French sacrifice *grace* to affectation, and destroy a well-designed picture by frippery and over-finishing, copying the human figure from statues rather than from nature. On

the other hand, it is equally true that the English artists are slovenly and careless in finishing, especially in the draperies of their portraits, and often in the drawing of the hands; employing ignorant and inferior persons to execute what ought to have been done by the master's pencil. Vandyke never left the extremities of his portraits unfinished, or his draperies in the lumpish, slovenly state in which many of our English artists leave their pictures. A landscape or an historical sketch may be painted for effect, but portraits ought to be carefully finished. Sir Joshua Reynolds often failed in these points. As he had no rival, he worked as he pleased, and made experiments with vegetable colours, although he must have been aware that they would speedily decompose by the action of the atmosphere; in proof of which, he never played *tricks* with his historical works, or with any portrait which he wished to commit to posterity. This was a disgraceful deception, which would not be permitted in the present day.

Let us, therefore, instead of squabbling with our talented neighbours about the merits of their painters, endeavour to improve each other by a fair and honourable rivalry without acrimony; and as the old antipathies and jealousies which existed between the two nations are daily subsiding, let us cultivate the peaceful arts hand in hand; and in a short time both France and England

may have *good schools.* Every one allows that Rome, Venice, Lombardy, Bologna, Holland, and Flanders, had schools worthy of imitation.

* * * * *

The following account of a remarkable picture, lately (1829) discovered at Tournay by Mr. Higgins, an Irish gentleman of considerable taste, has been given to the public in No. 104 of the New Monthly Magazine, and is from the elegant pen of the author of "High-ways and Bye-ways." This admirable description is so interesting that I have abridged it as a *pendant* to that of my Hamlet.

"Mr. Higgins, who has a correct eye and accurate judgment of art, particularly of pictures of the Flemish school, happened to be at Tournay two or three years ago, and in the shop of an *artiste fripier*. The eye of the connoisseur fell on a piece of old canvas, fastened by a nail to a stake; it was not difficult to discover, even through the thick layers of dirt and mould which covered its surface, that it was the work of no ordinary master. Its colours, still vivid, shone in detached spots, with a brilliancy which gave promise of more ample and extended beauties. The old *fripier* was not insensible to its merits, and seemed unwilling to part with it. He admitted that it was not his property, but absolutely refused to reveal its owner's name. From this place Mr. Higgins passed to pay a visit at one of the town convents, where a young English lady of his ac-

quaintance resided, and he there had the good luck to meet an old monk, who had formerly belonged to the now suppressed abbey of St. Martin, in the same city. This old priest, knowing the Englishman's taste for paintings, casually asked him if he had seen in that town any thing worthy of notice? 'It is curious enough,' replied Mr. Higgins, 'that the only tolerable painting I have met here since my arrival, I saw a few minutes ago at E—'s, the *fripier's*, but in so filthy a state, without being attached even to a frame, that it is scarcely cognizable: it seems to have been cruelly neglected.'—'Did he tell you,' rejoined the monk, 'to whom it belongs?'—'No; nor could my entreaties induce him to reveal the name of its owner.'—'Well then,' rejoined he, 'it is mine.'

"Mr. Higgins became curious to know the history of the work, as well from the interest which its own merit inspired, as from the singularity of the *rencontre*, and pressed the father to inform him of all the particulars. 'All I can say of it,' said the monk, 'is, that it was in the cabinet of our abbey, from a period of which neither myself nor any of my brother monks had any notion. It always made the greatest ornament of our collection, and was considered and represented as the portrait of one of the great artists, painted by himself. Indeed, it used to be said it was by Van Dyck; but I am no judge of those things,

and only tell you what others said.—*Au reste!*' added he, 'when the French came here in 1792, every one wished to save something from the wreck. A brother monk carried off this painting, hoping one day to have an opportunity of restoring it to its original proprietors. It was thrown into an old loft for its better concealment, and there it lay, quite forgotten, ever since. The monk who carried it off having died long ago, it was only some weeks back it was discovered, and that by mere accident.

"'As I was obliged to change my residence to fill the situation I now hold, old E—, the *fripier*, wished to buy it, but I would not let him have it. However, as I know nothing of paintings, and as no hope whatever can exist of its being replaced in its old situation, I am not unwilling to part with it on suitable conditions.' After some time, Mr. Higgins became its possessor.

"When Mr. Higgins became its owner, he was recommended to search in a work by Mensaert, an artist and connoisseur of the early part of the last century, 'Le Peintre, Amateur et Curieux,' which professes to describe the paintings in the different public and private collections of the Low Countries.

"On turning to the article Tournay, Mr. Higgins found, under the head of 'Cabinet de l'Abbaye de St. Martin,' the following notice:—'Ce cabinet est orné de plusieurs bons tableaux; parmi

lesquels on voit le portrait d'Antoine Van Dyck, sous la figure d'un chasseur qui conduit des chiens à la chasse. Ce portrait est peint par lui-même : quelques uns croient que les chiens sont aussi de sa main ; d'autres disent qu'ils sont de Sneyders. Il y a aussi deux tableaux peints par D. Teniers, un la tentation de St. Antoine, l'autre le portrait d'un medecin, et trois petits paysages avec figures, par le même.'

"This information, however, did not satisfy the English connoisseur, more than by proving that his new acquisition was always considered the portrait of a great artist painted by himself. Many of the best artists and *dilettanti*, both in Flanders and England, examined and admired it; opinions were extremely divided, some giving it to Rubens, some to Van Dyck, and others to G. Crayer. One artist regarded it as by Vander Helst. There were not wanting persons who believed it to be by David Teniers the younger, and his own portrait; and this was the opinion of our countryman Mr. Seguier, who is considered high authority, and the *Magnus Apollo* of art in England. This too was always Mr. Higgins's own opinion. The resemblance of the picture with the avowed portraits of this master was uncommonly striking; his face, his form, and even his costume, were in evident analogy with other works of his.

"Teniers was known to have great versatility of

powers, and had imitated all the great masters of his time, and some that preceded him; and though not habitually a portrait painter, yet a connoisseur well acquainted with his touch cannot fail to trace his hand in the picture before us; and no one who views it can fail to be struck with the immediate conviction, that the leading trait of the author's mind (despite of his consummate genius) was vanity of the most egregious stamp. The air, the dress, the attitude, all bespeak D. Teniers to be the very prince of puppyism. The incongruous association of a splendid ball-room costume, bare head, and flowing hair, with a wild landscape, a brace of greyhounds in leash, and a spaniel at heel, prove also that Teniers knew nothing of the practical enjoyments of sporting—not one other accessory of the chase is to be discovered, with the exception of a game-bag, peeping, from under the rich velvet surcoat, enough to raise a smile in the veriest Nimrod of cockneyism. That the artist painted himself *en grand seigneur* is very certain.

"If Teniers, in proving himself to be a great painter, and a handsome fellow at the same time, betrays that he was a perfect dandy, but no sportsman, it does not at all diminish our admiration of his talent, while it may make our own foibles and failings more endurable."

There can be no longer any doubt but that this

is his own portrait, and every part of it painted by his own hand, although several of the Flemish artists consider the dogs as from the pencil of Fyt.

If this superb specimen of art is permitted to quit Flanders, it will be a great reflection on the judgment of the connoisseurs employed to select pictures for the Royal Museum, and on the advisers of the hereditary prince, who has for some years past been forming a gallery in his palace. The large sums given for many of His Royal Highness's pictures would have been laid out to more advantage in such a *chef d'œuvre* as this splendid portrait of one of the finest painters of the Flemish School.

Mr. Seguier would have shewn his usual taste and judgment, had he recommended the purchase of this picture for the National Gallery; for it is a specimen of art which has seldom been surpassed: at the same time, I know not if the proprietor is desirous of disposing of such a gem.

* * * * *

Mr. Bryan, so well known twenty years ago for his knowledge and judgment in art, was not always infallible; I had the pleasure of being well acquainted with him, and frequently consulted him on the merits of a picture. On one occasion I called on him to beg his opinion of the Cymon and Iphigenia which I have mentioned as be-

longing to Lord Montgomery, when my notice was attracted by a beautiful small picture hanging over his chimney, and I observed that it looked like Correggio, wishing to shew my taste. He smiled, saying, "I never could make up my mind to part with that gem."

At this time Bryan had retired from business, and it was said with a fortune of 60,000*l.*; but unhappily he entered into some speculations with a brother, a manufacturer at Leeds, who in a few years ruined him; and his personal effects being brought to the hammer, I attended the sale, when I found the Correggio in the catalogue, and saw it, to my astonishment, knocked down for 55*l.* Supposing that it had been bought in by some friend, I asked Mr. Christie if this was the case, as I knew Mr. Bryan had greatly prized it. Mr C. coolly replied, "I know he did, and paid a large sum for it, thinking it was from the pencil of Correggio; but having afterwards ascertained that it was a copy, he could not dispose of it, and was unwilling to confess that he had been deceived." This accounted to me for Mr. Bryan's retaining this "gem." Mr. Christie admitted that *he* had also considered it as original, when he first saw it many years ago; and he thought that, as a copy, it was worth three times what it had sold for.

* * * * * *

The sword formerly worn by the illustrious

patriot Hampden is now in the possession of George the Fourth, and is considered by connoisseurs as the work of Benvenuto Cellini. This beautiful and interesting relic came into my possession by my wife, the widow of Colonel Gorges, who willed it to her along with an estate, once the property of the Hampden family, descending to his heirs, the Pyes of Berkshire, of whom the late poet laureat was a member; and at the death of heirs male of that family, the estate, called Radcott, bordering on the Isis, near Faringdon, became the property of Colonel Gorges, along with the sword, an heir-loom, and highly valued.

A battle was fought at Radcott Bridge (which is still standing over the Isis) during the civil wars, in which John Hampden took a conspicuous part. The family tomb is in the church of Faringdon, where the ashes of the patriot are deposited. A picturesque cottage, a short distance from the bridge, and of great antiquity, also remains. It now serves as a toll-house to a *cut* from the Isis to the great Berkshire canal; and the tenant having a licence to sell beer, it is often resorted to by the piscatorial amateurs from Oxford for pike and trout fishing; and as the cottage is isolated in the middle of extensive meadows, it supplies the thirsty hay-cutters with *home-brewed* during the harvest. In winter *Hampden's Hut*, as it is called, is frequently desolate, when the river overflows its

banks, and is only to be approached by boats; but on such occasions flocks of wild geese and ducks resort to these large meadows, and afford good sport to any *amphibious biped* who is hardy enough to wade up to his middle in water in the pursuit.

A part of the old manor-house of the Hampdens has been repaired by me, and forms a good habitation for the tenant. There is but one other farm in the parish, in which there has not been a pauper for half a century—a great rarity!

But to return to the sword.—Although it was considered as an heir-loom, no mention was made of it in the deed of settlement by Colonel Gorges, and I made bold to constitute it my property. Its merits as a work of art had never been noticed until it came into my possession; it was valued only from its *dynasty*, but I soon saw, by the little knowledge I had of sculpture, that the figures on the hilt were of the highest order of art. The blade, a true *Andrew Ferrara*, is four feet long. The hilt, in the form of a cross, is in proportion, and, as well as the grasp, is covered with figures in high *rilievo*, representing the history of David, from a shepherd's life to cutting off Goliah's head. The scabbard represents the trophies of war. The metal of which these are composed is silver, bronzed by the hand of time into a beautiful *patina*; and the whole is in the finest preservation. When I first saw this sword, I had lately returned from

Italy, where I had opportunities of seeing many specimens of the works in silver of B. Cellini, and I considered it as from his chisel; and having shewn it to my friend Lord N——, a most profound antiquary, and possessing as fine a taste for art as any man in the island, his Lordship had no hesitation in agreeing in opinion with me. Mr. Payne Knight also saw it, and was charmed with the beautiful execution of the figures. I had *castes* made from the hilt (in sulphur) by Tassie, which I presented to some of my friends, who esteemed them as memorials of the patriot.

On one occasion, when the Earl of L—— presided at the celebration of Fox's birthday at Edinburgh, this curious and interesting relique was brought from my lodgings to Fortune's Tavern, with all due honours, by a deputation of the company. The Earl of F—— volunteered his services as sword-bearer, assisted by four gentlemen as guards, and attended by caddies carrying torches. "The memory of Hampden" was never before drank with such appropriate accompaniments.

I retained this precious heir-loom for many years: at length a royal purveyor of *virtu*, a man of fine taste, made me such a tempting offer to purchase it, that I at length consented, which I have never ceased to regret.

I afterwards discovered that the Prince of Wales was the purchaser, which in some measure diminished my chagrin; and that this invaluable relique

is highly estimated by His Majesty, forming a prominent object in the royal collection of armour. I furnished the account of it (as far as I knew) to the keeper, which was inserted in the catalogue at Carlton House.

Cellini in his interesting Life, written by himself, mentions having presented his friend and patron, Francis I. with a sword chased in silver of his own workmanship. It is not impossible, (though certainly not probable,) that this sword might have found its way into England. When at Paris, I inquired if such a weapon still remained in the royal collection, but could find no record of it, nor trace any thing that had any resemblance to a sword of Cellini's manufacture. He executed various vases for his Majesty Francis, which the artist mentions in his Life, and it is to be hoped they escaped the robbers of the revolution.

At Strawberry Hill there is a silver perfume-box by Cellini, and also the wedding-gloves of the patriot Hampden's bride. The Duke of Hamilton also possesses various fine specimens of chasing by this great artist. His Grace has a noble collection of every thing that belongs to art, and may be considered "*un véritable connoisseur.*"

## CHAPTER III.

Recollections of the Opera—William Taylor, M. P.—A skilful manager—Banti—Taylor and Banti—Catalani—Senesino—The enamoured Marchesa—Naldi—Bertinotti—Her debut in England—Catalani and Bertinotti—Taylor—A manager's illiberality—A singular character—Dog Jennings—Sketch of a *virtuoso*.

THE history of the late Mr. William Taylor, M.P. and lessee of the Opera House, would furnish a curious volume. I knew him intimately for thirty years, at one time living within the walls of the *Fleet*, and again in splendour an M.P. and courted and flattered by the first duchesses in the land. These changes of fortune were to *Billy* (as he was familiarly called by his friends) of as little moment as the shifting of the scenes of his theatre; he took the world as it came, and cared no more for a *domiciliary* visit from *Messrs. Doe* and *Roe*, than for the most common occurrence. My

first acquaintance with him was about the year 1785, when he had an *apartment* in the *Fleet*, where he was placed by his colleague Sir John Gallini, at that time the manager of the King's Theatre. I have forgotten the merits of the case, but I remember that Taylor treated the chevalier's threats of detaining him in durance with great contempt, and wrote orders of admission to any one that asked him, and they were always received at the doors.

He was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Napier, a celebrated music-seller, with whom I was also well acquainted, having been introduced to him by Taylor. On this occasion he gave me a *sheet* of orders for the pit at various dates, and when they were expended, he kindly renewed them. This was very convenient to a lover of music, who could not always easily gratify his taste at his own expense.

On my return to town the following year, my good-natured friend was at *large*: he had turned the tables on the *Italian*, whose affairs were deeply involved, and his creditors clamorous. Taylor had undertaken the arrangement of them, on certain conditions. At first he was employed as an agent, but soon contrived to get a share in the concern, when the parties, as might be expected, quarrelled, and the case came before the Lord Chancellor. Suits in Chancery commonly terminate in the ruin of the contending parties; but

this case was an unlucky exception, for the unfortunate *chevalier*, who had furnished the money, became the sole victim, and went into the Gazette.

The management of the theatre now devolved on the deputy, to the astonishment of the *haut ton*, who could not conceive "the possibility of a *vulgar Scotch roturier* without a guinea, being able to *cater* an Italian Opera and a ballet to their taste." They considered the thing impracticable; and the leaders of fashion assembled to deliberate "how the house was to be kept open;" but the new *impresario*, invested with authority from the Chancellor, and patronised by monied men behind the curtain, laughed at their manœuvres, and prepared to open the winter campaign with *éclat*, and without consulting these *dictators*. When the list of *dramatis personæ* was published, and it was found that our *magister elegantiarum* had imported the best singers the continent afforded, with a new *corps de ballet*, the *beau monde* were reconciled, and flocked to his levées. They discovered merits in the new manager which they had not before seen, and he became, suddenly, the most popular person within the bills of mortality. His northern accent and country *rust* passed unnoticed, and he was shortly hand-in-glove with the leaders of fashion, who had previously sneered at him.

Although our northern adventurer knew but little of what the Italians call *il polvere di Teatro*, and spoke no language but broad Scotch, he was

not deficient in a certain *tact*, of great importance to a manager: he had the art of conciliating and keeping his *prima donnas* and *ballerini* in good humour by flattering and feasting them. He had discovered that an Italian or a Frenchman can always be *managed* by fair words and good cheer; and when an *artiste* became sulky, and refused to sing or to dance under pretence of indisposition, *Billy's* remedy of a good dinner, with *iced* champaigne, never failed to remove the temporary disorder.

Madame Banti, a great favourite with the public for many years, was extremely capricious, and as her salary was irregularly paid, she frequently sent the manager notice in the morning, previous to her performance, "either that she had a cold, or wanted money, and that she would not sing until he sent her 500*l*." The Signora liked madeira, and a hamper of her favourite beverage was a certain cure for her *rheum*, or postponed the payment of her demands. At length, the arrears accumulated to a large sum, and she threatened to bring an action against him, and give up her engagement. This was a sad dilemma; for her place could not be supplied, and his bribes no longer proved efficient. Billy made love to her, and became a regular *cavaliere servente!*

A good table was provided for his dulcinea, and they joined *purses* as well as *hearts:* but

*Bacchus* rather than *Cupid* presided. It is not fair, however, to publish what you have been permitted to see *behind the scenes*. I have been frequently invited to my friend's little parties, which were quite *recherché*, and nothing could be more loving than these *turtle-doves*, or at the same time more decorous. I have however heard that there were sometimes bickerings, which will occur "in the best regulated families." This union continued some years, "*tanto bene—tanto male*."

The claims of the Signora for salary had amounted to 3000*l.*, and poor Billy was overwhelmed with debts, which he had not the means of liquidating, and he was on the eve of returning to his old quarters in St. George's fields, when his friend, the amiable Duke of N——, took compassion on him, and having a seat in Parliament at this time at his disposal, the borough of Leominster, our manager was duly elected at the expense of a dinner.

"Richard was himself again." He could now stare his creditors in the face, and his *ganza*, aware that she could not seize on the *body* of her *dearly beloved*, treated him with more respect. At this fortunate juncture, the great star of the musical hemisphere, the *Catalani*, made her appearance. Her fame had preceded her arrival in the English metropolis, and her demands were extravagant; but Banti was in the wane. Except a short

appearance of the Grassini, she had reigned without a rival for six or seven years: but the greatest delicacies and the most delicious wines will pall on the appetite; so it was with Banti. *John Bull* wanted something *new*: the Catalani was a prodigy, and the manager must therefore consent to her terms, enormous as they were.

I had heard her when she made her *début* with Marchese at Leghorn in 1799, and could testify to her extraordinary powers, though they were then uncultivated, and remained so, for she never knew music as a *science*. I strongly advised Taylor not to hesitate, although I knew that Banti opposed this from motives of jealousy; poor Taylor had a difficult card to play, and he might sing with Macbeath—

"How happy could I be with either!"

The new *débutante* being *une femme couverte*, there could be no *personal* jealousy on the part of his *ganza*, who was obliged to withdraw all objections to her rival, and to perform alternate nights with her. Every thing proceeded *con amore*. The *furore* which the Catalani occasioned, was beyond all former example: Banti, seeing she could not approach her rival, wisely drew in her horns, and showed no jealousy; and they lived on as good terms as ladies of the same feather can be supposed to do.

During my absence from town, Banti had

retired, but how she wound up her affairs with her friend I never learned; but it was to be presumed the arrangements were amicable, as they continued to live under the same roof.

Every year the manager's affairs got more and more entangled with his creditors, and he was again in Chancery, up to his neck in suits—"Waters *versus* Taylor" filled the columns of the newspapers for years.

The Chancellor, as usual, *doubted*, and nothing was decided: his Lordship had in fact become the *manager*, and it depended on his *fiat* whether the theatre was to be opened or shut. The contending parties were both in a state of bankruptcy, and it was the astonishment of the public where they found the means of feeing the gentlemen of the long robe. I knew but little of Taylor's affairs, except that he had been always in difficulties, and that no decision, however favourable, could extricate him from them. In 1797, when I went to Italy, he begged me to *recruit* for him, and gave me a commission to engage the celebrated Senesino, at that time the finest singer in Italy. Shortly after my arrival at Florence I had an interview with this splendid *artiste*, and was so charmed with his talents, that I did not hesitate to conclude with him for three seasons, although his terms were a little beyond my instructions; but on this Taylor

was to have his *veto*. I transmitted the conditions to him, and he readily acceded to them. In the mean time Senesino had returned to *Siena*, the place of his birth (and from which he took his name, *Martini* I think being that of his family); and when I summoned him to Florence to sign the engagement, I found he had changed his mind. His pretence for not fulfilling the agreement was "his not being able to obtain the Grand Duke's permission to quit the *Tuscan State*, being *maestro di cappella* and a pensioner."

This chagrined me not a little, as it had cost me no small trouble to persuade the *Signior* to venture his *precious life* in a *regione tramontana*, where he understood "the sun but rarely appeared, and where the soil produced neither wine nor oil!" I found afterwards that the Grand Duke had not been consulted on this *important* occasion; and that the real cause of his failure in the engagement proceeded from a fair *Sienese*, a young and beautiful *marchesa*, who was so enamoured of this *animal*, that she threatened to perform the part of *Lucretia* if he deserted her!

She made no secret of her attachment, "and that she had chosen him as her *cavaliere servente*, in preference to half a dozen swains who were dying to have this happiness!"

I saw the lady afterwards in the theatre at Siena, and a most lovely creature she was, in

spite of her singular taste. I would have begged a friend of hers, a Florentine, to introduce me to her, had he not told me that I would run the risk of having my *locks pulled,* (though by the way I had none *tangible,*) as she had been heard to say, "that if she ever met the *maledetto Inglese* who wanted to deprive her of her *caro Giuseppe,* she would tear his eyes out!". Notwithstanding this threat, I had determined to contrive an introduction to my fair enemy, if Senesino would do me this honour, but he was absent from Siena when I was there, *en passant* to Rome, and I returned to Florence by another route. The fact was, that I was still desirous to engage him for Taylor, who had requested me to tempt him with higher offers, all of which would have been in vain without the permission of his *Lucretia!* He was the only Italian I met who was an enthusiastic admirer of Handel; and in several interviews I had with him, he afforded me a great treat, by singing many of that divine composer's airs with a pathos and expression I had never before heard. Senesino had been long esteemed the most perfect singer in Italy, and being also a fine actor, with a commanding figure, though perhaps he was too much *enbon-point,* he was a great favourite with the public, and particularly admired by the ladies.

At Rome, during the Carnival, I first saw Naldi in that beautiful opera, "Il Pazzo per la Musica,"

and thought he would make a good *recruit* for Taylor. I had an immediate interview with him, and found him extremely desirous to cross the Alps, and as his proposals were moderate, I transmitted them to *Billy*, who having heard of this *artiste's* reputation, gave me instructions to close with him: as there was no *lady* to consult, the arrangement was concluded, and he made his appearance on the London boards the following spring, 1801, where he met with a most favourable reception. The fate of this admirable *buffo* is well known: he lost his life at Paris, in 1816, by a most extraordinary accident, the bursting of a cooking steam-vessel, the top of which by the explosion struck his head, and occasioned instant death. I was in treaty at Venice with a celebrated *buffa*, *La Strinosacchi*, but her terms were higher than our manager was willing to give. She was an admirable comic actress, with a superb voice; but nature had not been otherways very bountiful to her, being the ugliest woman I ever saw "on *any* stage," yet a prodigious favourite with the public, and she had high salaries.

At Naples I saw Grassini, and was introduced to her. She was desirous of visiting England, but had engagements at Florence, Leghorn, and Milan, for two years. I advised Taylor to import her when they were concluded, which he afterwards did.

*La Bertinotti*, at this time a *prima donna* of celebrity, came into Tuscany from Milan, where she

had been most favourably received. With a beautiful countenance and good figure, (though perhaps too *petite* for the stage) she had an exquisite silvery voice, with great flexibility and compass, and was a perfect musician.

Previous to her *début* at Florence, I met her at the baths of Pisa, and made her acquaintance. My friend Lord M. invited her to several little parties, when she charmed us by singing *cavatinas*, and *arie di paese*, accompanying her voice with the Spanish guitar. Never was there a more fascinating young woman, lively and good-humoured, with the most amiable manners; and so highly decorous was her conduct, that she was received in the best society and universally caressed. Like Grassini, she had engagements for two years at Florence, Rome, and Naples; but I drew so flattering a picture of the advantages of an engagement in London, that she was persuaded to pay forfeit, and give up the two latter, if I could make a good arrangement with Taylor for her. I sent him terms extremely moderate considering her talents, and strongly recommending him to close with her; but he declined accepting them, under pretence that he could not afford another *prima donna*, but I afterwards found that Banti would not consent to have such a rival.

The revolution at Naples, which occasioned the flight of the royal family to Palermo, alarmed our *artiste*, and she abandoned her engagement at St.

Carlo, preferring to follow the court to Sicily. Lord M. and myself having arrived in the Bay of Naples on the very day of the king's flight, we were placed in an awkward situation; we went on shore, however, and remained six weeks, until the invaders took possession of Capua, when we were compelled also to emigrate to Palermo, where we found the *bella Bertinotti* enchanting the Sicilians. I need hardly add that we renewed our acquaintance with her, and that she again charmed us with her ballads.

In the autumn my friend Lord M. wished to quit Sicily, and we hired a vessel to transport us to Leghorn. As the Signora had made an engagement at this city, we offered her and her mother a passage, which they joyfully accepted; and as there was a sort of round-house on the deck, the dames had the cabin. A *trajet* of twelve days would have been a terrible imprisonment, without *La Bertinotti* and her guitar: fortunately also the weather was fine, and the sea smooth; we had abundance of provisions, and our courier being a good cook, the voyage proved quite a party of pleasure—a rare circumstance.

I again made proposals to Taylor to engage our syren, but without effect; yet ten years afterwards he thought more favourably of her, and in 1811 she made her appearance in London from the Hague. I lost no time to call on my old favourite, whom I found a *sposa*, and *Radicati* added to her maiden

name; but this was not the only change that a couple of *lustrums* had made in the formerly pretty face and *svelte* figure of my fair friend: she was indeed so altered as to be hardly recognisable. She had become fat and unwieldy; and instead of the clear and transparent skin which she once possessed, was now coarse and swarthy. I had some difficulty to conceal the chagrin which this change in her appearance occasioned me; but she relieved my embarrassment by saying, "my dear friend, you find me an old woman: a severe indisposition two years ago, and a long residence in the vile climate of Holland, have destroyed me; for though I am *enbonpoint*, I am not in good health: I wish I had come to England ten years ago; I might then have occasioned a little *furore*, but *le temps est passé*." Although I could not help feeling the truth of these remarks, my gallantry obliged me to compliment her on her good looks, and to assure her that the English public were not deficient in taste, and would receive her with the applause she so justly merited. On further conversation she told me that her voice remained, and having married a first-rate violin-player, she had reason to believe that in *science* she was improved; and turning to an open piano-forte, she sang a Sicilian air, which I had formerly admired, in the most exquisite manner. I now heard all her history since we parted, and learned that, by the abdication of the king of Holland, in whose

court she had a lucrative and pleasant situation, she had again been obliged to emigrate; but to a more hospitable country than Sicily, though she had a complaint to make of the illiberality of the English; for the sharks of the custom-house, she said, "seized on her music, and a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, neither of which she could replace!" I could only excuse my countrymen by saying, that *douaniers* were rapacious in every part of the world; and that I engaged to get back her music, and to replace her *perfumes;* for I had lately made an importation from the continent. I was further sorry to learn, that though she had got a liberal engagement, the manager intended to *bring her out* in the middle of December, when there would be none of the *haut ton* in town, and on the unfashionable night, Thursday. I promised to speak to Taylor, and endeavour to postpone her *début* till after the holidays. I found him, however, obdurate on this subject, and that his arrangements could not be altered. I was nettled at this, and had the boldness to tell the *great man*, "that he knew nothing of his business as a manager" —abruptly taking my leave.

The following Thursday she appeared to a thin house, as was to have been expected; and though she was highly applauded by the connoisseurs, (most especially by the Earls of Galloway and Mount Edgecombe) her reception on the whole was

cold, and by no means what she merited. I was in the centre of the pit with a phalanx of friends, who were not wanting in *bravas* and clapping of hands. My friend *Billy* had sent me a dozen of orders, which I returned with indignation. This brought an apology from the little man, in which he confessed he had treated my advice too *cavalierly*, and that he had now seen his error. I had an interview with him shortly after, when he told me that Catalani, jealous of her rival's talents, had actually threatened to throw up her engagement if he made any other arrangement; "and you submit," said I, "to crush the cleverest singer on the stage, (now that Billington has quitted it,) to gratify the pride of a *charlatan* in point of *science*, compared with the Bertinotti, who is as superior to your idol as the sun to a rush-light! Pray, my friend," I added, "are you rich enough to sacrifice 800*l.* (B.'s salary) to please an avaricious and jealous woman, of whom the public has long been tired?" I was not inclined to say more on this subject, which I knew was a *tender* one, the unfortunate man being so much in arrear to Catalani for salary, that he was obliged to comply with all her dictates. This was the rock on which he split: for a manager has no power over his *subjects* when he is in debt to them.

After Christmas the Bertinotti appeared now and then on a Saturday, but she was so ill sup-

ported, and the parts were so ill cast, that her rival effectually succeeded in keeping this delightful singer in the back-ground. In an opera of Mozart's, however, she made a great impression on the *dilettanti*, and in *Cantabile* she stood unrivalled. She, however, brought little or nothing into the coffers of the theatre, and before her engagement was over, she threw it up in disgust, and quitted the country that had treated her so ill. Notwithstanding this conduct of the manager and his minions, her temper was not ruffled, though her *amour propre* was hurt. On my taking leave of her, she said,—"Your *impresario* is a good-natured fool, and under the dominion of two artful women: he has been *personally* civil to me, though he has destroyed the little reputation I formerly might have had on the continent; but the fact is," she added, "that I am *passée* in person, and I could not expect the applause I received in my younger days. I ought to have given up my profession when I married seven years ago, which I have many reasons to regret I did not do; for besides my mortifications in England, I should not have felt the fogs and frosts of Holland, where I lost my health; but the amiable queen, whom I knew in Italy, took a fancy to me, and made me such tempting offers of living with her as her friend, that I could not resist her entreaties. She would have rewarded my services more amply if she had had the means; but I have a small pension from her

Majesty, and I have, as you know, been always an economist, so that I am pretty independent. I am about to return to *caro Milano*, my country, and to retire from the *polvere di teatro*, of which I am heartily tired, after the fatigue of twenty years. The greatest pleasure which my visit to England has afforded me, is having met our amiable friend Lord M—— and yourself, whose kindness I have so often experienced: for *your* sakes, I shall always feel a respect for Englishmen."

I have reason to believe she uttered these sentiments with sincerity, and that she was grateful for many little services we had both been able to render her. In truth, I never met a more amiable and disinterested woman than Bertinotti: she would have done honour to any rank. For modesty, good conduct, and unaffected manners, she was a model to her sex; and if her education profession, and country, are to be taken into consideration, she was a perfect paragon.

In the autumn of this year (1811) I embarked with Lord M—— for Sicily, since which I have lost sight of my interesting friend.

On my return two years after, I found poor Taylor still more deeply involved in Chancery suits, and without any hopes of continuing his seat in Parliament; and as the dissolution might shortly be looked for, he was, I feared, on his last legs; but as I quitted England again in 1814

to reside on the continent, I knew nothing more of his career as a manager except what appeared in the public prints, nor am I aware how he wound up his complicated affairs; though I have heard that he retired with sufficient funds to enable him to live like a gentleman. From other quarters I learned that he had been obliged to play at hide-and-seek with his creditors, and finally to emigrate to France, where he died a few years ago. I have however no opportunity of ascertaining which of these reports is true.

Taylor was perhaps one of the most extraordinary men ever *imported* from the North. Without a guinea or any connexion, he contrived, at an early period of his life, to acquire the management and property, to a certain extent, of the first theatre in the world, and to retain his situation for many years in spite of the storms and difficulties with which he was assailed. A history of his theatrical campaigns and struggles from his own pen would have been an interesting work; and he was very capable of this, for he wrote with great facility, and having so much *law* on his hands, and such an extended correspondence in his profession, he did not want practice. He was a native of that part of Aberdeenshire called *Buchan*. His father rented a farm on the estate of *Troup*, which one of his brothers still occupies; and I remember seeing him there some twenty

years ago, when I was on a visit to his landlord, Mr. Garden.

There was an annual roup (sale) of timber belonging to this gentleman, which I attended with him, and there we met his tenant Taylor, to whom I was presented, and I discovered a great family likeness to my friend *Billy*. On inquiring if he had made any purchase, he replied, "Ou aye, Sir, I have bought *twa-three* sticks to *floor* a *chaamer** for my brother *Wully*, wha's been promising mony a year to come and see his freends, and I'm expecting him soon, but I fear he'll na keep his *tryst*, for he has so muckle on's *hanns* in Lunnun." "I am glad to hear this, James," said the laird, "and you must tell your brother that I shall expect to see him at Troup House; and be sure you let me know when he comes." This honest farmer's voice was so like his brother's, that if I had shut my eyes, I should have thought myself in the presence of the Opera manager, who preserved the Buchan accent in great purity. He had another brother, a land surveyor, a clever man, well known on the *high-ways* of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as joint author (with Skinner) of an excellent book of roads. I have heard that William lent his aid in the compilation of this valuable work.

* Chamber.

I frequently met the latter at the table of the late Mr. Perry of the Morning Chronicle, with whom he was very intimate, and who often assisted Billy with good *advice*, which he did not always follow, and with *money*, which he did not always repay, and Mr. Perry was obliged to take a box in part of security for these loans. He was also of great use to the little manager by means of his paper. I believe these gentlemen started in life, and came to London about the same period (1778).

I cannot omit mentioning an instance of illiberality in Taylor which I little expected. A few days previous to Bertinotti's *debut*, I had invited a party of friends (several of whom were persons of rank) to meet her at dinner, and stupidly omitted the manager.

She had kindly promised to sing a few airs, *sotto mano*, as the terms of her engagement prohibited her singing in private. She had mentioned the party to Taylor, who no doubt supposed that she would be asked to sing. He wrote a note to her to say, "if she did so she would forfeit her engagement."

I never saw my fair friend so indignant as she was on this occasion, and when she arrived, took me aside to express how much she was mortified in being prevented from gratifying any friends of mine. "Your manager," said she, "must be a pitiful fellow, and I augur no good to myself from this specimen of his illiberality."

I need hardly add how much I felt chagrined

26662

on account of my friends, whose curiosity to hear this delightful woman sing in private had been excited; but there was no help, and we were obliged to submit. When I mentioned the circumstance the next day to Taylor, in as *measured words* as I could command, he positively denied that he meant the prohibition to apply to *my* party, and only regretted that my friends had been disappointed, adding, "that if I had sent him a note, he would have withdrawn the *injunction*." I was glad of this explanation, as it prevented my coming to an open rupture with a man whom I had so long known, and to whom I had been obliged, although I had probably balanced our mutual account of services, by the trouble I took in his concerns in Italy and on many other occasions when I had it in my power to oblige him. I strongly suspected, however, that the *little* manager had revenged himself on me in this way, in consequence of my doubting his abilities in regard to his arrangements for bringing the lady out, as I have mentioned.*

* * * * *

* Mrs. Billington was engaged by Taylor on her return from Italy in 1800. She was received with the greatest enthusiasm, as she merited.

I dined with her at her pretty cottage at Fulham, with the Bertinotti. It was impossible to say which of these *Syrens* charmed me the most. Mrs. Billington considered Bertinotti the best *cantabile* singer she had ever heard—there was no jealousy between them. They sang a *scena* from *Mozart* that was quite *electrifying*.

Travelling one day, some twenty years ago, in that *beautiful* machine, the Hammersmith stage, to dine with a friend at Fulham, our coachee picked up at Hyde Park Corner a little elderly gentleman, with whom he seemed to be well acquainted; for addressing him, as he descended to open his vehicle, with a profound bow, he said, "I hope, Squire, I ha'nt kept you waiting, but I see I'm past my time, (looking at his watch)—one of my *cattle* cast a shoe coming down Snow Hill, and so I was detained."—"Aye," replied the pedestrian, (who looked more like a *rat-catcher* than a squire,) "Master Bob, you have always an excuse at your tongue's end for your irregularity, but I'll never enter your d—d crazy machine again—these dog horses you have got are not fit to draw a sand-cart!" I know not how long this dialogue would have lasted, had not a rosy-faced *John Bull* thrust his head out of the window, and exclaiming in a gruff voice to coachee "to get on his box, and not to be jawing away and detaining his passengers in that there manner!"—"Fair and softly, Master Gill," replied our Jarvie, "if you don't like to ride in my coach, v'y you may get out—hurry no man's cattle—the Squire is an ould customer, and I'm sorry he should have had to wait in this here hot day." This acted as a *placebo* on the old fellow, who with a nod of reconciliation jumped on the box with all the activity of a youth

of five and twenty. There was something in the *cut* of the squire that denoted a *character.* He wore a blue coat of coarse material, but it was garnished with large silver buttons, on which were engraved the letters *R. J.;* his lower garments were of corderoy, with black worsted stockings, and strong shoes fastened with large silver buckles—his head being surmounted by a rusty hat, or rather a *skull-cap,* for the brim was not an inch in breadth. When he was fairly seated along-side of *Bob,* he took off this head-gear, and discovered one of the finest shaped sculls (entirely bald, excepting a few silver hairs on the sides,) that I had ever seen. His countenance was no less striking, and when he had wiped the perspiration from it, he turned to me, saying, "Pray, Sir, was you ever in the black hole of Calcutta?—I should like to know if it was as *hot* there." The question was put so archly that I burst out laughing, and replied, "No, Sir, I have never been in Tippoo's den, but I looked into *Mount Vesuvius* a few years ago, where I think the atmosphere was *hotter* than in Hammersmith." —"What, you are a traveller!" answered he. "I have also seen Vesuvius, but I did not venture into the crater. Pray, Sir, may I beg to know if you were clothed in *asbestos,* or in the *skin* of a salamander?—though by the way I saw in a newspaper an account of some Frenchmen having descended the crater with impunity; but excuse me, Sir, I

presumé you are joking."—"On the contrary," said I, "I was never more serious." I then proceeded to relate the manner in which I had accomplished this *feat*, which he seemed to think impossible. "I am happy," rejoined the squire, "to have fallen in company with a gentleman who has travelled. I have been in *my day* a great *voyageur*, and should be glad to see you, and to hear more of your Vesuvius expedition—Hercules's descent into hell is nothing compared to it. But we must part in a few minutes—I live opposite Battersea Bridge; my name is Jennings—perhaps you may have heard of *Dog Jennings*—I am the man, and will be glad to see you—May I crave *your* name?"

"Sir," said I, "I rejoice that I have had the good fortune to meet a gentleman so well known as Mr. Jennings, and I shall profit by your politeness, and pay my respects to you without delay. All travellers deal in the marvellous, but I hope to convince you that the crater of Vesuvius, although pretty *hot*, may sometimes be visited without meeting the fate of Empedocles at Ætna."

By this time my new friend had reached the turning to his house; Bob drew up, and I assisted the old gentleman to descend, promising to pay him a visit in a few days.

I had often heard of *Dog* Jennings, so called

from having been the proprietor of the famous bronze figure of Alcibiades's dog, which he sold for 1500*l.* to some antiquary whose name I have forgot; I also knew he was a collector of *virtu*, and I thought myself fortunate in thus meeting so singular a person. Coachee told me that he had transported him three times a-week to town for many years. "He is a rum one," said Bob, "and will quarrel with you for a penny, though he don't care about giving *guineas* for his *jim-cracks;* I've known the old gemman give *five* for a *rusty iron mortar* to a broker in Middle Row, who knows how to *diddle* the squire, cunning as he thinks himself. They say he spends lots o'money on tha'e things, though he groodges himself vittals, and keeps no servant but an ould woman, who lights his fire when he has one, and that's but seldom: he gives me a guinea at the new year, and now and then a pint o' beer. They tell me he has a fine estate, tho'ff he lives like a beggar, and his house is like a broker's shop; you'll hardly believe that the ould gentleman is past *four-score*, though he mounts the box like a chap o' twenty, and he a'ye rides outside summer and winter."

I rewarded coachee with an extra sixpence for his communication, which increased my curiosity to visit the squire, and before a week elapsed I waited on him, and fortunately found him at home.

He received me with all the courtesy of the *ancien régime*, in which he had been educated, apologizing for being in his *robe de chambre*. He was sitting in a small cabinet, the walls of which were covered with cases, containing stuffed birds, quadrupeds, reptiles &c., in a decayed state. I took a cursory look at them without making any remark, when he opened a cabinet with drawers filled with shells. "I am no conchologist," said I, "Mr. Jennings—I should prefer looking at your pictures, or your rare books and gems, of which I am told you have a fine collection." He looked at me with a sort of sardonic smile and surprise, and said—"Do you know anything about the arts?"—"I am an *amateur*," I replied, "though I do not pretend to be a *connoisseur*."—"I am glad to hear this," said the antiquary, his keen eye glistening with delight; "then I will give you a treat—I had forgot you had travelled, yet though you might have looked into Vesuvius, (with a grin) it did not follow that you knew anything of the *beaux arts*. Nineteen out of twenty who come to see my museum, prefer looking at *cockle-shells* and *stuffed monkeys* to a *Raphael*, or an antique *Cameo*, or an *Aldus*: I never shew my *gems* until I know whether or not I am throwing my pearls before swine—that is the reason of my receiving you in this hole; excuse me, but the world is composed of *fools*, not that I take *you* to be one of the num-

ber—your countrymen have generally some education, and I have known many Scotchmen who have travelled, accomplished persons when the *rust* is off. Can you speak Italian?"—"Un poco," said I.—"Bravo," said he, "parleremo dunque,—vederemo." So saying, my cicerone taking hold of a bunch of keys, we quitted the *monkey's den*, which he carefully locked, and proceeded into a suite of rooms crammed with book-cases and cabinets, vases, busts, pictures, &c. My eye was immediately attracted by a portrait of a female, extremely beautiful and well painted. "That lovely woman," said I, "Mr. Jennings, is your daughter—I once had the pleasure of being in her company."—"You are right, Sir; she was a fine girl when that portrait was painted."—"And is still a handsome woman," said I; "is she not now the wife of Mr. L., of N—y Park?"—"She is—and a lucky fellow he was to get her, for she had cash as well as beauty: I gave up my estate to him on her marriage, keeping only a thousand a-year to myself; all this goes in *virtu*, for I don't spend *fifty* in house-keeping. In my younger days I was a *gourmand;* now a mutton-chop contents me."

I was at no loss for objects to criticise, and being anxious to exhibit my connoisseurship, I was not sparing in my remarks where I could *praise*, for nothing is so gratifying to a collector.

We conversed in Italian.—"I observe," said the virtuoso, "that *you* can discriminate, and that you possess *un vero gusto;* it is a pleasure to show a good thing to a person of judgment, but really *John Bull* is such a *d—d ass* that you seldom meet a man with any taste, or who has more *eye* than *a cod-fish*. My *beau fils* is an exception, however; the fellow has a knowledge of art, and can handle a *porte-crayon* better than many of our modern artists." The old gentleman's remarks on various subjects were very amusing and caustic; he held our modern painters, since Sir Joshua's death, in great contempt, Lawrence excepted, whom he prophesied would be an honour to his country. "That young man," said he, "has splendid talents, and can draw the human figure accurately; but he ought to go to Rome, that is the only school to make a man a painter—there is something in the air of Italy congenial with the arts; Rubens and Vandyke, and our own Reynolds, and many others, were but *sign-painters* till they travelled. *Mengs* was only a dauber before he went to Italy. I met him there sixty years ago. He took a fancy to my head, and I sat to him for one of the *disciples* in his famous picture of 'The Supper'—and a pretty *dissipated disciple* I was in those days! He was a great man, Sir, Mengs. He first gave me a taste for the arts—we were intimate friends, and he acted as my cicerone;

but I paid more attention to *Bacchus* and to *Venus* than to *Apollo* when I was a youth, and I had not then run my race of folly, though I had been a guardsman, and kept a stud of racers—by the way, I sold it to *Charles Fox*, who just entered the turf as I quitted it. I was a pupil of Broughton's, and could handle a quarter-staff; in short I was a *blood* of the first distinction. My father put me into the House of Commons, but as I voted with the *Whigs*, and he was a *Tory*, I displeased him, and gave up my seat. He would no longer support my extravagance, and I sold my commission, and went on my travels with a liberal allowance. I remained ten years on the continent, and travelled from the 'Cobbler of Messina' to Petersburg, returning with my head crammed with foreign languages and *virtu*, and despising my own country. For several years my discourse was interlarded with French and Italian: I could talk of nothing but St. Peter's and the Coliseum, Herculaneum and Pompeii, the Venus de Medicis, and the Farnesian Hercules, the Louvre, and Palais Royal—in short, Sir, I was a confirmed coxcomb. By my father's death I had succeeded to a good estate, and I took a large house in a fashionable street, which I furnished with French cabinets, Sevres china, and or-molu. I took it into my head that I was a connoisseur, and purchased a gallery of pictures on my own judg-

ment: the dealers flattered me, and imposed their copies for originals at extravagant prices. At length I found I had got rid of all the ready money which my kind father had left me, and my eyes began to be opened to my folly. Fortunately at this period I *fell in love* with an amiable young woman of good family and fortune, whom I married, and by her good sense and prudence I was probably saved from ruin. She advised me to dispose of the lease of my town-house, to sell my pictures, and to diminish my establishment, to which I consented. When my gallery was brought to the hammer, I discovered how grossly I had been imposed on, and that I had been a dupe to the dealers: my Raphaels, Titians, Guidos, Poussins, &c. for which I had paid large sums, and considered original pictures, proved mere copies, and what had cost me *thousands*, fetched hardly as many *hundreds!*

"I retired into the country, where I enjoyed *otium cum dignitate* in the bosom of my family for fifteen years, and until death deprived me of the amiable mother of my only child. In the mean time my taste for the arts continued, and my vanity had subsided; I perceived that I knew little or nothing of the *hands* of *masters*, and the *more* I advanced in knowledge of art, the *less* I felt I really knew. I kept a few hundred pounds in my banker's hands, and when I went to town during the winter months, I attended sales, and

having made the acquaintance of an artist of real judgment, I took his advice and bought a few cabinet pictures and other objects of art when they went cheap. In this way I have collected an enormous quantity of *virtu*, which my friends and the world in general pronounce to be *rubbish*. On my daughter's marriage I fixed my residence in town, and amused myself in this way, and although I am in my eighty-fourth year, the *mania* of collecting continues unabated. I will tell you the history of the *dog*, by which I got *nick-named*, another time. I am a *character* as you may perceive, and *still* a coxcomb; but my pursuits, although more rational than they were half a century ago, are perhaps rather absurd at my my time of life—every man has his *hobby*, and this is mine. I have pleasure in meeting a person who has a similar taste, and I will be happy to cultivate your acquaintance, and to show you all my *nick-nacks*, which are very miscellaneous; but you have not seen the tenth part of my collection. These cabinets contain a series of Greek and Roman medals, but what I most pique myself on is my library. I have sometimes contended with George Nicol, the King's purveyor, Lord Spencer, Dr. Burney, Mr. Heber, and other *bibliomaniacs* for a *cinque cento* or rare book, but this I have now given up for want of finances. I will show you an illuminated *missal*, the most valuable perhaps in existence: it is by *Julio Clovio*, and I have refused

2,000*l.* for it. You shall have only a glance of this *bijou* at present; another time I will give you a *lens* to examine the miniatures, which are exquisite." It was produced, and certainly I never beheld any work of art to compare with it.

This interesting conversation, and the examination of the museum, occupied more than three hours, and I certainly never passed a morning more to my satisfaction; for besides being gratified with so many objects of curiosity, I had accidentally made the acquaintance of a highly accomplished man of the old school, whose manners, in spite of his homely costume, were of the first order. All his faculties were perfectly entire, and he had the vivacity and activity of a man in the prime of life. He had seen much of the world, and had lived in the first society, and, having an extraordinary memory, recollected all that he had seen and read, so that he had an anecdote on every subject; during the few months I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, I never quitted his company but with regret, and a little wiser than when I entered it.

I got so much into his good graces, that though he seldom or ever, he said, dined from home, he promised to pass a day with me, and I took my leave, after convincing him that I was not, as he had suspected on the top of the coach, a member of the family of *Mendez Pinto* or *Munchausen*, and that I *actually* had crossed the crater of Mount

Vesuvius. As I quitted the house, I slipped half-a-crown into the hand of his *gouvernante*, an elderly damsel, who refused this small *douceur*, saying, "that master would turn her out if she took money from gentlemen;" a little urchin at her side was not so scrupulous, when I dropped the piece into his cap. I mention this to show that Mr. Jennings had a proper feeling in not allowing money to be taken by his servants, and it is to be lamented that this example is not followed by the proprietors of all museums and picture-galleries elsewhere.

The day being fixed for the squire's visit to me in Westminster, I invited a few *dilettanti* friends to meet him, among whom was the artist S——. He made his appearance in a job-coach; and in *grand costume*, viz., a drab coat, not of the most modern *cut*, but it was fresh, and embellished with the *cypher buttons* which, he afterwards told us, he had worn for twenty years, and that they served for his whole wardrobe; a satin embroidered waistcoat with long flaps, black *inexpressibles* of the same material, and silk stockings, which however were *put to the blush* by a pair of *iron-shod* shoes, that did not appear to have lately had the benefit of "Day and Martin." His head was ornamented with the scull-cap which I have already described; and when he entered the drawing-room, he begged permission to keep

it on, as being accustomed to wear it on account of his bare-head, he was afraid of catching cold. I regretted this, as it disfigured him very much.

He happened to sit at the dinner-table *vis à vis* to the artist, who was so struck with his fine countenance that he could not keep his eyes from staring at him. "Mr. Jennings," said I, "my friend, Mr. S—— cannot eat his fish, so much is he taken up with your *head*—pray indulge him with a view of it *sans chapeau*." "Willingly," he replied, and smiling, said, "I feel highly flattered by Mr. S——'s notice:" adding, "Mengs, sixty years ago, did me the honour to ask me to sit to him." So saying he uncovered, and the party, men and women, *fell in love* with the venerable and expressive head, which he now exhibited. He was in high spirits, quaffed several glasses of Champagne, and entertained us with a thousand witty sallies and anecdotes. The ladies would on no account permit him to replace the cap, to which he consented on condition that they would not follow the barbarous English custom of retiring to the drawing-room, a proposal to which they were nothing loth. We sat two hours, during which the squire never flagged a moment, or passed the decanter without filling his glass. Coffee and *liqueurs* in the French fashion followed; and at nine o'clock the *remise* made its appearance,

when our facetious good-humoured guest retired, highly pleased, he said, "with the most agreeable evening he had passed for many a year." I need hardly add how much the party were delighted with him. He promised to sit to S—— as a study, but I know not if the portrait was ever executed.

I frequently visited his museum, when he took great pains to show me all his rarities. In such a miscellaneous collection there was a good deal of trash, but it contained several cabinet pictures of the first class, many fine bronzes, intaglios, cameos, and other valuable gems, with portfolios of drawings of the old masters.

I had not an opportunity of examining his library beyond the illuminated books; but the inspection of his *Julio Clovio* occupied a whole morning, and proved a high treat. He told me a curious history of the manner in which this treasure had fallen into his hands, which I have now forgotten.

Shortly after my acquaintance with Mr. Jennings, I quitted England; and previous to my return he was gathered to his fathers. I believe his collection was sold at the hammer by Christie, but I never heard what sum it produced.

His economy in housekeeping, dress, and every personal expense, was remarkable. He told me that he had purchased the shoes, mentioned more

than once, at Maidstone seventeen years back, and had worn them ever since; that the original cost and occasional repair amounted to thirty shillings, and that he kept them in order with the *grease* of *fowls*, "as the infernal blacking," he said, "so much vaunted, rotted the leather." He never allowed his coat to be brushed, "for brushes wore off the nap; and a rattan or a whip was the only implement he used." On my observing one day that he raked his small fire with a *wire*, and that there was no poker, he said, "pokers, Sir, are extravagant; they rake the coals out of the grate; the *wire* is the instrument I use, and I believe the invention is my own—I ought to have taken out a patent for it."

With all this parsimony, he would give large sums for any article of *virtu* he fancied, and was very liberal to the poor. A friend of mine who lived in his neighbourhood told me that he supported several families in distressed circumstances.

Although the squire had certainly a considerable knowledge of the arts, and was conversant in antiquity, yet his taste might be called in question, from the quantity of *rubbish* to be found in his singular collection; and though he considered himself *profound*, he was a dupe to brokers and picture-dealers to the day of his death. I presented him with a few Greek vases and medals, for which he would have given me *ten times* their

value, had I been inclined to impose on him. He one day shewed me a bundle of manuscripts which he said was a diary he had kept during his travels. When I expressed my anxiety to peruse them, he promised to gratify me; but I could not persuade him to put them into my hands, which I greatly regretted, as I have no doubt they were extremely interesting. Had he lived till my return from Sicily, I would have *bribed* him with some Sicilian medals to surrender his sketches to me. I had more than once hinted my desire to become his *biographer* from these materials, which seemed to flatter him, but when I pressed him to permit me to arrange his papers, he put me off by saying "that he would give them on my next visit;" and I left town in such a hurry, that I could not take leave of my venerable friend, and he died a few months before my return.

The book which I have mentioned, illuminated by *Julio Clovio*, he had purchased for a large sum. It is impossible to imagine anything so admirable as these miniatures, whether one considers the elegance of the attitudes, the richness of the composition, the delicacy of the naked figures, the perspective proportion of the objects, the distances, scenery, buildings, and other ornaments introduced, for every part was beautiful and inimitable. Vasari says, "that a single ant introduced into one of his miniatures

was so perfect, that even the most minute member was as distinct as if it had been of the natural size." These miniatures were mostly confined to books in the possession of princes.

*Clovio* was a pupil of *Julio Romano,* and died in 1578.

## CHAPTER IV.

Second voyage to Sicily—Embarkation—Arrival in Minorca—The late Duchess Dowager of Orleans—A prophecy realised—Arrival in Sicily—Queen Caroline—Lord William Bentinck's measures—Strong measures of her Majesty—The banished Barons released—The new constitution—The plot detected—The Queen's intended banishment—Base conduct of her Majesty—Robbery of the famous Florence tribunal—Noble act of the Prince Regent—An imposing spectacle—The castle of Carini—A robbery—Sicilian criminal laws—Corruption of the judges—Agriculture in Sicily in 1813—An experimental farm—My indisposition and return to England—The passport.

In recording the reminiscences of my second voyage to Sicily, my object is to give a slight sketch of the political state of that island at an interesting period, when Lord William Bentinck had so difficult a part to play. Few men could have been found to fulfil this arduous task with so much energy, and at the same time discretion, to reconcile so many contending parties. Had his wise plans been followed by the Sicilian government, and the free constitution which it voted,

under his Lordship's auspices, been continued, this beautiful and fertile island might have flourished, and its inhabitants, instead of starving in the midst of plenty, and groaning under a yoke of despotism, have been now enjoying a state of comparative happiness and prosperity.

In 1811 the health of my friend Lord Montgomery again requiring a southern climate, Sicily was recommended by his medical advisers; and in the month of November I embarked with my old *compagnon de voyage* in the flag-ship of Vice Admiral Hallowell, the Royal George, destined to join the squadron of Sir Edward Pellew in the harbour of Port Mahon.

In three weeks, after a delightful passage, we reached this place, and found the fleet at anchor in its winter-quarters.

The only interesting object I found in the island of Minorca was the late Duchess Dowager of Orleans, who had selected this retired rock as an asylum. Her son, the duke, having married a Neapolitan princess, she paid him a visit; but finding her limited means inadequate to support her rank in the capital, and being probably disgusted with the intrigues of the queen, her Royal Highness selected Port Mahon as a residence which, being near Sicily, afforded facilities for obtaining news of her son, who was now the only tie that attached her to the world.

Her little household consisted of Mademoiselle

the Comtesse de Beaujollis, a lady who had been long her friend and followed her fortunes; a baron of the *ancien regime*, who acted as *maître d'hôtel*, secretary, and *homme d'affaires*; a *femme de chambre*, cook, and housemaid; this completed her establishment—all that a revenue of 800*l.* could afford.

Her abode was equally humble, but such was her fortitude, that there was no appearance of discontent.

Having been once a most beautiful woman, (of which she had still the remains,) the richest heiress in Europe, and of the most distinguished family in France, (Penthievre) she was now living in an obscure island, a *speck* in the Mediterranean, without any society except the occasional visit of a British man-of-war. Although torn from her family, friends, and country, by a revolution in which she had no share, and reduced to pass the declivity of life on a miserable pittance; yet, amidst this accumulation of misfortunes, this accomplished princess preserved an equanimity quite unexampled; her still lovely and benevolent countenance beaming with smiles and good-humour. I have had frequent occasion to be in the company of other branches of the royal family of France with feelings of compassion, but never before were they so excited: I became "every inch" a *royalist*, and in my heart cursed the demagogues and monsters of the revolution.

Her royal highness having signified her desire

to see Lord and Lady M., they waited on her a few days after their arrival, when they were invited to dinner, and, as I formed a part of their suite, I had also the honour of accompanying them.

The hour of dinner was early, the fare quite *recherché*. It was served in three courses, of three small dishes in each; the *chef*, who had formerly sent up the most splendid entertainments in Paris, showed, in this little *dejeuné a la fourchette*, (for it was at two o'clock) that he was yet *cordon bleu!*

The Duchess presided with dignity and ease, talked of the kindnesses of the English towards her—told us "that Sir Edward Pellew had a *carriage* (a boat) every day at her disposition, and that the *gallant* Sir Sidney Smith acted as her *cavaliere servente;* and indeed," added this fascinating woman, "all the captains of the British fleet are my devoted servants. They make me forget that I am a poor forlorn widow living on a rock." As both Lord and Lady M. spoke French with great fluency, the conversation was continued with much ease; Mademoiselle Beaujollis shewed great *esprit* and vivacity, and the Baron (the finest specimen I ever saw of his *race*, the most perfect example of a courtier of the *vieille cour*,) complimented me on the wretched French I hammered out to him. Sir Sidney, who was of the party, took a leading part in the chat, and was a great relief to me.

Coffee speedily succeeded the dessert, and by five o'clock the party broke up;—it was indeed a high treat.

After my return to England the following winter, I again visited Minorca; and having been charged with despatches from the Duke of Orleans to his mother, I had the satisfaction of again presenting myself to this amiable princess, and of delivering my credentials.

She received me with the greatest condescension and courtesy, and as I had so lately seen her son, I became an interesting person. I related the spirited and dignified conduct of the duke, when his *belle mère*, Queen Caroline, attempted to arrest his Royal Highness, observing; "that on this occasion he had shown himself a worthy descendant of Henry the Fourth." "Oh," replied the interesting lady, "he is a noble fellow, and I hope to live, old as I am, to see him restored to his country. How do I grieve that so talented and brave a youth should be losing his best days in a miserable island, where justice is not done to him—but visions have appeared to me lately; I am not, I think, superstitious, but I feel something within me that whispers—the house of Bourbon will ere long again reign!" She said this with the energy and expression of a Cassandra; and it is very remarkable how true was her prophecy, for within two years Louis *Dix-huit* was on the throne, and the duchess residing in her palace in Paris!

During my detention of six weeks at Mahon, I frequently had the honor of dining with her Royal Highness, and of attending her in her excursions on the water in that fine harbour, a *promenade* in which she took great delight. I became a great favourite, for I could talk of the duke, and with justice sound his praises. More than once she said to me, "when you hear of my returning to Paris, come and see me—I promise you I will not forget you." I *did* visit Paris in 1815, soon after the duchess had taken up her residence there, but I did not avail myself of her Royal Highness's flattering invitation; which I have since often regretted, for it would have been highly gratifying to see this interesting princess restored to all her former splendour, and I could have had no doubt of a gracious reception; but alas! she did not long live to enjoy this happy revolution in her fortunes, having died the following year.

I now return to my friend, whose health being greatly improved by the voyage, we procured from the admiral a transport to convey us to Palermo, which we reached in a few days. The moment our anchor was over the bows, I jumped into a shore boat which I had hailed, and without attending to the quarantine laws, I went on shore, and had an immediate audience of Lord William Bentinck, who received me with great courtesy.

"I am happy," said his excellency, "to hear of Lord M——'s safe arrival, and of his improved health; but he has come to Palermo in an unlucky moment, as I think it is very likely I shall be obliged to return to Messina within four-and-twenty hours; but this movement will depend on the answer I get to a remonstrance I have made to his majesty on a political point of importance: in the mean time I advise you to remain in your transport until you hear from me this evening." Before I could carry this message, my friend came on shore, and in a few hours we had the satisfaction of learning that the king had submitted to our ambassador, and we landed from our transport.

Lord William Bentinck, having been thwarted by the intrigues of the queen in all his measures, had been on the very morning of our arrival obliged to signify to his majesty, that if he did not fulfil his engagements, (the nature of which did not transpire,) he would be compelled to put himself at the head of his army, and enforce compliance to his demands.

Palermo had not yet a hotel or house fit for our reception, but fortunately a relation of mine, Mr. Wood, a merchant, kindly offered his comfortable house, which offer we accepted, and we remained there till we could find one to hire. This was an affair of no small difficulty: there was little choice, and we were obliged to content ourselves with an

old *palazzo* wretchedly furnished, and in a dirty and confined quarter, where we were eaten up with fleas. Our kind friend Mr. Wood, however, in a short time procured for us a delightful residence, the *villeggiatura* of Prince Pantelleria, two short leagues from the city, with the unusual advantage of an excellent gravelled road, that would have done credit to the great colossus of highways, M'Adam. The prince, a fine old fellow, whom we had known on our first visit to Palermo, wished us to accept of his villa without any rent, and I prevailed on him, or rather on his *homme d'affaires*, with great difficulty to take a nominal rent of twenty-five ounces (15*l.*) for the summer. The chateau was magnificent, containing spacious apartments, with terraces and gardens, one of which produced most delicious oranges in sufficient number to have filled the Royal George.

Lord M.'s health being restored, he was placed on the staff, and took the command of an English brigade, to which I served as aide-de-camp. In April the whole of our troops were moved from Messina to occupy the capital, and as they landed on the Marina, formed a beautiful spectacle. The royal family were at this time residing at Oliviezza, a sporting seat of the king's, and while the troops were landing, the queen made her appearance, and galloped along the line, for the purpose, she said, "of beholding her ene-

mies!" Her majesty had been playing for some time a double game, in which she was assisted by a French emigrant,* who has been raised to the rank of *marchese*.

During the administration of Mr. Drummond, *Caroline* had complete control over the four hundred thousand pounds granted as a subsidy to the Sicilian government, to enable it to keep an army on a footing to repel any attacks on the island by Murat. It was however well known that it was in the very worst state, being ill-clothed, and the pay irregularly issued. Lord Amherst succeeded to the embassy, and the queen continued the same mal-appropriation of the money.

On Lord W. Bentinck's appointment, his first political act was to inquire how the subsidy had been applied, and into the condition of the army, which I need hardly add were highly unsatisfactory. His Lordship therefore signified his intention of stopping the *first*, until the *second* was placed on a more effective footing. This threat was treated by her majesty with great contempt; but when she found that neither flattery nor cajolleries made any impression on the new ambassador, and that he was not to be turned from his purpose, nor would yield a single point, she recommended the king to abdicate his throne, *pro tempore*, in favour of his son.

* Monsieur St. Clair.

While these measures were proceeding, Caroline, being deprived of the handling of the subsidy, adopted a new scheme of finance, and prevailed on her yielding spouse to levy a high tax on the barons, who alone possessed any property; and this summary measure was put into execution, in defiance of the law, which does not authorize forced loans without the consent of parliament. In consequence, the chief of the nobility remonstrated against this arbitrary order, and drew up a petition, couched in the most respectful terms, beseeching his majesty not to levy a tax contrary to the constitution.

The queen, though highly irritated at this proceeding, concealed her displeasure, until she had the means of wreaking her vengeance on those, whom she considered as the instigators of the rebellious act. In a few weeks she selected *six* of the richest barons, at the head of which was Prince Belmonte, a man of considerable talent and independent mind. In the middle of the night these nobles were dragged from their beds, their houses being surrounded by *sbirri* (thief-takers), and put on board vessels which had been prepared to transport them to separate dungeons in the small islands, used as depots for state prisoners. This vindictive woman had the effrontery also to include her son-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, in her list of the proscribed; and the chief of the *sbirri* had orders to seize on his

Royal Highness at his country-house, a short distance from the city; but the descendant of St. Louis resisted, and sallying forth at the head of his household, armed in the best manner they could "on the spur of the occasion," gave battle to the ragged ruffians, and drove them back with broken pates! In the course of the day, the duke went to the palace, and had an interview with the king, the result of which did not transpire; it was only known that he refused to see her majesty.

Lord W. Bentinck, now perfectly convinced that Caroline was doing every thing in her power to thwart and paralyse his measures, determined to return to England, and either resign his embassy, or come back with such powers as would enable him to act with vigour. Accordingly, a few days after the arrest of the nobles, he took an opportunity of slipping from a ball at his hotel, stepped into a frigate, and within two months returned to his post, with unlimited powers to conduct himself as his judgment might direct.

The first act of his new administration was to order the liberation of the barons; and, in case of refusal, his lordship signified, "that he would put himself at the head of his army and enforce the same;" but his desire was immediately complied with, and in a few days the state prisoners returned to their families, making a triumphal entry into the capital, when they were received with the

acclamations of the citizens, and they were all appointed *ministers*, Prince Belmonte being the *premier*; but his delicate constitution had suffered so much from the humidity of his cell, that he was unable to attend to his duties, or to form a part of the procession, being carried in a *litter* to his villa in the neighbourhood.

This was a *coup de grâce* to her majesty's power, and a humiliation which her *Austrian* pride could but ill submit to; and finding that her intrigues could no longer avail her, a proclamation was issued, stating "that the king's health had compelled him to resign the cares of his government to his beloved son, whom he appointed his successor, with the title of *Prince Regent*." Their majesties immediately withdrew to Oliviezza, a favourite residence of the king's, about ten leagues from the capital, where they remained in the most perfect seclusion, Ferdinand amusing himself with the sports of the field, and the queen with her favourite St. Clair, whom she ennobled; she had also become *a devotee*, and drew *spiritual comfort* from her confessor.

In this state of general tranquillity the parliament was assembled, and after violent discussions of many weeks, a constitution was agreed upon, formed on that of England; the feudal laws were abolished, and a free press established. When this *last* was promulgated, it was found "that a citizen might advertise that he had a horse, or a

house, or any other property for sale;" but if he published any opinions animadverting on royalty, or the church, or the measures of government, the penalties for such offences were more severe than ever; though the laws forbidding *cropped-hair* and *wearing Brutus-wigs* were abolished.

Though their majesties did not openly dissent from this constitution, which had been obtained by the influence of the English minister, it was known that the queen had declared her sentiments as adverse to any shadow of freedom. She had long been plotting to relieve Sicily from what she called the *tyranny* of the English government, and to be again restored to her former power. Fraught with this notable project, (while she had given out her having abandoned all political measures,) she secretly collected her old confederates and spies, whom she had retained in pay, *sotto mano*, and with their aid a correspondence was opened with the usurper, Joachim Murat; whereby "she engaged, on certain conditions, to massacre the whole of the English army, and to place the Island of Sicily under his protection; and at the same time to recognise him as the rightful king of Naples." It did not appear what was the *modus operandi* by which she was to *cut the throats* of an English army of 15,000 men. Joachim had already failed in an attempt to possess himself of Sicily, and he was not invited to make another; the proposed massacre could therefore only be

accomplished by a *miracle*, or by the whole population of the island rising *en masse*, and driving these *heretic maledetti Inglese* into the sea, as Napoleon had more than once proposed. Be this as it may, the bloody plot was providentially detected by means of a certain renegado, y'clept *Romeo*, an Italian officer in one of the new levies.

This man had been one of the conspirators, but became a traitor to the *good cause*, and communicated, not only the details of the plot, but the names of the *worthy* parties concerned in it to the Adjutant-general Campbell. At the head of this list was Queen Caroline!

Lord William, by means of this renegado, contrived to get possession of the whole plan, which his lordship never promulgated, but he said that a more absurd scheme could not be imagined. It was, however, necessary to put a stop to the system of *espionage;* accordingly, twenty-one persons were arrested (out of twice that number who were implicated) and lodged in the castle of Messina.

A military tribunal was assembled to try them for high treason; there was no want of evidence for their conviction. It was necessary to make an example to deter others from similar plots, and three or four were executed, the others being put into the dungeons lately occupied by the barons. And thus ended this foolish plot of destroying the

English army, and of placing Sicily under the protection of King Joachim.

Lord William at length found it absolutely necessary, in order to accomplish the purposes of his embassy, to insist on the queen quitting Sicily. He was aware, that the moment he himself embarked with his army for Spain, she would be again plotting. His lordship had great difficulty, however, to persuade her majesty to quit the little power she still possessed; and it was only by threats of *coercion*, that she was prevailed on to go on board an English frigate prepared for her reception, at a small port 30 miles from the capital. Lieutenant General Macfarlane, who fortunately was in her majesty's good graces, had the arrangement of the embarkation, which took place very quietly, and was hardly known till the frigate had sailed. She was landed at Trieste, from whence she proceeded to Vienna.

This singular event was little felt, or even talked of by the people, who have the same sort of apathy in such matters as their co-subjects the Neapolitans. I asked a coachmaker if he had heard that the queen was gone? He shrugged up his shoulders, saying with a sneer, "Che saccia!" Exactly the same answer I had from a Neapolitan, when I put the same question about the flight of the royal family at the revolution.

I could not help contrasting the humiliation of

her majesty with the power she ruled fifteen years ago, and the conduct of our minister compared with the *minions* of that period: yet, notwithstanding the vigour of Lord William Bentinck's measures and the purity of his intentions, they produced no lasting benefit to the unfortunate Sicilians.

I shall finish this sketch of Queen Caroline by an anecdote which is but little known. In 1799 the Grand Duke of Tuscany, apprehending a second invasion of his territory, was desirous to secure from the grasp of the French robbers the precious collection, consisting of twelve statues and as many pictures, the *chefs-d'œuvres* of art, well known as "the collection of the *Tribuna*." The duke had procured an English storeship from Sicily to convey this invaluable cargo from Leghorn to Palermo, where he hoped it would be kept in safety till better days. It was lodged in the king's palace and kept in its case.

Three years after, Queen Caroline, desirous of currying favour with the *rising sun*, and at the same time of putting money in her pocket, sent a private despatch to Napoleon, offering him the contents of the Tribuna of Florence (which had become her property) on *certain conditions*. What these were was never known, but it has been said that *two millions* of *francs* was the stipulated price. During the short peace of 1802 they were shipped for Toulon and trans-

ported to Paris, where they were placed in the Louvre.

It is very singular that the grand duke never remonstrated on this audacious robbery, and that no notice was taken of such a breach of faith by the *press* of the day—such a violation of every honourable feeling perhaps never before occurred; yet this bare-faced robber had the effrontery, ten years afterwards, to seek an asylum at Vienna, where she knew she must meet the relation whom she had thus plundered. Napoleon's conduct was also highly dishonourable, as he was aware that he was the receiver of stolen goods; nor did the French deny this at their restitution in 1815; yet they made a plea for retaining them, "that they had been purchased by the *grand nation;*" but of course this was not admitted, and these gems again adorn the gallery of Florence.

After rusticating a couple of months at his villa, the Prince Belmonte's health was restored, and he was enabled to undertake the duties of prime minister; every thing went on well, and the regent became popular. One of the first acts of his administration greatly contributed to this, and exhibited a feeling of humanity that did him honour.

The Sicilian government having been for half a century at war with the Algerines, a great number of unfortunate persons, Neapolitan and Sici-

lian subjects, had been captured by these pirates, and were groaning in chains and slavery. Ferdinand had often promised to deliver these miserable wretches, but had not put his intentions into effect, if any such he had.

The regent, however, was determined to accomplish this humane purpose, with the assistance of Lord W. Bentinck and Admiral Freemantle. A treaty was accordingly opened with the dey, who consented to liberate the Sicilian subjects, on paying a ransom of twenty dollars *par tête;* this being agreed on, the British admiral, provided with the necessary funds and transports, proceeded to Algiers, and in a short time returned with a cargo of *four hundred and seventy-one Christians,* many of whom had been thirty years in bondage, and were grown grey in it. It was thought that it would be gratifying to the citizens to witness the liberation of these unfortunate creatures, so long in chains, and now delivered by the humanity of their prince. A procession was arranged on their disembarkation at the Mole, which passed through the grand street, the Cassero, with a most imposing effect. At the head of this procession was the venerable archbishop, supported by the dignitaries of the church, and followed by a *host* of priests and monks, chanting pious melodies, and accompanied by bands of music. The poor victims marched in files, each bearing a branch of the palm-tree, the emblem of peace; a regiment of

Sicilian troops brought up the rear, and 5,000 British soldiers lined the streets,—the windows and balconies being filled with spectators in their gala dresses, and the houses decked with velvet and tapestry. The greatest order and decorum prevailed, and the people seemed to feel the solemnity of the scene.

Lord W. Bentinck, the admiral, and the whole of the staff of the garrison, were in the balconies of the palace of Prince Belmonte; the poor exiles soon perceived *him* whom their eyes sought, and whom they considered as their deliverer—the British admiral! As they came opposite where he stood, each file halting a few moments, casting up their eyes, and waving their branches, prostrated themselves on the pavement, offering up their prayers to *him* who had broken their chains and unlocked their prisons. Here was no stage-trick—they followed the impulses which nature had bestowed on them. I would have pitied the man who could have looked on this affecting sight with unconcern; for my own part I never witnessed so interesting and touching a spectacle.

Money was scattered from every hand; rich and poor, young and old, gave their *mite*, and many a benediction was bestowed on these wretched beings, who, though liberated from slavery, and restored to their country, had no means of supporting their future existence, and must

become objects of charity. The procession continued its march to the cathedral, where *Te Deum* and other religious ceremonies were performed. A large sum was collected at Prince Belmonte's for their immediate relief, and an old convent fitted out for their reception, and by desire of the regent, they were for the present to be clothed and fed at the public expense.

* * * * *

In order to exhibit the mode of administering the laws in Sicily in the nineteenth century, I will relate a curious example. Lord M. finding the heat at his villa insupportable, the thermometer being often at 96, the Prince Carini kindly offered the use of his chateau, standing on the summit of a perpendicular rock, several hundred feet above the level of the sea, in the middle of the magnificent bay of Carini, from which we had a sea-breeze. In moving our baggage to this castle, we were not aware of the necessity of its being accompanied by a guard, and in consequence of this neglect a valuable chest of linen and wearing apparel was plundered by the banditti, at least such was the report of the conductor. An Italian regiment being quartered at the town where our chateau stood, a hundred soldiers were sent out, attended by the *sbirri* of the province, who scoured the country for several days without finding any of the property. The chief of the police, however, having

detected a peasant skulking in a *suspicious* house, dragged him from his hiding-place, although there was no sort of reason to suppose he was concerned in the robbery. He was notwithstanding lodged in our castle, a part of which was appropriated as a prison. Here he remained for a week without *food*, except what we supplied him with, and as no evidence was brought against him, Lord M. desired he might be set at liberty. To this, however, the magistrate objected, observing, "that although the fellow had not perhaps stolen his Lordship's linen, yet he was *suspected* of being a *thief*, and therefore the discipline of a prison might reform him—at any rate it would prevent him from committing other crimes!" These arguments did not at all accord with the English lord's ideas of justice, and he insisted on the prisoner's immediate liberation, threatening to lay the case before the British minister; this threat had the desired effect.

A Sicilian officer with whom I was one day conversing on this subject said, "Signior capitano, your general's property is in Palermo; the robbery is known to the police, who have a *share* in the *plunder*, and the rascal who had charge of it is probably one of the gang. Had his Lordship applied to the authorities, and offered a *little more* than *their share* of the spoil, he would have had his property restored; but the affair has now made too much noise to hope for restitution. I am wil-

ling to state in writing what I have said to you, and to put my name to the paper. I am determined," added this Don Quixote, "to denounce *certain persons* in power," whose names he showed me; but whether he kept his word or not I never heard. I had no reason to doubt the truth of his assertions, as it is well known that the judges and magistrates are so corrupt, that they always decide in favour of the person who has the longest purse, and who will give the largest bribe; of this I had a striking proof.

An abbate with whom I was intimately acquainted, and a man of veracity on whom I could depend, told me, "that his uncle, who is at the head of a convent at Marsalla, came three years ago to the capital to sell the wheat belonging to his establishment, from which its revenues are chiefly derived. He was recommended to a certain *barone*, a speculator in grain, who gave him the price of the day, promising to pay at certain periods fixed on, and the wheat was delivered. When the first instalment became due, the *padre* applied for his money, bringing with him the barone's receipts, but he denied their being *his signature*, and there being no witness to the transaction, he was compelled to bring an action in the courts for payment; but the judges had been *bribed*, and the convent lost their cause. The *padre* laid his case before the king, but the

baron was protected by her majesty, and no notice was ever taken of his memorial.

"Although the affair," said he, "is publicly known, the *rogue* in *grain* is received into society as before, and may be seen *punting* the money of the convent at *farone* and *rouge et noir!*" What an example of the state of morals in Sicily, where a rascal is never despised if he has money in his pocket! I found that my intelligent friend the abbate was, along with his other accomplishments, a keen agriculturist. Being personally known to the king as a man of science, his majesty about seven years back had supplied him with the means of visiting England, for the purpose of acquiring a practical knowledge of English farming. For this purpose he took up his residence in the county of Norfolk with a respectable yeoman; here he resided eighteen months, returning to Sicily with a competent knowledge of the English science and practice of farming, and bringing with him models of every useful implement of husbandry.

His majesty, highly gratified with the Abbate's industry, granted him a sufficient quantity of land for an experimental farm, with funds to carry on his improvements, ten miles from the capital, and situated in a sporting country, which the king often visited. Our *padre* set to work with his English *tools*, and in five years totally altered

the face of the land. He planted quick-hedges, enclosed his fields, drained marshes, raised artificial grasses, and in short formed a beautiful little farm. I went with him to see it, and thought myself transported to England.

He had built a neat and commodious house of four rooms, with a complete range of offices, had a straw yard, and stacked his grain; and all this he had accomplished within the period I have mentioned, and with the aid of a Norfolk ploughman, whom he had bribed to accompany him. The king visited his farm during the progress of the improvements, which he greatly praised, supplying him occasionally with the necessary funds; many of the barons also inspected it, admiring every thing, though none followed his example; but in order to induce them to do so, he published a pamphlet, showing the great advantages that would accrue to the public, as well as to individuals, by the English system: few read his treatise, and fewer purchased it. At length he hired a room and read lectures on agriculture; as they were gratuitous, his class was pretty well attended as long as the novelty lasted, but as no one profited by his labours, he abandoned them.

By this time the funds which had been granted to him at different times, were suddenly stopped. He petitioned his majesty to settle a certain sum annually to keep up the experiments, hoping that in time some persons might be stimulated to profit

by the example; but no notice was taken of his various representations, and for the last two years he had been obliged to cultivate the land at his own expense.

From this apathy in the Sicilians, it is not likely they will improve by any example. As long as the barons live in the capital, and throw away their revenues in gaming and every species of dissipation, there will be no advancement in agriculture. Prince Butera has sixteen baronies, one half of which he never saw!

The extreme heats of Sicily are very trying to the constitution, and especially at Palermo, which is open to the sirocco or S. E. winds, whose escape is prevented by the high mountains to the north. For three months, from July to the close of September, the sun is altogether insupportable, the thermometer being often beyond ninety-four. During the sirocco, which fortunately never continues beyond three days, I have seen it as high as a hundred and twelve: during these periods the sun disappears, the wind rises to a gale, carrying into the air clouds of sand and dust, which no precaution can keep from entering the house. It is in vain to attempt any exertion while this storm of heated vapour continues—every faculty, physical and mental, is suspended—you can neither eat, sleep, read, nor walk; all that can be done to alleviate the horrors of a sirocco is to lie on a sofa under

a mosquito net, and sip cooling drinks, and even these must be used with discretion.

The effects of this wind on the vegetable creation are extraordinary; it scorches every plant and the foliage of trees, as if burned by fire, and the latter fall off: it splits furniture, and if a room happen to be lined with paper, it shares the same fate. It has been said that, if the sirocco appears at the periods when the stubble is set on fire, (the practice after harvest,) the thermometer will rise to 120°!

* * * * *

Shortly after the queen's departure for Vienna, Lord William embarked with the division of the Sicilian troops, to join our army in the Peninsula. Lord Montgomery's health not permitting him to accompany his brigade, he was left to command the garrison, and in charge of the diplomatic transactions; although from a recent attack of his complaint, he was but ill capable of fulfilling such fatiguing duties. At this period I had the misfortune to receive a *coup de soleil* on horseback, in an intense hot day, when going to our country house; providentially I had immediate medical aid from our staff surgeon, by whose prompt measures my life was probably saved; but I have never recovered the effects. After six weeks confinement my health was considerably restored, but it was thought advisable that I should return to England for its complete re-establishment. I procured a passage

in a frigate, commanded by that distinguished officer, Captain Rowan Hamilton, destined for Minorca. In November I bid adieu to my amiable friend with an intention of again joining him in the spring, but fate had ordained that we were to meet no more.*

* I cannot omit mentioning a ludicrous circumstance which occurred to me in my tour of Sicily. Shortly after my arrival at Catania, my landlord of the *Elefante* informed me, "that a deputation of sea-captains (padrones) waited on me, wishing to see me on an affair of importance."—Half a dozen men entered, and with great reverence welcomed my *excellency* to Catania, to which I made appropriate acknowledgments. They were desirous, they said, of going to Malta, (which was at this time blockaded by our squadron,) with their cargoes of wine, flour, and other provisions, but being afraid of encountering the pirates and barbarians that sometimes infested the canal of Malta, they begged that I would furnish them with passports. In reply, I said that I was only a simple traveller, and that I had no authority to grant any such passports, and advised them to apply to the English consul at Palermo; but the spokesman observed that they would be satisfied to have "qualche cosa scritta in Inglese." These barbarians, he added, could not read, and would not know the difference. I smiled, and in order to get rid of my visitors, I wrote on a large sheet of paper:

"To all Turks, Jews, and Infidels, I hereby command you to permit the following Sicilians, whose names are mentioned in the margin, to pass from hence to the island of Malta with their cargoes, on pain of my high displeasure; and in default of which, I hereby consign you to perdition. Given under my hand and seal, &c.—*Gregory Gammon, English General.*"

In half an hour the orator returned, bringing the *Signior Generale* a present of melons, figs, red oranges, &c., which he

insisted on my accepting. I never expected to hear anything more of my friends, when, three months afterwards, I met Sir Alexander Ball, who commanded the blockade, when he asked me if I knew anything of a *General Gammon* at Palermo, putting the identical passport into my hands, and adding, that "he supposed it was a *hoax* of some Englishman, but it had been of great use, for he had thereby got a good supply of provisions much wanted by his squadron." I confessed being the author of the document, mentioning how it had occurred.

## CHAPTER V.

Sardinia—Savage inhabitants—The Sardinian sportsman—A doctor—The liberal stranger—The chasse—The Sardinian dinner—The museum—Departure—The doctor's tale—A priest—Escape from a prison—The journey—Kind reception of relatives—The kind uncle—Dubbed an M.D.—The death of a miser—Marriage—Corsica—The English in Corsica—The rival doctors—General Bonaparte—His indisposition—The doctor in a dilemma—The doctor denounced—A prison—The cell—Short commons—The escape—Deliverance—A generous jailor—A voyage—The doctor's defence—Tyranny—Cagliari—A new friend—A new residence—Contentment is better than wealth—The rival humbled—Antonio the faithful domestic—His story—Conclusion of the doctor's tale.

We were driven by a gale of wind into the Bay of Cagliari in Sardinia; the captain proposed to go on shore for exercise, and we took with us our fowling-pieces and a Newfoundland dog, by way of a pointer; hoping to get a shot at the red-legged partridges with which this island abounds. It was fortunate that we were thus armed, for on our landing on the beach, a gang of savages (equipped in sheep-skin and the furs of wild animals, carrying long guns and stilettos,) ad-

dressed us in a barbarous dialect, of which the words "pratica" and "quarantina" were all we could comprehend. I replied in Italian, but they shook their heads, signifying that we were equally unintelligible. They knew, however, we were *Inglese*, and permitted us to disembark with a bad grace, until I held out a small piece of money, which produced a thousand reverences. We found these ragamuffins were employed as a *guarda-costa*, to look after smugglers and pirates, who often committed depredations on the miserable inhabitants living on the shores, whom they plundered, carrying off their cattle, and sometimes their persons; this band did not, however, seem well calculated to resist the invasion of Corsairs.

We rowed up a narrow creek of salt water for an hour, without seeing any living thing except a gull or a stray heron, till turning a corner of a rock, we espied a sort of martello tower, which by the aid of our telescope showed a couple of guns, and a few heads peeping over the parapet. The tide being out, our boat grounded at this place, and we got out and walked into the interior, hoping to find some game; in this we were not disappointed, for we saw plenty of partridges running before us like greyhounds, to which our dog gave chase! I contrived, however, to bring down one and a brace of rabbits. We had proceeded a couple of miles into a beautiful valley, adorned with low trees and flowering shrubs,

when we heard the discharge of a gun at a short distance; and as we advanced, a Robinson Crusoe looking figure, with an attendant that would have made no bad representation of his man Friday, hove in sight, as the sailors say. They both carried guns, and when they saw us, they coupled up a brace of pointers, and approaching saluted us most respectfully. They were both dressed in furs, though the weather (10th of October) was rather warm. He who appeared master by his better costume, pulling off his cap addressed me (being a little in advance) in good French. "Gentlemen," said he, "I presume you are Englishmen, and belong to the frigate in the bay; if so, I heartily welcome you to Sardinia, for I love the English very much." We returned this compliment, and there being a tempting bank at hand we sat down, *Friday* keeping a respectful distance. The spokesman wore a tanned leathern jerkin, the collar and cuffs being trimmed with black lamb's-skin; his waistcoat was composed of the fur of the mole or squirrel, fastened with large round silver buttons, and pantaloons of brown holland; he had on his head a cap of fox-skin, and behind his back was swung a straw-hat of immense size; at his side hung a *couteau de chasse* suspended by a black belt, and round his waist was a scarlet sash; his long Spanish barrel was inlaid with silver, and across his shoulders, by another belt, he carried a sort of

calabash or pumpkin. This formidable personage was above the middle size, with square shoulders, and well furnished with bone and muscle, and from the lightness of his step showed great activity. When he pulled off his cap, he discovered a fine expansive forehead, an aquiline nose, a penetrating eye shadowed by bushy black eyebrows, and teeth white as ivory; and though his countenance was disfigured by huge whiskers and a beard of a week's growth, it was altogether a study for an artist, and in his costume he would have made a fine subject for Salvator Rosa or our English Mortimer. His age I would have guessed at forty; when he replaced the straw-hat for his fur cap, he was still more picturesque. After a few commonplace remarks on the beauty of the weather, the stranger uncorked his flask, and presented us with a cup of an agreeable beverage, composed, he said, of various ingredients, in which ginger was the prevalent flavour; it was very refreshing, and we shortly emptied it *sans façon*.

I opened our conversation by saying that my friend commanded the frigate, and that I was his passenger, expressing our good fortune in having accidentally met with a gentleman from whom we could get some information, adding that I supposed from his accent he must be a Frenchman. He informed us in return (with appropriate compliments) that he was a Corsican by birth, though

he had been educated in Italy; "I am now, however," he added, "a Sardinian, by profession a doctor, and by inclination a sportsman. I live in a cottage at two leagues distance from where we are now sitting, and if your sojourn in the island will permit, I shall be proud to have the honour of receiving you in my humble abode, and of showing you abundance of game, in which we are well stored," emptying at the same time his bag, which contained five or six brace of partridges, which he begged we would accept, observing, "that our guns and our dog did not appear to be well calculated to afford us much sport," politely making offer of his own.

All this was equally unexpected and gratifying; but we regretted that our stay depending on the wind, which might change in a few hours, would deprive us of availing ourselves of his polite offer; we however accepted of a part of his game, and the offer of shooting for an hour with his dogs and guns, provided he would dine with us in the frigate. It was with much difficulty he was persuaded to accept of Captain Hamilton's invitation on account of his *deshabille*, but we over-ruled his objections.

The dogs were uncoupled, and the Spanish barrels (for Friday also carried one) loaded; and our conductor leading the way, we shortly entered a ravine, covered with myrtle, sumach, and a variety of flowering shrubs, many of which I was

unacquainted with; but we found the doctor was as good a botanist as a sportsman, for he gave us the names of them all; as both the captain and myself were more conversant in Italian than in French, we had changed our *chat* into the former. We found him extremely intelligent on every subject, and he showed us plenty of game, and though we were but indifferent shots, we bagged four brace. His dogs were trained to *head* the birds, otherwise they would have *outrun* us: I observed that this was the case in Portugal with red-legged partridges. We had informed our guide where we had ordered our boat: he conducted us thither, and we returned on board. Although we assured him that his dress required no apology, he felt ashamed of his *jerkin* and long beard; I therefore took him to my cabin that he might get rid of them, and happening to have a Tartan jacket, I persuaded him to put it on for the sake of coolness. He seemed much pleased with his new costume, "which reminded him," he said, "of some dear Scotch friends, whom he had known in Corsica;" adding, "my history is a singular one, though I am now living among savages." Our curiosity was excited, and he promised to give it us after dinner.

With a smooth chin, his whiskers trained, a black neckcloth, and his Highland jacket, our guest was greatly improved, and looked like a *Celtic chief*. He did great justice to a round of

corned beef, which he washed down with bottled porter and port, preferring them to lighter drink.

He proposed to give us a *grande chasse* on the following morning, provided he could now be sent on shore to make the necessary arrangements, to which the captain and myself readily agreed, should the wind continue unfavourable for our sailing; and it was settled that we should visit his cottage and dine with him. The time and place of our meeting being fixed, he took his leave equipped in his Tartan dress, of which I begged his acceptance.

At an early hour we landed in the Bay of St. Peter's, where we found our friend waiting with dogs and guns and his man *Friday*, but in an English keeper's dress, which he told us was presented to him by his friend Mr. Hill, the English envoy; the doctor was also *rigged* out in a similar costume of finer materials. In half an hour we were in the same valley we had entered the preceding day, but at the southern end. Our sport was excellent, and our pointers stanch; and in four or five hours we had bagged fourteen brace of partridges and a few quails. Having brought some refreshment with us, we continued our sport till two o'clock, when we found ourselves in sight of the doctor's abode and heartily tired.

Nothing could be more beautiful than this lovely spot, which, though it commanded a view of

the sea to the south, was quite retired, and stood in the elbow of a secluded valley. The house was only two stories high, with an Italian projecting roof covered with shingles; a veranda that went round three sides of it, was interlaced with jessamine, myrtle, and orange trees. The garden was in the English taste, and the doctor told us it had been designed by an Englishman in Mr. Hill's service.

When we had a little arranged our toilets, we were presented to the Signora, an agreeable looking dame, who spoke good Tuscan, and received us with much courtesy. Dinner was speedily announced—an excellent repast, consisting of a variety of game, in which was *chevreuil*, (roe-deer,) wild boar, &c. and an abundant dessert; the wines, chiefly the growth of the island, were tolerably good, especially a red wine with a Burgundy flavour; but our host informed us that no pains were taken with the vintages, and that they were drunk in a green state.

An Italian dinner is of short duration, and though we were pressed to pass the bottle *à l'Inglese*, we preferred retiring with the Signora to coffee. The *salle de reception* was a sort of Noah's ark, a large apartment, the walls of which were covered with books, drawings, specimens of ancient armour, guns, fishing tackle, &c. Cabinets were filled with specimens of mineralogy, shells, butterflies, stuffed birds, reptiles in spirits, insects, &c.; over them were Greek vases, ancient lamps,

bronzes, and various specimens of antiquity, which we were informed had been collected in the island by our host's industry. He was every day increasing his museum, and was daily expecting a series of lavas from Mount Etna. "This room," said he, "is my *sanctum sanctorum*, of which I keep the key, as you may suppose from the disorder in which you see every thing." I espied a guitar hanging up, and we found that both the doctor and his spouse were musicians, and we easily prevailed on them to sing a few duets, the former giving the accompaniment, which proved a rich treat. During our conversation, he greatly raised my curiosity by various little anecdotes he gave us of his life. When I regretted that our sojourn would be probably so short in the island as not to afford me an opportunity of learning the causes which could induce a man of his superior attainments to reside in an obscure island, for he had told me that he was not a native of Sardinia, "my history," he replied, "is rather a singular one, as I have already told you, although it affords but few incidents. One of your poets says, 'that there is a tide in the affairs of men,' &c. A trifling circumstance changed my destinies, and it was owing to a dose of medicine that I quitted my country, and became an inhabitant of Sardinia.

"Another event, a shipwreck, induced me to detail my adventures, if they might be so called. To gratify an interesting female, who, being cast

ashore near my cottage a few years ago, took an asylum in it for a short time, and who had the same desire which you express to learn my history, I committed it to paper. As it contains an anecdote of Bonaparte, it may interest you, and I will present it to you. It is in French, a language which I do not profess to write grammatically; but you must take my manuscript with all its imperfections on its head. I added to it an episode which is more worthy of your perusal—a short account of the shipwreck of the amiable person for whom I wrote this sketch of my life."

I assured the doctor that I should be highly gratified with his manuscript, and would retain it as a *ricordanza* of a stranger from whom I had received so much kindness, begging he would in return accept of a little cameo ring, which I put on his finger as a *souvenir*.

The sun was now beginning to decline, and we were compelled to take leave of our kind friend, after he had promised to revisit our frigate the following day, if we still remained in the bay. He accompanied us to our boat at no great distance, and putting his manuscript into my hand, I bade him a long adieu; for the wind shifted in the night, and before I got on deck in the morning we were out of sight of the island.

I considered this accidental interview with so talented a man, in such a barbarous country as

Sardinia, as one of the most interesting incidents of my life. I have translated his manuscript as literally as I could, although I have not done it justice.

"My name for political reasons I have changed, and assumed that of my mother. My father, a native of Corsica, had a civil employment, inspector of the mines in Elba—I was born in that island. I had two maternal uncles, one of whom was a priest residing at Rome, the other a chemist at Pisa. There being no good school in Elba, the churchman invited me, at thirteen years of age, to finish my education under his auspices. I was transported to the Roman capital, and instead of living as I expected in my uncle's house, he sent me to a convent. Here I acquired a tolerable knowledge of Latin and *psalmody*, for having a good musical ear and an agreeable voice, I was by way of recreation set a chanting, and assisted at all our high masses, which I at first found agreeable enough, as my uncle, hearing I made some proficiency in music, rewarded me occasionally with small presents of sweetmeats, chocolate, and such dainties; but these *douceurs* did not long continue; I soon found that what they intended as an amusement became a task to me, and that my uncle with my father's concurrence was training me to be a priest—this discovery I made after I had been nearly four years in the convent. I had a great horror of such a profession, and I was

resolved that neither force nor persuasion should induce me to submit to the tonsure. I was now in my seventeenth year, and strong and well grown for my age. I had made the acquaintance of a lad, the son of a watch-maker, who visited my uncle on a holiday. To him I communicated my intention of making my escape from my prison, and begging his assistance. I had saved ten or twelve crowns out of my pocket-money, and this I hoped would enable me to hire a mule to convey me out of the Roman states. My plan was to join my relations at Pisa, in the hope that they would receive me, for I durst not think of returning to my father, who had made a second marriage, and who, since I left him, had never taken any interest in me. My young friend so well seconded my views, that within a month he had made an arrangement with a muleteer to convey me to Peruggia, from whence I could readily find my way into Tuscany. Our plans succeeded admirably. The fête of the Virgin in August, when I had a holiday, was fixed for my departure. I walked out of the Porto del Popolo in the dusk attended by my companion, who conducted me to a cabaret, where the muleteer was waiting for me; and pulling off my noviciate's dress, I put on a more appropriate one with which he had provided me, and taking a cordial leave of my confederate, mounted a mule, while his master ran at my side.

In two days I reached Peruggia in safety; my muleteer had made up a plausible tale, "that I was a student of a college at Rome returning to my family," which was not far from the truth. After halting a day for repose, I got a seat in a carrier's cart to Volterra, from whence I proceeded on foot to Pisa.

"On the fifth evening I reached that ancient and noble but now deserted city, and had no difficulty to find the residence of my uncle. He was at supper with his family when I entered; I threw myself at his feet, sobbing out the tale that I had composed without varying a jot from the truth. The kind man raised me, and embracing me said, 'welcome, my dear Guiseppe; you shall be an apothecary and not a priest.' I was presented to my aunt and cousin, a little round-faced laughing girl of fourteen, who held out her cheek, which I kissed. I sat down to their humble meal ravenous as a wolf, and devoured a whole dish of *pasta*, enough to serve a *facchino*.

"I shared the bed of another cousin, a boy of nine years old, and after sleeping ten hours, awoke vigorous and refreshed.

"When I had been a few days thus domesticated and treated as one of the family, my uncle said to me with a graver face than usual, 'Guiseppe, you must write to your uncle, for though he would have made a monk of you, contrary to your incli-

nation, yet you must not forget his kindness in having educated you; endeavour therefore to make your peace with him, and the best excuse you can for your precipitate flight.' My pretty cousin Elisabetta assisted me in the composition of this letter, which was despatched, and in a short time the worthy priest received me into favour, sending me my clothes, to which he added a gift of twenty crowns to equip me in a layman's dress; at the same time lamenting that I had given up the church, to which my education and talents were so well calculated. I wrote to my father, informing him that, preferring the profession of a chemist to the priesthood, I had put myself under my uncle's protection; but he took no notice of my letter, and entirely shook me off, no doubt from the influence which my *belle mère* had over him. I was fortunate in having the protection of this worthy relation at Pisa, a most amiable man, a good chemist, highly respected, and as the French say, '*bien à son aise.*' He was apothecary to the grand duke, who spent a few months every winter in his palace at Pisa; he had a small pension from the court and a thriving business.

"I had now completed my seventeenth year. Though I had not been idle since I lived with my uncle, it was now time that I should be instructed in the profession I had adopted. I was a pretty good Latin scholar, and I promised to be attentive

and diligent. I accordingly took my station in the laboratory, where I remained four years, conducting myself greatly to my master's satisfaction. One day he said to me, 'Guiseppe, you are now of age, and I think sufficiently acquainted with pharmacy, and it would be a pity to keep you longer with a pestle and mortar in your hands. An apothecary, though it may be a respectable, is but a poor profession; I have laboured hard for five-and-twenty years, and even with the assistance of my pension I have been able to realize but a small sum after bringing up my family. If my business was worth your notice, I would give you a share of it, but I advise you to study medicine, which may lead you to better fortune; I will assist you during your studies, and in three years you may get a degree, having no doubt of your application. I know your attachment to Elisabetta—deserve her, and she shall be yours when you are established in your profession; I am not rich, but you shall have a share of my small savings.' This was indeed a stimulus to exertion, for I had loved my little cousin from the first day I kissed her cheek, and I had reason to believe that my affection was returned.

"I attended the lectures in the university, and made considerable progress in anatomy and the practise of medicine, under the auspices of Doctor L., the most celebrated physician in Italy at that

period. When my courses were finished, I wrote a thesis, and took my degree of M. D. with credit.

"Shortly after this period I received tidings of my father's death. He had retired from his office, and had been for some time living in Corsica; he had married an Elbese thirty years his junior, she had brought him a daughter now six years of age. The letter announcing his death was from a relation residing at Ajaccio, who recommended me to go to Corsica and look after my property, consisting of several houses and a small farm, which could not be alienated from me.

"I found a small vessel at Leghorn, which conveyed me to the land of my forefathers. My relation who had written to me was a *notaro*, and entered warmly into my affairs: 'Your father,' said he, 'had been long an invalid; I saw him a few months ago, and took an opportunity of congratulating him on your becoming a doctor. Though I knew he had long neglected you,' I was anxious to see what impression the mention of your name would have on him. He replied with a ghastly, and I could not help thinking, a malignant expression. 'Aye, the Signior dottore has not thought fit to consult me about his affairs; I wished him to be a priest, and he has become a physician—licensed to kill his fellow-creatures rather than to save their souls; I would rather have seen him a *sbirro* (thief-taker).' This unfeeling speech greatly

irritated me, and I rejoined in a bitter tone, 'Sir, your son will do honour to his profession, and I have no doubt will prosper without your aid. You have long cast him off, and he has shewn a becoming spirit of independence in thus choosing for himself.' I regretted I had been so severe, for every day after this interview, which occurred about three months ago, he declined, and refused all medical aid to the last. He had for some years been living like a miser, denying himself the little comforts which his age and infirmities required. Your step-dame encouraged him in his parsimony in order to hoard up all that she could, which must by this time be considerable, for he had a handsome pension from the Tuscan government, and he has large sums on mortgages. He has left every *paoli* in his power to his daughter, with a *rente viagere* to his widow; the house however which he lived in is your property, and a farm, on which there is another dwelling, so that you will be independent.'

"After investigating all these matters, I left a procuration with my friend to make the necessary arrangements, and to put me into possession of my birth-right.

"I found I should have a revenue of *six hundred crowns*, which, with my own industry, would render me independent. I therefore resolved to settle in the island, with the approbation of my uncle and my little *ganza*. In fourteen days I returned

to Pisa, and was happy to find, on communicating my plan to my friends, that they highly approved of it.

"Our marriage took place immediately; the lawyers had but little to do—my uncle presented a *dota* with his daughter of eight hundred crowns, the third part of his wealth, and we embarked for Corsica, our parents promising to visit us.

"I had been settled happily two years in Ajaccio when the revolution in Corsica began. My wife had brought me a daughter, and I was getting into all the practice of the island by the death of an old doctor who had been settled in it for half a century. Old Paoli had emigrated, and the Corsicans voted themselves a republican government; but parties were divided and civil commotions commenced. I steered as clear as I could of politics, but it was impossible to remain quite neutral on such an occasion. In the mean time an English fleet arrived with troops, and took possession of the island in the name of George the Third. Elliot was appointed governor, and under his orders the gallant Colonel Moore and the Marquis of Huntly. I had the honour to be noticed by these brave and distinguished officers, and I made the acquaintance of the surgeon of the hundredth regiment, who kindly admitted me into the hospital, where I got some insight into the English practice of medicine. I had previously studied English, and having by this gentleman's

kindness access to his books, I profited thereby, and greatly improved in the knowledge of my profession.

"This happiness continued eighteen months, when the English troops evacuated the island. I lost valuable friends, but I had gained experience. Shortly after their departure a young Corsican arrived from the continent, where he had been studying medicine; he was the nephew of the *commissario*, a red-hot republican, who was jealous of my intimacy with the English garrison, and had denounced me as a royalist. He was now glad of an opportunity of setting up a rival against me in my profession. This gave me very little concern, and I continued to go on as hitherto with an increased reputation, although my enemies insinuated that I had killed more than one patient by the use of calomel and other English *poisons*.

"I had been long endeavouring to be reconciled to my step-dame and my little sister, and made every advance in my power to our being on an amicable, if not a cordial footing with them; but the widow treated all my good intentions with coldness and disdain, although I had never given her any cause of offence; she was however aware that her manœuvres had occasioned the breach with my father, and that her avarice had deprived me of my birth-right. It often happens that those who have done you injuries add hatred thereto; I

had reason to believe such was the case with my father's widow, for I had traced to her many of the little calumnies which were propagated at my expense. This was galling, but I treated her pitiful conduct with the contempt it merited.

"My youthful rival was, however, playing a deeper game than supplanting me in my profession—he was making love to the rich widow, although she had not yet left off her weeds. He would no doubt have preferred her daughter, had she been of a marriageable age. Mamma had counted her eight or nine lustrums, and her lover about half the number—she had married an old man for an establishment, now she would take a young one for her gratification. She had a demure and sanctified air, and no one would give credit to the rumour of such a marriage until it had actually taken place. I took it into my head that this unsuitable match boded me no good, without any other ground of suspicion than hearing among the gossips of the town that the doctor and his spouse were every where calumniating me; but a singular circumstance shortly occurred, which furnished them with the means of driving me out of the island.

"It is well known that in autumn 1798 General Bonaparte quitted Egypt and landed in Corsica. He had suffered greatly by a long voyage, and was desirous of procuring medical aid. I was recommended as a practitioner of some abilities who

had taken a degree at Pisa, where there was a college of physic.

"The moment the illustrious stranger came on shore I was sent for, and I found him greatly indisposed, his countenance indicating a bilious attack. After asking me many questions regarding my education and experience, I answered these with as much brevity as possible, concluding my cross-examination by saying, 'that I had acquired a considerable insight into the practice of medicine by my attendance in the hospitals during the occupation of the island by the English troops.' 'Ah, then, Signior dottore,' replied the invalid, 'you shall not prescribe English poisons to me! I suppose, if I would submit to your discipline, you would give me a large dose of calomel, eh!' 'That, General,' said I, 'would depend a good deal on the state of your disorder; probably you have a derangement of the stomach, and an accumulation of bile, which your countenance indicates, proceeding from long confinement in a ship, where you must have been deprived of your usual exercise, the want of vegetables and fresh meat, during such a voyage, which will probably require calomel; but until I am acquainted with your symptoms and the state of your pulse, I know not what remedy ought to be recommended.' The general heard me out with more patience than I expected, and with a sarcastic smile examined me with surprising acuteness on my

knowledge of anatomy; at last he held out his arm, saying '*nous verrons.*' I found his pulse hard and quick, and when he showed me a dry and furred tongue, I observed, 'General, you are very bilious, and your stomach is greatly deranged. I should advise calomel, but as you have an aversion to that medicine, there are others proper to be used, though none so active.'

"After some further discourse, he desired me to write a prescription, and when I had done so, he took it in his hand, and examined it like an apothecary, making shrewd remarks on various diseases, advising me to abandon calomel, and the violent medicines prescribed by the English. I was unwilling to contend the point, as he was in an irascible humour, and extremely nervous. He agreed to take my *ordonnance*, after he had carefully analysed it, and my promising to prepare it with my own hands. In half an hour I returned, when he swallowed it with all the grimace of a spoilt child.

"Having requested my patient would confine himself to a weak *consommé*, I withdrew, promising to return in the evening. I had not however left him two hours when I was summoned again, and found my patient suffering from griping pains in the stomach and extremely irritable. I administered a *placebo*, which relieved him, and I once more took my leave, entreating him to be tranquil. I retired to bed at my usual

hour, but at midnight I was roused by a thundering noise at my door. I started up, and found that my presence was instantly required; the messenger saying, that the general suffered '*les tourments de l'enfer!*' In ten minutes I was at his side. He had got out of bed, and was stretched on a sofa in his *robe de chambre*—a military cloak. On my approaching him he raised himself on his elbow, and eyeing me with a malicious grin and ferocity which I can never forget, he exclaimed '*Sacre coquin!* you have poisoned me with your abominable potions. Villain, you are in league with the *maudits Anglais* to destroy me, and if I live four-and-twenty hours, I will have you hanged *à la lanterne!*—fool that I was to trust myself in the hands of such a vile empiric!'

"'*Mon general,*' said I, as collectively as my fears would permit, '(after he was exhausted with rage, and a spasm which came on,) 'these spasms are only what are common in cases where the stomach is so much deranged as yours. I will give you a *calmant* which will procure you repose; and depend upon my prediction, you will be convalescent in four-and-twenty hours.' Fortunately there was no return of pain, but I had much difficulty to prevail on him to consent to take more medicine. I remained with him an hour, and having sent for a gentle opiate, he swallowed it on my assurance that it was not opium, but a preparation of *hyosciamus* (henbane).

"I now thought all was right, and again went to bed; but fate had decided that this night I was not to enjoy repose; for I had hardly placed my head on my pillow when my door was assailed by a thundering noise; I looked out of my window and beheld my house surrounded by *sbirri*. On my enquiring into the cause of this unexpected visit, the *capo* replied, 'Open your door, Signior dottore; you shall then know.' This fellow, a toad-eater of the commissario, seemed to chuckle as he pronounced these few words—I had no lenity to expect at his hands. While I was dressing myself in haste, my poor wife, frightened into a fit, had fainted, and I was obliged to attend to her while my servant admitted my visitors.

"'I have an order from the authorities,' said the chief of the gang, 'to arrest you, and to put a seal on your papers, the cause of which is no affair of mine, but no doubt you will know it soon enough. Meantime give me your keys, and prepare to accompany me—I will allow you half an hour to get ready.' So saying, he opened all my cabinets, and seized every paper he could lay his hands on. It was in vain I intreated this miscreant to tell me for what crime I was thus arrested,—he pretended complete ignorance; nor would he permit me to send for my relation the notary, whom I was anxious to see, to take charge of my poor *sposa*, who was far advanced in her pregnancy.

"The rascal, in possession of my person and my papers, dragged me from her arms in the most unfeeling manner, and lodged me in the *conciergerie*, desiring the keeper that 'I should have no communication with any person, without an order in writing from the authorities.'

"My cell, a dungeon of ten feet square, contained a truckle-bed, a truss of straw, and a dirty coarse *couverture*, a stool wanting a leg, and a broken table. I discovered these conveniences by the light of a lamp from a loop-hole in the corridor, the only opening in my apartment, except the door, that admitted a little air, not of the purest quality.

"I had now leisure for reflection and conjecture as to the cause of my imprisonment. In those times innocent men were daily denounced under the most frivolous pretences to gratify private revenge. I suspected my *belle mère* and her sneaking husband to be the contrivers of it, assisted by the commissario; but what their machinations aimed at I could form no conjecture, until I began to imagine that they would not have dared to put in secret the physician who had been just prescribing to General Bonaparte, without his orders or concurrence. His threats now recurred to my recollection, and from the impetuosity of his character I might apprehend unpleasant results, should he have actually taken it into his head that I meditated to poison him! I

was left in this state of uncertainty for several hours; I attempted to procure a little repose on my wretched *grabat*, but could not close an eye. At length I found by my repeating watch that it was five o'clock, when I hoped I should have some relief, for I was feverish, and my mouth parched with thirst. I got on my legs, and in stalking about my cabin, I stumbled against a pitcher of water, which afforded me a luxurious draught. I again lay down and procured a little sleep, from which I was roused by my jailor, who, opening my cell, thrust in a fresh pitcher with a black loaf, saying, 'There is your daily allowance,' and disappeared.

"Hunger now began to assail me, and I applied to my loaf, which though coarse was fresh. Next morning at the same hour I had a similar visit, when my rations were renewed. I had frequently addressed him, to intreat he would furnish me with the means of writing a few lines to my friends, to which he only replied, '*patienza*.' I offered him a large bribe to convey a letter to my wife, or to bring me news of her; but I had always the same answer. The man seemed to be under some restraint, at least I attributed his manner more to fear of involving me in some new dilemma than to a desire to treat me with severity; my cell was so dark, however, that I could not distinguish his features.

"These visitations continued twelve days; when,

on the morning of the 13th, I found, along with my usual allowance of food, a small bundle, which he put into my hand, whispering in my ear, and putting his finger to his mouth,—'In this packet you will find a *bougie* with a little phosphorus, to enable you to read a billet which it contains. Extinguish the light as soon as you have done so, and attend to the directions.'

"Judge of my delight when I perused a note in a feigned hand, containing these words: 'Dress yourself in the garments herewith sent: leave your own clothes in your cell. At midnight a friend will deliver you: follow him with confidence, and be silent.' In spite of the disguise, I knew the writing to be that of my friend. The bundle contained a sailor's jacket and trowsers. I need hardly add that I obeyed these directions, and that I counted the minutes till the appointed time. Never did they appear so slow!

"Just as the great clock of the church sounded midnight, my cell was opened by a man enveloped in a *cappotto*, who put a small dark lantern into my hand, saying, *sotto voce*, 'Follow me, and be silent.' After scrambling through various intricate subterraneous passages, and unlocking doors, I found myself in the street: the night was dark, and a little rain fell. I continued to follow my conductor in silence till we reached the mole, when I discovered by the light of the moon a small vessel with loose sails, into which my guide stept,

making a signal for me to do the same. The skipper was on the deck; he saluted me by touching his hat, but without uttering a word. Meantime my guide had disappeared; and I sat down on a bench, anxiously hoping that I should soon be beyond the reach of my persecutors; for a boat, in which were two men, towed our *felucca* out of the harbour; and in ten minutes we were under weigh, and scudding before a light breeze. At length the *padrone* advancing, addressed me, holding out his hand. 'I congratulate you, Signior dottore,' said he, 'on your delivery: you are now safe; and I defy all the *scappa-vias* in *Gibaralterra* to catch you before I land you in the Island of Sardinia. You owe your deliverance to the address of your friends.' At this moment my conductor came on deck from the cabin, where he had been concealed; and throwing off a large cloak, discovered a face quite unknown to me; but when he spoke I recognised the voice of my jailer. 'Doctor,' said he, 'you are no doubt surprised to find the purveyor of your brown bread and pitcher of water, who so carefully locked you up for so many days, now conducting you to a place of as much security and more freedom. You probably considered me a harsh and sulky guardian; but by and by I will tell you that I only wore a *masque* to serve you. Meantime I have prepared some refreshment for you, which you require after your long

abstinence.' I descended with him to the cabin, where I found an excellent little repast, of which however I eat sparingly, knowing the bad consequences of overloading a debilitated stomach.

"My anxiety to hear of my family was great; and when I had expressed my sense of gratitude to Antonio (the name of my new friend) for his great services, I said, 'But with all this kindness, I hope you have good news to give me of the dear friends I have left behind, without which my happiness will not be complete.' '*Caro Signiore*,' replied the worthy fellow, pulling a packet out of his pocket, 'it is an old saying, that good news are always more agreeable on a full stomach than an empty one, and it was for this reason that I have so long withheld this from you.'

"I opened his despatches with a trembling hand and a palpitating heart; but I had the happiness of finding that my *cara sposa* had not suffered any bad consequences from her fright except anxiety on my account; but now that I would soon be free, that was removed, and she hoped we should shortly meet under happier auspices. In the meantime she was under the protection of our amiable friend the notary, to whose friendship I owed my deliverance, and she left to him all further details. From him I learned all the circumstances of my imprisonment, which had, as I suspected, been occasioned by the malevolence and jealousy of my

enemies, though he had not positive proof of their villany. He had discovered that an hour or two after I quitted my patient he had been seized with fresh spasms and vomiting, which increased his belief that he had been poisoned, and he sent for the commissario to attend him.

"This *worthy* was delighted to have such an opportunity of ruining me, when the general communicated his suspicions to him. He proposed calling to his aid a young French practitioner, whom he trusted 'would be able to counteract the effects of the medicines which seemed to have operated so violently on the gallant general.' This talented son of *Galen* (my rival) made his appearance forthwith, but it was not known if he had persuaded the invalid to take any of his prescriptions; be this as it may, the general became convalescent within the twenty-four hours, which I had predicted, and in a couple of days had sailed for France.

"When my friend had learned these particulars, he applied to the authorities for my immediate release, which was refused under the pretence 'that I was suspected of an intention of poisoning the hopes of France, and the greatest general in Europe!' He was further informed that a '*procès verbal* had been held, and that the general had left positive orders for my being detained a close prisoner, until my treason could be investigated!' It was in vain that my friend argued in

contradiction to this ridiculous tale, 'that instead of my attempting to destroy this great man, (for whom, he asserted to my accusers, I had a high opinion,) I had by my prescriptions removed his disorder, and proof could be brought that he had quitted Corsica in a much better state of health than on his arrival in it; and further, I could also bring evidence that the medicines I had administered to him were of the most simple kind, and the symptoms which followed were merely what are common in such cases; and if the general had ever entertained the extravagant suspicions of their being deleterious, that absurd notion had been effectually removed in my last interview with him, as he had taken another dose.'

"My zealous friend concluded this address by boldly saying that he believed I owed my imprisonment to private malevolence, which he hoped to be able shortly to prove. He demanded, as my defender, to see this *procès verbal*, and the authority which had condemned his client to a prison without a crime. He knew not, he said, that any French general had the power of sending a good citizen to a dungeon; nor did he believe, if Bonaparte was invested with such authority, that he would have exercised it on the present occasion; the more especially, as the pretended *procès* had not been shown, and that if I was not immediately liberated, he would make a representation

of my case to the directory, who he did not doubt would do me justice. This threat produced murmurs, and my friend was ordered to withdraw.

"I further learned that, from the then distracted state of France, my appeal might not be attended to, and that it would be difficult at this moment to subdue the combination of my enemies. He had therefore contrived my enlargement by means of the under jailer, who fortunately was his friend; and to avoid the punishment which he would probably incur by conniving at my escape, he had consented to emigrate with me. He advised me to take him in o my service, as he was an intelligent honest fellow, though from motives of humanity he had on this occasion betrayed his trust; it was on this *principle* that he had done so, for he had refused a considerable bribe I offered him.

"The base conduct of the commissario and my step-dame did not surprise me, but I was chagrined to find I had so many enemies, and that they were so powerful as to afford me little hopes of being able to counteract their machinations. I had, however, reason to congratulate myself on my enlargement from a dungeon which would have soon shortened my days. I had a little independence and could live any where, and I looked forward to the happiness of being joined by my family. In the mean time I would find an asylum

in Cagliari, for my kind friend had transmitted me an introduction to a respectable citizen of that place, an *avvocato,* informing him in confidence of my situation, and requesting him to supply me with funds, and to take me under his protection for a short time. I found, however, that besides a bag of dollars he had sent me, Antonio was not unprovided, having the savings of some years and his little effects converted into cash. He proffered his wealth to me, (as a loan,) amounting to two hundred sequins.

"In five hours we were at anchor in the Bay of Cagliari. As I had no passport, I sent Antonio on shore with my credentials to the *avvocato,* who kindly came on board provided with the necessary document for my landing. He insisted on my becoming an inmate in his family until my affairs could be arranged.

"Although the capital of Sardinia did not afford many *agrémens,* I determined not to return to Corsica, where I had received so many mortifications. My uncle, the priest, had lately died, and made me the heir of his little wealth, amounting to four thousand crowns, besides a house in Rome that produced a revenue of a hundred and fifty more; and I hoped that my farm and property in Corsica, added to this, would give me an income of five or six thousand francs, which, not being ambitious, I considered as a competency. I was fond of the chase, which this island would afford me; I had a good

collection of books; I liked the study of botany and geology, and would have an ample field in a country so little explored; and I knew that my wife would be happy any where with me. All these castles I built up in my mind, and, what seldom happens in such visions, they were afterwards realized.

"My adventures are now nearly at an end. After remaining three months in the house of my new friend, who paid me every attention, and during which I had the satisfaction of learning that my wife had been safely delivered of a daughter, and that I had, through the kindness of my cousin, got a good tenant for my house, I set about looking for a residence for my family.

"In one of my excursions into the interior with my dog, I discovered in a pretty valley in the Bay of St. Pietro, about three leagues from Cagliari, a small villa, to which was attached a vineyard; it was beautifully situated close to a fishing-town, and in a country full of game. This place, I found, had been the summer residence of a gentleman lately deceased, and was to be sold or let on lease. I applied to my friend the avvocato to make the necessary inquiries; and had the satisfaction of learning that it might be purchased on very advantageous terms. I did not hesitate, and was put in possession of my hermitage in a few weeks; it required a little repair, but that could be accomplished at my leisure. I hired a *felucca*

to transport my family and furniture, and within four months of my emigration I was comfortably established *en famille* in my little retreat. I have now resided ten years in it in perfect contentment. I practise physic and surgery among my country neighbours, and have no want of patients; I have gained their good-will, and they send me little presents in lieu of fees, which I never looked for. If one of them dies, which is no uncommon case, even where there are more eminent practitioners than myself, I am not accused of being accessory to his death, and no doctor has more popularity. From the farmer I receive flour, mutton, poultry, and other products of his industry: the mechanic works for me at low wages: the fisherman sends me more fish than I can consume: the smuggler supplies me with wine, brandy, tea, &c. on easy terms; in short, I live on my numerous friends, and my house is a sort of caravansera or bazaar, and I cannot spend half my income. My daughter has been two years at Pisa *en pension*, under the superintendence of her grandmother, and shortly I propose to send my son to the university there: hitherto it has been an amusement to me to instruct him. My worthy uncle and his family have paid us two long visits, which we have returned, and though I have never set my foot in Corsica, some of my friends there have visited us.

"My step-dame two years ago was found dead

in her bed, after eating a hearty supper on *Mardi Gras*. Her daughter, at the age of twenty-one, when she came to her inheritance, married a dashing French commissary, whose *tri-color* plume had attracted her notice. He conducted his *sposina* to Paris, and in a few years dissipated the greatest part of her *dota*. My old rival, finding that his practice in physic did not meet the expenditure he had been accustomed to before the death of his spouse, was glad to accept the situation of an assistant-surgeon at three *francs* a day, in the army-hospital at Toulon. The commissario, after losing all his municipal honours, died of poverty and chagrin, universally despised. Thus am I revenged of all my enemies.

"I have the honour of being the family physician and friend of the English envoy Mr. Hill, who has no objection to take a dose of calomel when I think it necessary to administer one. He often visits me in my hermitage; I break his pointers and supply his table with game, his hospitable house being always open to me when I visit the capital. I had the satisfaction of rendering an essential service to my friend the *avvocato* by curing his daughter of a dangerous complaint, (after she had been abandoned by the Sardinian faculty,) and by the English mode of treatment; but such is the effect of prejudice, that I cannot make a convert of these medical men; they continue their

prescriptions of '*aqua panata*, and *lunga limonata*,' never using an active medicine.

"My life is not so monotonous as might be expected in so unenlightened a country. I now and then get new publications from Italy, and have access to Mr. Hill's library, who has kindly procured me all the best modern medical treatises. I keep a little boat, which Antonio and a young fisherman manage; and when an English ship-of-war enters our roads from contrary winds or to water, I always visit it, bringing with me a basket of fruit or a small supply of vegetables. I am always well received by the officers, and have the pleasure of being acquainted with many belonging to the squadron. I have long found out the truth of my favourite maxim, that 'contentment is better than wealth,' and would not change my situation with the *Duke D'Aosta*. Death has relieved me from most of my personal enemies, but had they been living, I would have forgiven them. Antonio has been more my friend and companion than my domestic. A more disinterested being never existed. I have made him both a geologist and botanist; he is a capital sportsman and a gardener; and when my children were young, he acted as nurse. He is rich, for he spends nothing, and his wages have accumulated in my hands. He is, however, now in treaty to purchase a cottage and a vineyard at

my door, 'as an asylum in his old age,' he says, 'when he is no longer able to work.' He is my junior by seven years, though he looks so much older. It often puzzled me to think how a young man of such temperate habits and mild disposition should have become the keeper of a prison; and one day I put the question to him. 'O, Signior dottore,' said he, 'that was not an affair of choice, but accident. I had an uncle, by trade a cordonnier, who had been very kind to me on my father's death, when I was eighteen years of age; but he had the misfortune to have a profligate wife, whose extravagance ruined him, and he was put into jail on account of his debts, where he was left to starve. I was at this time in the service of your cousin the notary, and told him that I must quit him and labour for my uncle, who had not bread to eat; but this worthy man would not listen to this, though he approved of my good intentions. He sent my uncle the means of existence, and I continued to live with my kind master till the poor prisoner fell sick from chagrin and confinement. I was now determined to nurse him, and in spite of every remonstrance I removed my bed to his small apartment, and by my care in six months he was restored, and through the good offices of my late master liberated and again established in his business. During the period of my living with him, I had taken a sort of fancy to *solitude*—a strange notion, you'll think, for

a young man. The head jailer, however, had a pretty daughter, which will probably account for my *taste*. I had opportunities of rendering the little *Sophie* some trifling services; she was only sixteen, and as great a novice as myself; I fell in love with her, though I did not tell her so; but girls are quick-sighted, and she discovered my passion by finding in a book of songs some lines of what I supposed to be poetry, addressed 'alla Bella S——!' You will laugh, Signior dottore, when I tell you that love had inspired me to write verses! She purloined them, and one evening she said to me with an arch smile, 'Antonio, who is this *bellezza* of yours?' shewing me the paper. I replied, 'who could she be but you?' She blushed, and throwing my poetry on the table, ran out of the room leaving me not a little disconcerted. This declaration occurred about ten days before you were imprisoned; the Signorina had gone on a visit to a relative in ——, and I saw her no more. I had determined to quit my situation previous to your arrival, but when my old master, the notary, came to inquire for you the following day, and communicated to me his plans for your escape, on finding that you could not have justice done to you, I volunteered my services to assist you, and to emigrate with you when a vessel could be found to transport you out of the island. This, Signior, is the cause of my having turned a jailer; so you see you are indebted

to Sophie for my becoming the companion of your flight; for had she returned my love I could not have had the heart to leave her; but she has been long married, and I have forgotten her and my juvenile attachment.'"

* * * * *

## CHAPTER VI.

Gibraltar—A swaggering tar—A *tick* ship—The King of the Jews—A financier outwitted—Spanish ball—The Duke of Wellington—Hidalgo fête—A Cortes orator—29th Bulletin—Duke of Wellington's departure—The portrait—The Bolero—Spanish soirée—General Nugent—Princess Butera and the English Lord—Princess Butera's death—An obdurate father—Imprisonment and separation—Law-suit.

In my passage from Port Mahon to Gibraltar I made a narrow escape of shipwreck, the misery of which I can never forget. I had a good sea-stock, which the constant gale of wind prevented my eating; but having a friend at the *Rock*, a merchant, I resolved to *quarter* on him, by which means I would bring "my turkeys to a good market." I found this worthy gentleman, Mr. Bell, in his *bureau*. "Here I am, my friend," said I, as soon as our how-d'ye-do's had been exchanged, "supercargo to ten turkeys, &c. all alive in spite of the terrible *Levanter*, that nearly sent me and my cargo on Europa point!

If you will give me and a Maltese terrier quarters, during my sojourn on the Rock, the feathered tribe shall be yours." "My dear fellow," replied the man of bales, "if you are serious, I will keep you as many months as you have turkeys; but where are they, and where are you from, and where are you going?" These queries being solved, he sent a boat to land my baggage from the transport.

My first care was to inquire for a mode of conveyance to England. I had another friend, the commissioner of the dock-yard, and to him I went. I learned that a store-ship, the Dromedary, would be ready in a few weeks; and the captain being in his office, I was presented to the great man, Captain Pritchard, weighing twenty stone. I told him what I wanted in the way of accommodation. "Sir," said he, "you are a fortunate man; the Dromedary will sail for England within a month—the finest ship in the world, Sir; brought home the Marquis of Wellesley from the East, 800 tons burthen—a *tick* ship, Sir!"—"Ah! indeed that is fortunate," I rejoined, "I like *tick*, Captain; that will exactly suit me, for I am rather short of cash at this moment." The blockhead took me *au pied de la lettre*, and his fat cheeks assumed a deeper tint. "Sir, I give no trust; the money must be paid before you put your foot on the deck of the Dromedary," answered the swaggering skipper.

The commissioner burst into a fit of laughter, and our tar discovered that I was quizzing him, and with a grin said, "You are from the North I perceive; so am I—I'm Yorkshire."—"I thought so," said I, "and as it takes three Englishmen to make a Jew, and three Jews to make a Yorkshireman, a poor Scot has but little chance with you; but I have before heard of the Dromedary, and that she is a noble vessel, so let us proceed to business." This acted as a *placebo;* the worthy man smoothed his brow, and after a further boasting of himself and his ship, he agreed to receive me and my establishment for 50*l.* Our conversation finished by his observing, "that I would meet no Jews in the Dromedary—gentlemen only: if I would receive the Rock Jews," said he, "my ship would be full every voyage; but I am a king's officer, Sir, and if justice had been done me, I would have been a post-captain twenty years ago; I will navigate a ship with e'er a man in the king's service. I have been in two-and-twenty pitched battles, Sir, and I am the father of seventeen children."—"On my own account, Captain," I replied, "I am glad you are the captain of a store ship, and from your talents and experience I shall be sure you will not run me on the Scilly [*silly*] islands." I give this dialogue as a specimen of *Gibraltar* wit!

Bell told me that within four-and-twenty hours

of my arrival, the news of the *almeida** were, "that an officer of rank had come to the Rock with an army of turkeys, and that his friends were smacking their lips at the treats they expected at the approaching festive season of Christmas."

To a military man *Gib.* is the greatest lion in Europe. The town-major accompanied me in my tour of it. The contrivances to render it impregnable are highly interesting; and I know not whether nature or art has contributed most for this purpose.

The civil inhabitants were then chiefly Jews, many of them extremely rich. I had the honour of being introduced to the chief of the race, who is surnamed "King of the Levites." It was supposed he could at this time command more ready money than any other individual in the Mediterranean. It was through *his majesty* that the large sums which our army in the Peninsula required were furnished. Bell told me "that only a few months ago, our premier Mr. Percival, finding that the rate of exchange was so unfavourable to England, despatched a *wiseacre* from Lombard Street (who, it seems, had persuaded the minister that he would shortly reduce it twenty per cent). Accordingly, a gentleman made his appearance on the Rock, with full powers to make new arrangements; for this

* The public walk in all the Spanish towns is called the *Almeida*.

purpose the chief commissary, Mr. S——d, had orders to show him his books, and to furnish him with every document on the subject of such negotiations. He got into all the commissary's secrets, and discovered that the dollars were procured from the Jews, who, being in league, regulated the rate of exchange as they thought fit, and referred him to their king.

Moses was obdurate, and the cockney on his *high horse*, saying, "I will raise money without you;" and he stepped into the frigate that waited his orders, and sailed for Cadiz. But the Jews had anticipated his arrival by an over-land courier; and the city man could not procure a doubloon on any terms. The wind was favourable, and he proceeded to Sicily, his *dernière ressource*. The commissary in chief there obeyed Mr. Percival's orders in exhibiting his books and his channels of supply, referring him to Mr. Gibbs, the English Jew of Palermo, who, however, would have nothing to do with the runner of administration. The fact was, that when he sailed for Cadiz, the Jews of Gibraltar had despatched a vessel to Sicily to forewarn their friends of the gentleman's errand, and he could not raise a shilling; so that the business was left in the commissaries' hands, who continued to make the best terms they could with the monied men. I had brought with me about 800 dollars, which I sold at Minorca for 6*s*. 2*d*., getting in exchange

English bank notes at 14*s.*; so that our government was paying 6*s.* 2*d.* for the dollar, and issuing it to the troops for 4*s.* 6*d.*! an enormous loss, when the payment of the military transport *alone* amounted to 100,000 dollars per day, which I heard the Duke of Wellington declare at his brother's table at Cadiz.

While my store-ship was equipping, and after the turkeys were consumed, I took a trip to Cadiz, where I had the pleasure of meeting several friends. The consul Sir James Duff gave me quarters, and I had a plate at the tables of Lord Fife and of General Cooke who commanded the English garrison.

I had heard much of the beauty of the Spanish women, and was not disappointed when I went on the *almeida*, the evening of my arrival being a *festa*. It is in this promenade that the *divinities* of Cadiz exhibit their beautiful persons, their little feet and slender ancles: nothing can be more graceful than their movements. A stranger soon gets reconciled to their sombre dress, which out of doors is always black; the management of their flowing mantillas and fans is quite a science, especially this last weapon of flirtation, which they use so adroitly in carrying on a conversation. But the Spanish women are most captivating in the dance. At a ball given by Sir Henry Wellesley I had an opportunity of seeing all the beauty of Cadiz. This fête was in honour of his

brother the Duke, who had come from the army to harangue the Cortes. It was said that three thousand persons were present on this occasion. It is the fashion in Spain for the ladies to sit at supper, while their cavaliers stand behind their chairs to assist them; a relict, no doubt, of the days of chivalry. At midnight the refreshment rooms were thrown open; but there was no such disgraceful scrambling and mobbing as is to be seen on similar occasions in England; every thing was as orderly as a court procession. Four hundred covers were laid in the grand *salon*, which were occupied by the highest ranks of the female noblesse; and, as I have already said, each cavalier was in attendance on his lady. I took a peep at this novel *parterre* of females, with their beaux behind them: it was like a border of the hardy box inclosing a bed of delicate and splendid tulips; for, in compliment to the English, the ladies were in colours, and sparkling in diamonds. The only men who sat at table were the ambassador and his brother, at each end. Several other apartments were arranged in a similar manner.

The *hidalgos* also had a fête in honour of the Duke, supposed to be the largest assembly that was ever seen collected in the peninsula. A building, once intended for a hospital, was fitted up for the occasion; twelve rooms *en suite* of immense size, were soon filled. These apartments were decorated with military trophies, and

adorned with laurels, surrounding the names of all the English generals who had distinguished themselves in the several campaigns; this compliment was paid to England by the Cortes.

I had the good fortune to be present when Lord Wellington delivered his famous speech to that assembly. The Parliament House had been recently fitted up for their meetings—a beautiful and simple hall, with a gallery for strangers. In the centre was placed a table, at which sat the President and other official persons.

It was at noon when the English lord entered, accompanied by two Spanish noblemen of the highest rank, and advancing to the table in *ordinary time*, and with an erect head, made three profound bows, the whole assembly rising as he entered. His lordship was received with long and loud applause; and when order was restored, he pulled from a small portfolio a paper, and with a firm and distinct voice read from it a short address in the Spanish language, which was highly applauded from every corner of the assembly; and the hero, with three more bows retired, while the acclamations continued. What a singular event was this! a British general haranguing a Spanish Cortes, and stimulating them to defend their country in the absence of their king!

I was indebted to the Earl of Fife for much attention and civility during my stay at Cadiz. His lordship had come from Vienna on the breaking out of

the Spanish war, and enthusiastically embarked as a volunteer in the glorious cause, during the progress of which he distinguished himself on several occasions. He gave me some curious anecdotes of the actors in these stirring scenes; and at his table I met several members of the Cortes, to one of whom, styled "the Charles Fox of Spain," I was particularly introduced. This gentleman, a native of New Spain, had the credit of great eloquence as a public speaker, and was highly applauded in the Senate. In conversation (for he spoke French with fluency) he had a great deal of *esprit*; but I suspected that he was too liberal in his sentiments for his colleagues.

A singular circumstance occurred at Sir H. Wellesley's ball. A short time before supper was announced a courier arrived with a dispatch to the ambassador bringing the famous twenty-ninth bulletin of Napoleon, narrating the burning of Moscow. It was immediately whispered about the rooms that a great event had occurred, which was soon communicated to the company; and I need hardly add that the sensation was great and the joy universal when the details were read; and it was singular that an account of the most important event of the whole war should have arrived on such an occasion, and on the evening previous to Lord Wellington's departure from Cadiz to join the army. He set out at ten o'clock the next day, accompanied to Isla by the whole staff of the garrison, and every

officer who had a horse. Previous to his getting into the boat to cross over, General Cooke presented a subaltern officer to his lordship, who it seems was a portrait amateur artist, and who had seized opportunities of seeing him in public, to make a faithful likeness of the hero in miniature, of which he now begged his lordship to do him the honour to accept. The case was opened, and after a hasty glance, Lord W. said, smiling, "I am highly obliged, Sir, by the trouble you have taken; but I suspect you have made me a better-looking fellow than I am, and my friends will suppose that I am improved by campaigning." He then entered into a short conversation with him, and took a note of his services. "I shall not forget you," he added: "in the mean time," putting a paper into his hand, "keep this as a memorandum of me; it is the greatest curiosity I was ever possessed of." So saying, he remounted his horse, galloped to the boat, which was at a short distance, and embarked.

There was a crowd round the young officer, of which I made one, all anxious to know what he had got. "A company," cries one: "You are put on the staff," says another. But the youth with more sagacity observed, "Do you think that Lord W. keeps commissions and staff appointments in his pocket, cut and dry? However, I will satisfy your curiosity as well as my own;" and opening the paper, found that it was the dispatch

his lordship had received the previous night—the 29th bulletin. I never heard if our *Apelles* had any further reward; but as he was an old subaltern, and had served several campaigns, that he would obtain promotion cannot be doubted. * At any rate I envied him the occasion, and his interesting memorial of the illustrious Hero of the Peninsula.

Lord Fife gave me a seat in his box at the Opera; but knowing little of Spanish, I could not judge of the merits of the performances: the *bolero*, however, which was danced every evening, was a great treat, the performers being first-rate. I had never before seen this national dance in Spain, which is certainly a splendid exhibition; and though there is more grace in a French *pas de deux*, yet the voluptuous expression of the bolero is much more captivating when well executed, and might be called a *pas de Dieux!*

I was invited one evening by a countryman, Mr. Macdonald, a young man in the English consul's *bureau*, to a little party at his house. Not being aware that my friend was a *Benedict*, my surprise was great on entering an apartment well lighted, to be presented to his *sposa* and a dozen Spanish girls surrounding a performer on the guitar, chanting a *modinia*. The Signora was an uncommonly elegant little creature, as well as her three sisters, all young, and only two of them just

* He was shortly afterwards put in orders for a company.

budding into beauty. Waltzing was proposed, and they all moved like sylphs: a bolero by two of the sisters next followed, which would have been admired on the stage. To this succeeded a *contradanza a l'Englesas*, in which I was obliged to perform with the *sposa;* but she turned my head in a few rounds. Light refreshments of ices and *eau sucré* being served, the concert commenced:—never were my ears more ravished! for the sylphs sang with exquisite taste and expression duos and trios, admirably accompanied on the guitar; and though it was two hours after midnight before I took my leave, I quitted this delightful little fête with regret.

I never saw a more interesting family, and did not wonder at my countryman's being captivated with so lovely a girl. Fortunately they then had no family, and the good old consul told me he intended to raise Macdonald's salary.

During my sojourn at Cadiz I made the acquaintance of General Nugent, who afterwards distinguished himself at Naples. He was the friend of Lord W. Bentinck, and I was disposed to render him any service in my power. Having procured a transport, through the kindness of General Cooke, I gave the general a passage to Gibraltar, on his way to join the English army in the Peninsula; for though he was a colonel in the Austrian service, he had obtained the local rank of major-general in ours. On our arrival at the

Rock I introduced him to my friend Mr. Bell, who gave him a bed; and previous to his departure I presented him with a Damascus blade. I have seldom met a man of pleasanter manners or more *esprit*. He is by birth an Irishman, and a Catholic. He entered the Austrian army at an early age, and had distinguished himself on various occasions. In 1819 he had the command of a division on the invasion of the kingdom of Naples. I could have wished him glory in a better cause. His success was rewarded by promotion and high military honours; but his best laurel was the hand of a young, rich, and beautiful Neapolitan princess; and he has obtained the rank of prince in the Austrian dominions—an extraordinary instance of good luck in a soldier of fortune; but few could be more deserving.

He wrote to me from Naples to tell me of his success and of his marriage. "With the sword," said he, "which you presented to me, I have cut my way to fortune—I will not say fame."

* * * *

A short time before I quitted Sicily Prince Butera died, leaving a gay widow, his third wife, with a very handsome jointure.* Some months previous to his death, the young and handsome Lord H——, son of the Earl of P——, was presented to the princess, who had just

* The prince's revenue was said to be sixty thousand ounces.

parted with her *cavaliere servente*, Mr. T——, and *Milordino* aspired to be his successor in the lady's good graces.

An uncommonly handsome youth, fresh and unhackneyed in affairs of gallantry, a novice in the art of love, was an admirable subject for the lures of the well-skilled princess. Although she had counted seven or eight lustrums, yet a fine figure, an expressive languishing eye and good teeth, (in which Italian women are often deficient,) made her an object of admiration, *une peu passée* as she was. To the unpractised eye she might have passed for thirty; an age when some women are in their prime.

At this moment she was *une femme libre;* for the old prince cared but little whom she admitted into her *boudoir*. His own pleasures were *gastronomic*, as far as gout would permit. He had twelve covers daily; and every stranger of any distinction was hospitably received at his plentiful table. From the *salle à manger* to the *salle de reception* he was wheeled in a *Merlin* chair to the *soirées* of his captivating dame, who presided without *appearing* to be mistress of the revels; for she was to be found in a quiet corner with downcast eyes listening to the soft breathings of her favoured lover.

Lord H— soon became the professed *cicisbeo:* he was never seen from her side: she engrossed every

moment of his life for six months; and he was the happiest of swains!

One night the gout mounted to the stomach of the prince, well as it was fortified against the attacks of the enemy. The doctors were summoned; but, in spite of all their art, in four-and-twenty hours the lovely princess became a widow. When the seclusion and weeds usual on such melancholy occasions had passed, the English lord was again an inmate in the lady's *boudoir*, in defiance of the scandal his visits occasioned, for she was no longer *une femme couverte*. Married dames may have as many lovers as they like with impunity, but a widow must be as chaste as Diana! What was to be done in this case? The reputation of her whom he adored was at stake: there were only two measures to adopt—marriage or flight! Of two evils men generally choose what they think the least. To bid an eternal adieu to a fascinating woman whom he doubted not returned his love, was not to be expected from a youth of three-and-twenty: at that age every thing is *couleur de rose!*

The widow's *rente viagere* was large;* but in case of her marrying again, it was to return to the prince's heir. This circumstance would have been a bar to a reasonable being; depriving a woman of her independence, without having at

* It was said to be 10,000 ounces a-year.

least an equivalent to offer. All prudence was forgotten on this occasion. The noble Earl, his father, had hitherto been liberal in his allowances, and when he presented to him his adored *princessa* as Lady H—, could there be any doubt but such settlements would be made as would enable them to move in that sphere which the lady's rank and his birth entitled them to expect?

That a young man should be thus mystified can be easily imagined; but the feeling is not to be so readily accounted for, which could induce a Neapolitan of the princess's experience and age to sacrifice so large a revenue by marrying a man whose means entirely depended on the caprice of a superannuated English baron, whom she had been told was both haughty and avaricious. Be this as it may,

> Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears had
> Left the flushing in her gall'd eyes, she married:—
> It is not, nor can it come to good:

The marriage was clandestine: a priest was summoned, and it was given out that by threats and bribes he was compelled to perform the ceremony.

Whether the youthful bridegroom had previously communicated his intentions to his noble father, or that he waited till the marriage took place, was not known; but in an extraordinarily short time after the happy event an English

frigate anchored in the bay of Palermo, having on board the venerable Earl of P——; and within twenty-four hours after his arrival a gang of *sbirri* appeared at the *villeggiatura* of the happy couple, ere the honey-moon had passed, and dragged them from each other's arms at the awful hour of midnight! Milordino was lodged in a genteel *conciergerie*, and the weeping *sposa* in a convent of *nobile;* all due respect being paid to their persons and their accommodation.

It appeared that the proud peer, the moment he heard of a marriage so unworthy of his heir, determined, if possible, to set it aside, having learned that it was irregularly performed; and he fortunately found a frigate ready to sail for Sicily. His passage was short; and the instant he set his foot on shore, he hurried to the English ambassador, and obtained an audience of the king. What passed between Ferdinand and his lordship did not transpire; nor was it known what arguments could induce his majesty to separate the *nouveaux mariés*, and to give orders for their imprisonment.

A month elapsed in this perfect seclusion, to the great astonishment and indignation of the Palermitans, who bestowed on the obdurate Milord Inglese a thousand maledictions. But the lady was only connected by marriage with the Sicilian nobility, and the strong measure of her seclusion made the less impression on them,

especially as she was by birth a Neapolitan and a *roturiere*; but all the young dames pitied the handsome and youthful *milordino*, and prayed for his speedy deliverance. Every *sposa* in the metropolis would be glad to have the *bel biondo* for a cavaliere. He was not the less estimable as a Benedict: his love for the *sposina* would soon expire; and she would, by and bye, be as willing as his lordship to take another *cicisbeo*. Such are the Sicilian morals!

In the mean time arrangements had been made between the father and son. On condition of his liberation, the latter consented to abandon his spouse and to return to England. There was no longer any cause for detaining an innocent woman in a convent: if any one deserved punishment, it was the priest, for celebrating a marriage contrary to the forms of the church, if such was the case.

It is to be presumed that the day of repentance began on the arrival of the noble lords in England; for a suit was immediately commenced in the English courts to set aside the marriage, under the pretence that it was irregular. The princess followed her lord, and employed the most able council to substantiate the contract. The case was pleaded at great length, at an enormous expense to both parties. The poor lady, it was said, had been obliged to part with some of her jewels to fee her lawyers: but at

length she triumphed, and to the general satisfaction of the public. The marriage was proved to be valid by the laws of Sicily, and must consequently be recognised by those of England.

It was now her turn to sue his lordship for a separate maintenance becoming her rank, an amicable settlement having been refused her: and again she triumphed; but she was still a great loser, having, it was said, only obtained a pension of 800*l.* a-year during the life of the earl, and double that sum at his death. In 1827 she became a countess, and is residing at Naples, and her lord wandering on the continent. It is to be lamented that a young man of such high birth and many good qualities should have sacrificed his own happiness and that of a female who had given up her independence to become his wife. I met his lordship at Cadiz, and he appeared to me to be very amiable, and I should be sorry to hurt his feelings; but as the case was before well known to the public, I cannot be charged with indelicacy.

> —— I would nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice.

I was intimately acquainted with Butera. I have met the princess since she became an English countess, of which she seemed not a little proud, preferring the title of *miladi* to that of *principessa*.

## CHAPTER VII.

Colonel Rooke—A prisoner—The gaoler—A friend in need—The embassy chaplain—Pulpit eloquence—The glass eye—Humorous Boniface—Charioteering—Stable economy—Political pamphlet—Knight of St. Anne—Royal fisherman—Temple of Segesta—Campieri—The unlucky dog—A jolly monk—Sicilian restaurateur—Solitude—Monkish hospitality—Sicilian hospitality—Chevalier d'industrie—A shuffler detected—Malta—Viletta—An unexpected visit—The hermit in Greece—Death of the wanderer—Eccentricities—A leg of mutton and turnips.

One of the most agreeable acquaintances I made during my sojourn in Italy, was the late Lieutenant-Colonel Rooke, to whom I was introduced at Florence by our ambassador Mr. Wyndham, and accident afterwards threw us frequently together. He had been wandering in various parts of the continent since his retirement from the service in 1783, and had made himself well acquainted with the modern languages.

An estate in Kent of 2000*l.* a year enabled him to move about as the whim seized him, and to travel with his own horses. When the French

Revolution broke out, he was at Moscow; but being desirous of witnessing the extraordinary scenes that were going on in France, he sold his stud and posted to Paris, where he arrived a few days before the execution of the unhappy monarch Louis XVI.

Though a friend to rational liberty, he shuddered at the horrors he saw daily enacting; and was about quitting the territory of the new republic, when a circumstance occurred that for a short time put a stop to his plans. He had formed an intimacy with a Frenchman of good manners and address, whom he had met at a *restaurateur's*, and hoping that this acquaintance would be useful to him, he cultivated it; and this man being a member of some of the political clubs, he had an opportunity of seeing all that was going on, under his new friend's auspices; but he soon discovered that his *cicerone* had no funds, and that he must pay the expenses of both. After supplying him with small sums of money occasionally in the shape of loans, the Frenchman became at last so importunate, that the *élève* did not find it convenient to satisfy his rapacity, and a coolness was the consequence. Rooke little suspected, however, that the scoundrel whom he had been feeding for three months was meditating a plan for plundering him. But a week after their rupture he was roused from his slumbers one night by a posse of pretended *gens d'armes*, who arrested him

"as an aristocrat, and an enemy to the republic." It was in vain that he pleaded his innocence, or required to be informed of the nature of the accusation; the myrmidons would scarcely give him time to dress while they were rummaging his papers, on which they pretended to put seals, and leaving him only a few louis and his watch, he was hurried into a *fiacre* along with three ruffians, and lodged in the *conciergerie*. The apartment in which he was placed contained a truckle-bed, and the keeper informed him "that he had been denounced, and would probably be brought before the tribunal in the morning." In the mean time "he might be supplied with any refreshments he required, provided he had money to pay for them." With this consolation he was left to his meditations.

In the turbulent state of Paris at this time, where innocent men were every day sacrificed, Rooke did not find himself on "a bed of roses;" but he had good nerves, and was not easily intimidated; besides he had hopes of procuring his liberation through his banker Perigord; and wrapping himself up in his Russian cloak, he lay down on his pallet and enjoyed a sound sleep of several hours, until the jailer roused him to take his orders for breakfast, putting a *carte des viandes* into his hands. The air of the prison had not taken away the colonel's appetite, and he requested a *dejeuné à la fourchette* might be served forthwith. It came,

and nothing could be more *recherché*, and as he was desirous of making a friend of his keeper, he presented him with a louis for his trouble, and promised another if he would bring him the materials for writing a letter to his banker. He wisely thought that the fellow might be induced for his own interest to get his letter delivered, as a prisoner without funds could be of no value to him.

He learned, however, with regret, "that it was contrary to the rules of the establishment (as he called the *conciergerie*) to give prisoners pen and ink, or to permit them to write letters; but as the *citoyen* had justly observed, "that a man could not live without money," he would on this occasion take upon himself the risk of breaking through the rules, in full confidence that he would not be betrayed."

The letter was written and despatched, but two days elapsed without an answer; and the poor prisoner began to think his affair more desperate than he had at first imagined, especially as the jailer swore by his *parole d'honneur* that his own son had delivered his letter at the *bureau* of Monsieur Perigord, and had called the following day for an answer.

His funds were fast diminishing, and as he had no disposable property but an English watch of little value in Paris, the colonel began to fear that he would be soon pennyless. In this dilemma

he recollected that he had a friend and a countryman, who he thought might be useful to him. This gentleman, an enthusiast in the popular cause, had been chaplain to the late English embassy, and being desirous to see the progress of the Revolution, had declined returning to England with the Duke of Dorset. He had become a member of some of the political clubs, in one of which Rooke had heard him harangue with applause.

To this reverend gentleman, with whom he had formed some intimacy, he sent a message by the keeper's son, stating his situation, and entreating to see him, holding out to the father the hope of a supply of money from his friend, and promising a handsome recompence to the messenger in return. This application proved more successful than his letter to the banker, (which, however, he afterwards found was never delivered,) and in the evening he had the satisfaction of receiving a visit at the door of his cell from the good-natured doctor, (he was a D. D.) who, after storming at the villains who had denounced him, entered warmly into his cause, and swore that he would not sleep until his friend was at large. He kept his word; for in the evening an order from the existing authorities was brought by the doctor for his liberation, and he had the satisfaction to find that not only had two-thirds of his money and personal effects been restored, but that the scoundrel to whom he owed

his arrest, (his *ci-devant* pretended friend,) had been in his turn denounced as an *escroc*. One of his party had turned evidence against him, and disclosed that this rascal had formed a conspiracy with other ruffians to put Rooke into prison, under pretence "of his being an enemy to the republic, and aiding and assisting royalists to escape from the French territory." This plot, thus fortunately discovered, had been reported to the president of the club, (of which the doctor was a member,) who warmly interested himself in the colonel's behalf, and obtained an order for his liberation. He further learned that the rogues had quarrelled about the division of the spoil of which he had been robbed, the ringleader having kept by far the largest portion to himself; but by a domiciliary visit to the hotel from which the colonel had been arrested, the police had detected the villain, and recovered the greatest part of the property, which he had the impudence to say "he had taken charge of for his friend!" The doctor concluded this intelligence by congratulating Rooke on his liberation, and observing, "that the days of tyranny were at an end. Had you been clapped into the Bastile during the *ancien regime*," said he, "you might have remained for seven years; but you see 'that the order of the day' now is justice; such are the fruits of the Revolution."

Although the colonel did not accord with his friend in these opinions, he was most grateful for

the services he had rendered him, and was satisfied that ample justice had been done to him on this occasion; yet he was most anxious to quit the "land of liberty and equality" without delay; entreating his friend to complete his services by getting his English passport for Switzerland countersigned by the authorities. This was promised and effected, and within twenty-four hours the colonel was on his way to Lyons. He left his friend to fraternize with the *sans culottes;* and it is rather singular that I am enabled to fill up the sequel of the doctor's history.

In the year 1795, when I was stationed with my regiment at Aberdeen, I was introduced by Dr. Skene to an English divine who had made some noise in the political world, and made no secret of his adventures at Paris, of his having been chaplain to the embassy; and, being a friend to the French revolution, he had remained at Paris after the ambassador's departure, and become a member of several political clubs, but during the reign of terror under Robespierre had been denounced as an English spy, and thrust into the temple, from which however he had, by the interposition of a friend, made his escape after a durance of several months. This had rather cured him of his admiration of the Revolution, and he was glad to return to a country where he could sleep quietly without any risk of being denounced, and the republican was converted into a whig. His conduct at Paris

had incurred the displeasure both of his old master and of his majesty's ministers, and having no church-living, he was obliged to accept of the office of bear-leader to a young Englishman making the tour of Scotland. All this he communicated to me the first day I met him. Although I lived in habits of intimacy with the reverend gentleman for several months, his name has escaped my memory; but he was a man of great literary endowments, of extremely pleasant manners, a *bon vivant*, and withal a distinguished preacher. He preached frequently at the chapel of St. Paul's; and though his action was too theatrical for the quiet citizens of Aberdeen, and his discourses bordered on bombast, he attracted crowds.

I remember being present when he introduced a singular episode at the tail of a very eloquent sermon:

"I understand, my friends and brethren," said the doctor after a long pause, "that the name of Alexander is a common one in this country; but I trust you do not mean this in compliment to that monster improperly called 'the Great,' but rather in honour of a better man—Alexander the coppersmith!" This singular observation set the congregation staring at each other; some tittered, and others departed, thinking that the pulpit was filled by a madman.

I neither admired his politics nor his doctrines, but as a boon companion he was perfect; with a

ready wit he had great good-nature, and having seen much of the world, his conversational talents were splendid; but it did not suit the meridian of the Aberdonians, who thought his discourse, as a clergyman, too loose, and his political opinions even most of the whigs with whom he chiefly associated considered too radical, and therefore he was not a general favourite; but a few of the Aberdonians *fêted* him, and I passed many agreeable days in his society. But to return to my friend the colonel, the hero of my tale.

As he lodged at the same hotel with us at Florence, we lived much together, and he kindly acted as our *cicerone*, for he possessed good taste and judgment in the arts; and though extremely eccentric both in manners and dress, he was an intelligent and excellent companion.

From Mr. Wyndham, with whom he lived in great terms of intimacy, I learned many curious traits of him: "that his wardrobe consisted of a riding-suit and a Windsor uniform, which, by the addition of a pair of epaulettes and a sword, formed his full dress when he went to court, or on occasions of ceremony." His figure was soldier-like, but his countenance, naturally good, had been disfigured by the loss of his left eye by an accident; he repaired this defect however by one of glass, the manufacture of a Venetian artist, which he put in or took out as the whim seized him, astonishing strangers by the

legerdemain tricks he played with it. On one occasion Wyndham told me this produced considerable merriment. A party had been made at a tavern at Leghorn, kept by an Irishman, at which Rooke was present. The colonel finding the artificial optic inconvenient after he sat down to table, took it out, but found that he had forgotten the case; and calling for a plate, the landlord* brought him one, on which the eye was deposited. Pat stared but said nothing, and returning with another plate asked with great gravity, (holding it out)—"Colonel, shall I take your t'other eye?" It was impossible to resist a burst of laughter, in which Rooke heartily joined, replying, "when that eye is cool, Mr. Murphy, I will change it for t'other;" imitating very successfully the host's brogue.

I made an excursion one day from Pisa to Leghorn in the colonel's carriage; he had purchased a new stud of four Roman horses, and wished to try their speed. He drove to the door on the box in a new suit of clothes, quite coachman-like, and "handling the ribbons" with great dexterity; the animals with their full tails and flowing manes looked very wild, and I began to think I had entered into a service of danger. "Give them a turn along the Arno," said I, "that we may see how they step."—"You shall see that by

* This fellow was a wag, and licenced by his friends to crack his jokes.

and by—get in, pray—they are not accustomed to stand still," replied coachee with an arch grin, perceiving no doubt that I was a little nervous on the occasion. In I jumped, and off we went *ventre à terre!* Seldom were fifteen miles accomplished in a shorter time, for the poor nags hardly got a breathing, and we found ourselves at the gates of Leghorn in an hour and twenty minutes. "You are a prime whip, Colonel," said I, when he halted at the hotel; "do you always go at this rate?" looking at my watch. "Sometimes," he replied, "when I am in a hurry; but the fact is, two of my cattle are kickers, and I was determined not to give them time to throw out their heels."

He superintended cleaning them down, to which he lent himself a helping hand; and when they were cool he ordered them to be fed; and dismissing his groom and locking the stable-door, he put the key in his pocket, observing, "horses do not like to be overlooked when they are eating their corn: I always use this precaution in travelling, otherwise the moment the master's back is turned, the scoundrels would steal the barley from the manger.—I do not even trust my own servant on these occasions."

"I have now been travelling," he added, "ten years with my own horses, except when I make very long journeys, and I have not driven less

during this period than twenty-five thousand miles without meeting any serious accident, for I do not think much of an overturn as long as I break no bones!"

Rooke had arranged to accompany us to Rome, but we altered our plan of travelling with our own horses, as we found an opportunity of a frigate for Naples; and besides he was desirous of assisting the Austro-Russian armies who were besieging Ancona. He promised, however, to meet us in the Roman capital in April, but the disasters of the Neapolitan army paralysed all our plans, and compelled us afterwards to emigrate to Sicily. Meantime the colonel proceeded to Ancona and took great interest in the siege, and became a decided partisan of the Russians, having discovered that the Austrians in their bulletins had taken all the honour of the surrender of this fortress to themselves, while he thought it equally due to the Russian army. He wrote a clever pamphlet in French, strongly expressing his opinions, and on his return to Tuscany was desirous of printing it; but the printers of Florence would not publish what they considered to be a libel on the troops of the Emperor Francis, and the publishers of Pisa and Leghorn were equally shy. But there was a press at Malta which he thought would not be so fastidious, and finding, luckily, an opportunity of being conveyed to that island in a

British ship-of-war, shortly after the surrender of Valetta, he proceeded thither and published his pamphlet. On his return he despatched a copy, *via* Corfu, to the Emperor Paul, who graciously received it, and as a mark of the imperial approbation, sent an *estaffette* to the author with an autograph letter from his own hand, together with the order of St. Anne. This was a feather in our hero's cap, serving occasionally to decorate his court dress.

Six months after we had parted at Florence, I was most agreeably surprised one morning to see my friend walk in while we were at breakfast; and Lord M. was equally gratified. Since our arrival in Palermo we had heard nothing of him, and now found that he had accompanied Mr. Wyndham, who, in consequence of the French taking possession of Tuscany, had been obliged to emigrate, and the colonel had obtained a passport to embark with him as one of his establishment. He had been compelled to part with his Roman horses to prevent their falling into the hands of the invaders; and though he had made no sacrifice in point of money by their sale, he was greatly chagrined at losing his favourites.

We gave him an apartment in our great palazzo, and when he was installed there, and equipped in his gala dress with his new order, he waited on the English envoy Sir W. Hamilton; but the

knight of St. Anne, though a gallant man, was not a courtier or flatterer, and did not stand in favour with the minister's wife; he could not forget who and what she had been, and the lady, conscious of this, gave him a cool reception.

Having more than once visited Sicily, he had but little new to see, and it was only the hope of a counter revolution, for which great preparations were making, that prevented him from taking flight for Constantinople. Lord M. had horses which were at his disposal, and we endeavoured to amuse him as well as we could. His trip to Ancona, he said, had afforded him great interest; he had got into the confidence of the Russian general, and gave us a number of curious anecdotes of the campaign. His trip to Malta also proved interesting, and he kindly offered to accompany us on the first occasion that occurred. Meantime we had some amusement in making little excursions into the neighbourhood of the city, and had the honour of assisting Ferdinand in one of his fishing parties to attack the tunny tribe, a sport in which his majesty took great delight; a most sanguinary warfare covering the sea with blood. The season had been favourable, and our success was greater than had been ever known. I forget its produce in oil, but it was something quite extraordinary.

Lord M. having taken a cruize in a frigate to change the scene, I prevailed on our *cicerone*

to accompany me to the famed temple of *Segesta*, the most perfect specimen of Greek architecture in the island, about fifty miles from the capital.

We hired mules and engaged some *campieri*, a sort of guard licensed by the government to act as guides to travellers, wearing a uniform and armed to the teeth, ferocious-looking fellows, but said to be great cowards, as we afterwards ascertained. We provided ourselves with various articles of food —coffee, chocolate, sugar, and bread, a couple of smoked tongues, and a jar of butter; for being Lent, we should have found difficulty in procuring provisions of any kind through such a desolate country. We reached the *paese* of ——, a miserable village of beggars, about half-way to the temple. The last two hours of our journey Rooke acted as *avant courier* to look out for beds, leaving me with the *campieri*.

The country, after we quitted the coast, was wild and savage, intersected by ravines and deep valleys, rocky and picturesque, and well clothed with wood. In one of these glens about an hour before sunset, and when I was within a league of our *paese*, my companion congratulated me on being under his protection, "for on the spot we now were," said he, "many murders had been committed,—guardate, eccellenza! You see that black cross—it is only three years since a gang of *ladri* (robbers) robbed a Spaniard there and then

killed him; but *coraggio, eccellenza;* I will take care of you."

I was desirous to try the fellow's metal, suspecting, after such a gasconade, that he was a coward, and desired him to go before to point out the best way, for the path was very rugged. When I found that I was concealed from him by a clump of trees, I pulled out one of my pistols, and discharging it, halloo'd out, "Ladri, birbanti! ajuto!" I had hardly uttered these words when I heard the clattering of the hoofs of my *friend's* mule, and perceived him digging his spurs into its sides, and galloping off as fast as the poor animal could carry him. In a few minutes he disappeared, and again I got sight of him, urging the tired mule, loaded with our baggage, up the hill on the other side of the ravine. The rascal never looked behind him, and I jogged on quietly to the only *locanda* in the place, which I readily found: my *brave campiere* was rubbing down his mule. "Scoundrel," said I, advancing pistol in hand, without dismounting; "Sicilian coward, begone from my presence, or I will rid the earth of such a poltroon!" pointing my fire-arms at his head. "You left me to be murdered by the banditti, whom you no doubt invited for the purpose—return thither, and you will find one of your friends weltering in his blood, if he is not yet dead!" I could hardly retain my gravity while I uttered

this rhodomontade, and before I had finished it, the poor devil was on his knees praying for mercy, and alleging his innocence in the names of all the saints in Heaven, concluding his appeal by saying, "you brave Englishmen do not require guards!" At this moment Rooke made his appearance, when I told him (in Italian, with a wink) what had happened, "that the rascal had left me when I was attacked by a gang of robbers, one of whom I had shot, and the rest took to their heels." The colonel entered into the joke, threatening "to send the coward to prison, and to report him as unworthy of wearing the uniform of his corps, to which he was a disgrace;" but what had the greatest effect on our *hero* was a threat that he would receive no pay either for himself or his mule. This was the *coup de grâce* to his miseries.

The colonel, I found, had been paying a visit to a convent, where he had secured a few flasks of good wine; but the larder of the hotel was empty, and nothing could be had but rice and an omelette. A journey of twenty miles in a keen April *tramontana* had whetted my appetite, and I sallied forth to endeavour to cater something in the shape of flesh; but no animal had been killed in the *paese* since Lent, and I gave up my pursuit in despair, when I espied a group of fowls on a dunghill. I *shyed* my crab-stick among them, and knocked one over—out rushed a band of old

hags and children from the open doors, making a clamour as if the town was on fire, with a thousand *maledettos;* but the sight of a dollar pacified the enraged multitude. "Here," said I, "is a *pezzo duro* to the owner of the fowls; but I must have another for my money, as well as the one I have smote." "Yes, Signior," exclaimed a barbarian, who by his apron looked like a cobbler, "the *polastri* are mine," seizing on one; "you shall have the whole brood at that price!"—"Follow me," said I, putting the money in his hand.—"Viva L'Inglese! viva! viva!" echoed the multitude. "Eccellenza, date mi qualche cosa!" cries one. "Un grano, per l'amor de Dio, siamo povero, eccellenza!" screamed twenty tongues. I was always provided with small money, and throwing a handful among the ragged wretches left them scrambling for the spoil.

Rooke laughed at my adventure. In my absence the *campiere* had made his peace with him, and he came to kiss my hand and demand *mille pardoni*, swearing "he would defend my *eccellenza* to the last extremity, if the *ladri* durst appear again!" We set him to work to pluck the fowls, which he seemed to understand better than cleaning his mules.

Antonio had provided an earthen vessel, and some rice to be stewed with our game; and shortly after a rosy priest presented himself,

accompanied by a *frate*, bearing in each hand a huge *fiascone* of wine, the growth of his convent. He also presented us with a salad and a small basket of *pasta*; the only viands he could offer us.

All hands turned cooks; I superintended the *pilau;* the colonel arranged the *macaroni;* Antonio the *omelette;* while the padre good-humouredly dressed the salad, having had the precaution to bring his own oil.

The repast was served in three courses: the *potage au riz* succeeded to a miracle; and with my strong grinders I contrived to masticate a wing of the antiquated hen. The colonel being rather deficient of masticators, gave up the attempt after various essays. The *pasta* and *omelette* were voted "*superba,*" and to them our churchman did ample justice. The salad was praised; but I found the oil rancid; upon the whole, however, we fared sumptuously and the more especially as we had been the purveyors as well as the cooks. I pass over the convent vintage, an abominable composition, both sweet and sour. I had, however, brought with me a small bottle of *eau-de-vie de Cognac,* which I mixed with water, under pretence of wine disagreeing with me, and not caring to despise the padre's present. My *compagnon de voyage,* accustomed to all sorts of horrible beverages, was not so fastidious, and assisted the monk to empty a large flask with due praises.

Our *salle-à-manger* served also for our dormitory, and when our guest departed, our wretched beds consisting of coarse mattings and black mattresses, strewn over with locks of stinking wool, were not over-inviting; but we pulled off our coats and boots, wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and slept like monks in defiance of fleas; fortunately the season was too early for bugs and musquittos. At sunrise I awoke highly refreshed; the colonel was already at work in the chimney-corner in his *robe de chambre* and red night-cap, occupied in toasting bread for breakfast. I started up, and my toilet was soon made. Antonio was summoned to bring the coffee, which speedily made its appearance with brown pottery gallipots instead of porcelain. I preferred my drinking-horn to these doubtful-looking vessels. The toast was more tempting, but the butter was absent. "Where is the butter?" said the colonel to his valet. The fellow appeared confused, scratched his head and retired. "I hope," said I, "that no accident has happened to our butter." "Impossible," replied he, "I put it into his hands only ten minutes ago!"—but he did not return until again summoned, and when he re-entered, it was evident that something fatal had occasioned his delay; for the poor fellow looked like a man going to the gallows. "Where the d—l," again said the impatient soldier, "is the butter? have you eat it?" "Ah! no, Signior, no, I have

not eat it, but an infernal dog has stolen it!" with a sigh, or rather a groan, muttered poor Antonio. More he no doubt would have added, but the remainder of the loaf flew at his head and laid him prostrate!

We now turned our heads more westerly into the country, which became wild and savage, with nothing to interest the eye; it was all desolation without grandeur; hardly a trace of any thing human beyond a few goatherds. The ascent was gradual for two hours more, when we got a view of the beautiful temple:—not a tree, or shrub, or object to contrast with it, or withdraw the eye from this splendid monument of ancient times. Its solitude created a deeper interest. Two thousand years it had stood braving the elements, uninjured by Time—it had been respected by the barbarian in the dark ages, as well as by the modern plunderer. No Farnesian palace had been erected from its materials; it had not suffered the fate of the *Coliseum* of the Roman capital. The sirocco wind alone had been its enemy, and decomposed the simple ornaments of the Doric capitals, &c., which were exposed to the south-east. But I am not writing a description of Segesta: every tourist has described it: I have to do with men, not with stones. We reached it at noon, not a little jaded; for the wind had changed, and the sun was powerful

even-at this early season. After I had listened to a learned dissertation on the various styles of Grecian architecture, we viewed a ruin in its neighbourhood, supposed to have been a theatre, where we luckily fell in with a herd of goats, and refreshed ourselves with a delicious *ricotta*, (curds and cream,) and took a *siesta* in the shade of a ravine through which runs a once-famed stream; but it was now an insignificant dirty puddle, with scarcely water sufficient to turn a mill. We failed not to pay a visit to the sulphurous *hot springs*, which were fabled to have gushed from the earth for the refreshment of Hercules.

Rooke talked of "a nymph and a grey-hound;" and our smoked tongue, washed down with a horn of Cognac diluted from a cool and classical spring, (pointed out by our Arcadian goat-herd,) restored us, and we proceeded in the evening to seek quarters in the convent, distant, my cicerone said, three leagues; but we found it three hours brisk trotting. It was a monastery of monks of the order of St. Francis, situated in the lovely nook of a valley, through which ran the Segesta stream. A large pond gave indications that it contained fish, and that we might fare better than we expected. We were well received by the padre, a venerable person, who conducted us into his own apartment until one could be arranged for us. It was chilly, and we were

indulged with a blazing fire on the only hearth, we were told, in the convent, which we were happy to find was in the room allotted to us. Antonio, who was on the alert since his discomfiture of the morning, gave us a hint that a good supper was providing for us of fish, &c. In a couple of hours it was served, and though I have seen a better repast at the London Tavern and the *Rocher de Caneale*, yet this was not to be despised; for we had a dish of stewed eels, a fine mullet swimming in oil, a mess of haricot beans, and an omelette. A flask of wine, the produce of the convent, with a few dried fruits, eked out the feast. Our mattresses were a degree more elastic than those of the *paese*, but not sufficiently tempting to induce us to undress. Leaving a couple of dollars for the poor, and a similar donation to the servants, we took leave of our hospitable monks at an early hour, and proceeded by another and more agreeable route nearer the sea to a *paese*, only five leagues from Palermo. It was a hard day's work both for men and mules; but our *albergo* looked clean, and we were refreshed by the operation of the razor and a change of linen. We had brought with us an introduction to a barone from our consul Fagan; we sent Antonio with our credentials, and in half an hour received a visit from a smart little elderly man, with an air of the court about him, and who, after

a good many compliments to the *bravi Inglese*, "for whom," he said, "he had the highest respect, as well as for his friend the Signior Console," he gave us such a pressing invitation to pass the evening with him, that we could not resist accepting it, on condition that our travelling costume would be excused; but the truth was, we found the invitation extremely opportune, for on inspecting the larder at our inn we found nothing but empty hooks. All that the host could offer was an omelette and a couple of rabbits—sorry fare for hungry fellows who had travelled a dozen leagues. We accompanied the baronè to his chateau close to the paese, and were presented to his *sposa* and two daughters, spinsters of a certain age whose charms had not been able to procure them establishments. We found that a few friends had been invited to meet our *eccellenzas*, and by six o'clock there was an assembly of a dozen persons of both sexes in their holiday dresses. I could not help whispering to the colonel, that so large a meeting boded but a sorry entertainment, and if we were to be put off with ices and *eau sucré*, we should be in a scrape; for I began to feel the cravings of hunger. A party of cards was formed, which we declined assisting at, preferring a conversazione with the barone and an *avvocato*, whom we found intelligent and conversant with the statistics of his

neighbourhood, "which had formerly," he said, "been celebrated for the superior flavour of its wines, but the vintage had fallen into decay; though he had been lately making experiments to restore it, and had obtained the king's patronage;" but insinuated, "that instead of money he had only got promises."

Before nine o'clock the assembly dispersed, the advocate and a priest only remaining. This revived our hopes, and shortly after supper was announced. A more plentiful repast I had seldom seen under similar circumstances, and considering it was Lent. Besides several *plats* of fish admirably dressed, there was a capital *soup maigre*, and a variety of pastry, dried fruits, and tarts, and a large dish of quails for the Signori Inglese; but both the barone and the lawyer partook of the *grasso*, the latter having a dispensation on the score of indisposition (though he looked as stout as a ploughman); and the Signior barone's age would not permit him to fast for six weeks. We had good *vino forestiere* and a flask of the advocate's vintage, which was really excellent, but wanted age to mellow it. The flavour had some resemblance to the red wines of the Rhone, and was quite dry. The vines, he said, had been originally brought from France, but, from neglect in pruning and mismanagement, had degenerated.

We passed a most agreeable evening, and dipped

rather deep into the Sicilian grape, the fumes of which remained in our heads the next day. We did not part with our hospitable host until he had promised to pay us a visit the first time he came to Palermo. We discovered that he had formerly been one of the king's chamberlains, and a great favourite of Ferdinand; but his age had occasioned him to retire, though he was yet hale and active, and a *chasseur*, which had occasioned his intimacy with the king. The quails he had shot himself; and he pressed us to remain another day to enjoy this sport, which we were obliged to decline.

I have given this long detail as a specimen of Sicilian hospitality, a rare virtue in that country.

At Palermo there is a *conversazione nobile*, to which all respectable foreigners are admitted. I joined a party of whist with the colonel, in which was a Milanese count, a great adept at all games, and suspected to be a *chevalier d'industrie;* but having a handsome wife, he was admitted into the first circles. The count fell to my lot as a partner, and we won nine rubbers out of ten. I had never before held such cards, and especially when the count dealt them. I thought this remarkable; and was still more surprised that though we cut for partners every rubber, I always had him. The stakes were low; but Rooke had considerable bets with the Milanese,

who fleeced him out of thirty ounces (above 20*l.*); and when we broke up, I hinted to my friend my suspicions, adding "that the gentleman's reputation was more than doubtful, and that I strongly believed he understood shuffling the cards, or playing some tricks with them, recommending my friend not to play again in his party."—"I will ask him," replied the colonel. "That," said I, "will be a home question, and get you into a scrape with an adventurer."—"There is not much risk of incurring his displeasure," he answered; "*nous verrons;*" and advancing to the count, begged to say a word in his ear in the adjoining room. I observed him change countenance at the invitation, and I followed at a little distance in case of need, concealing myself behind a screen. "Pray, Monsieur," said my friend in French, "are you a count?"—"Certainly, Monsieur; why do you ask such a question?"—"Because, Monsieur le Comte, I suspect you are also an *escroc,* and that you know how to shuffle the cards."—"Comment, Monsieur! do you suspect me?"—"Oui, Monsieur, and so do many others."—"You shall give me satisfaction," said the other, "for this insult."—"Certainly," rejoined the colonel, "when you have returned me the ounces you have cheated me out of!" Here the dialogue ended, of which I overheard every word. The colonel was cool, while Monsieur le Comte, pretending to be in a furious rage, strutted about,

and finally disappeared at a side-door, muttering "revanche!"

I moved from my hiding-place, and going up to my friend said, "You have not been on much ceremony with the chevalier: do you not expect to have your throat cut or to be stilletoed?"—"I have not the smallest apprehension," he answered; "the fellow is a coward as well as a cheat, and he will appear no more in public, depend on't." "He quailed under your eye," I replied, "but such a rascal is capable of hiring bravos to murder you."—"Bah! He will be off in four and twenty hours: these fellows never remain where they are found out; like the fox, they shift their earths when detected;"—and so it proved. The comte and his pretty sposa (the admiration of every *cavaliere servente* in the metropolis) *bolted* the following morning, hiring a felucca to transport them to Messina, from whence they proceeded to Naples under a new name. It was afterwards found that the *soi-disant* Milanese was a Venetian of low birth, who had been a billiard marker; and *Madame la contesse* a *ci-devant femme de chambre!*

Rooke's* annual card allowance was nearly expended, and he would play whist no more. He had more noble pursuits in view—the counter-revolution of Naples, for which great preparations

* The colonel allowed himself 100*l.* a-year for play, and sometimes he lost the whole in three months, but never touched a card for the following *nine*.

were making. Meantime he accompanied Lord M. and myself to visit Malta, at this time blockaded by an English squadron. We embarked in the flag-ship of Lord Nelson with our friend Captain (now Sir Thomas) Hardy.

The old campaigner had seen Valetta before, and knew every nook of the island, so that he was a prime cicerone. We visited a battery on the hill, where there were a few English mortars. The artillery officer amused us by throwing a few shells into the town: the compliment was speedily returned, and one fell within a few yards of our party. I begged to be excused witnessing any further experiments, and my friend Lord M. being of the same mind, we retired; but the colonel was anxious to take a view of the *Guillaume Tell* which was lying in the harbour, and approached so near the sentinels to satisfy his curiosity, that they fired on him with rifles, which occasioned his making a precipitate retreat, and we were amused to see him running as if he had been chased by a mad dog; but the fact was, that he had advanced within 200 yards of the walls, and might have been hit by a good marksman.

He afterwards took a most active part at the siege of St. Elmo and Capua, where he was quite in his element. The following spring we met him at Rome, and in May 1800 took leave of him with deep regret. He had engaged to return home in the autumn, and to visit Lord M.

in Ayrshire; but this promise he did not fulfil, and I lost sight of my worthy friend for several years. At length, in 1809, I again heard of him. Captain Downie of the Navy had seen him the previous year, when first lieutenant of a frigate commanded by Captain Stewart, and cruizing in the Mediterranean off some of the Greek Islands. They were becalmed within a league of one, when the frigate was boarded by a pretty half-decked boat carrying an English jack. It was the property of my friend Rooke. He introduced himself to Captain S. entreating to have the honour of seeing him and his officers on the island, where he had built himself a habitation, and where he had resided for the last three years. He was in full dress, sword, and epaulettes, with the Russian order hanging at his button, but the left eye wanted its wonted chrystal ornament.

The captain agreed to visit him provided he would pass the day on board the frigate. Captain Downie told me that the colonel's residence was a perfect elysium, situated close to the sea, in a lovely valley well watered and planted, seemingly by the hand of nature, with a variety of trees and flowering shrubs. The house, of one story high, had a colonnade round three sides of it composed of columns (of the ancient Doric order) of marble, which he had removed from the ruins of a Greek temple in the neighbourhood; and the beautiful little building was entirely composed of these

materials, forming a delightful residence for a small establishment. The furniture, in the same taste, had been manufactured at Naples from his own designs. The salon, in which they dined, was lofty and of large dimensions; the walls painted *al fresco* from the arabesque ornaments of Herculaneum and Pompeii. An adjoining and smaller apartment contained a great number of vases, busts, and antiquities, which he had collected in the Greek islands, all of which he had frequently visited, speaking the modern Greek language with great fluency. He generally wore the dress of the inhabitants of his own little island, the name of which had slipped Captain Downie's memory, but it was near Tenedos.

He had a small but choice collection of books, which he augmented annually by modern publications; and though he lived like a hermit, he was not ignorant of what was going on in the world, as, having agents in London, at Naples, and Leghorn, he received supplies of French, Italian, and English newspapers as opportunities occurred. His only companion was a learned Neapolitan abbate, who, having been persecuted for his political opinions, was glad to take an asylum with a friend who treated him like a brother; and being an anatomist, he had a considerable knowledge of medicine, so that he acted as physician; though the colonel, with a vigorous

constitution, continued to enjoy perfect health in spite of his twelve *lustrums*.

The abbate, moreover, was a scholar, an antiquary, and botanist, which rendered his society more agreeable to his friend, who possessed all these tastes. They fished, and shot partridges and quails. They sailed among the neighbouring islands in their boat, and frequently returned with a friend, who diversified their monotonous life by his society. They had more than once visited Malta, Syracuse, and Catania, from whence they received various articles of luxury and use. They drank the wines of Sicily and Cyprus in common, but had a bottle of Bourdeaux and Madeira to treat a stranger. Gardening was their chief domestic pursuit. A Genoese, whom the colonel had hired at Naples, raised under his directions a great variety of vegetables and fruits, both foreign and indigenous. He had tried the pine-apple, but without success, which he attributed to the want of good plants and proper bark; he had succeeded, however, in the culture of asparagus, sea-kail, strawberries and currants; but the climate did not suit the gooseberry. He had grafted several kinds of apples, and found the American pippin to thrive admirably. The vines of Greece he had taken some pains to cultivate, and hoped shortly to be able to make some experiments in improving the wines of the country, which he

thought only required care and attention to equal those of France.

All these particulars were communicated by the colonel and his friend to his guests, (the captain, first lieutenant, and the doctor,) during their visit, and in a cruise which Rooke took in the frigate for a week.

The name of Lord Montgomery being accidentally mentioned, Downie discovered that I was the colonel's intimate acquaintance; and the frigate having returned to England the following year, I met Captain D. in London, when he gratified me by recounting this history, with many other particulars which I have forgotten; neither can I recollect from whom I received the intelligence of my worthy friend's death, which however was afterwards confirmed by Mr. De Yonghe, a Leghorn merchant, who had learned that shortly after the commencement of the Greek revolution, poor Rooke had been driven from his pretty island to the continent, and that he had died in a convent. I also understood that he was succeeded in his English property by a nephew.

I do not remember the name of his seat, but I have heard him say it is in the neighbourhood of Maidstone; and he mentioned a ludicrous circumstance which had occurred on his first visiting it after a long absence on the continent.

The term of years which he had let it for having expired, he wrote to his agent that it was

his intention to return and take possession of it himself. This notice, however, had not been received; for some months after he made his appearance at the gate of his domain, which was opened by an old livery servant whose face was a stranger to him. "Pray, friend," said the colonel, "whose house is this?"—"Mr. Jones's, Sir." "Why I thought it had belonged to a Mr. Rooke." "So it does, Sir, but the gentleman lives in foreign parts, and my master has just taken a lease of it from a lawyer oop in Lunnun for seven years; and we be only just come. Would you like to see my master—he's at home, Sir?" This intelligence greatly disconcerted my friend, for he had bought a leg of mutton and turnips at Maidstone, with an intention of dining under his own roof, having arrived the previous day at Portsmouth in a ship of war from the Mediterranean. He was at a loss what to do; but being on the spot, he thought he might as well take a look of the *dulce domum*, although it was not now at his command. Accordingly he sent in his name, and was graciously received by his tenant, who was however ignorant of the quality of his visitor; but this was soon explained, and the interview proved not a little comic. "Sir," said Rooke, "I wrote to my *homme d'affaires* to inform him I was coming home with an intention of living in my own house, but I must presume my letter has not been received;

Be this as it may, I understand from your porter that you have got a lease of the premises for seven years; in which case I must eat my leg of mutton and turnips elsewhere, and return to the continent when I can."

"I am sorry, Sir," replied the Welchman, "that you are disappointed, and I have reason to believe that this arises from your agent not having received your orders; for when I was treating with him for your house, he told me that he had not heard from you for many months. I like the place, and should be sorry to quit it, although you may think my not ceding it to you under the circumstances you mention, to be ungracious." "By no means, Sir," answered the colonel, "the house is as much your property for seven years as it will be mine afterwards, if I live as long. The world is made up of disappointments and vexations: what has happened on this occasion is not very grievous. England and the continent (France excepted) are open to me; and I may choose a residence where I like. I have been a wanderer for a dozen years, and I care very little where I live; for I am like the swallow, always shifting. I wish you, Sir, health and happiness in your new abode, which I trust you will continue to like. I shall proceed to London to see my agent, with whom I have a long account to settle." The colonel was about to make his

bow, when Mrs. Jones entered, to whom he was presented as the proprietor of the hall, and the circumstance of his visit detailed. The lady added her entreaties to those of her husband, in hoping their landlord would spend at least one day with them. "I would willingly," said he, "accept your polite invitation, but having left my baggage at Maidstone, I could not presume to appear in my present costume in a lady's presence: besides, Madam," added he smiling, "what am I to do with my leg of mutton and turnips, which I have told Mr. Jones I brought with me to have a feast? If you will permit them to be put on your table and take me in my travelling dress, I will have the honour of dining with you; for though you will think this a whim, I had set my mind on eating mutton and turnips in my own house on this day, which happens to be the anniversary of my fortieth year." The colonel's good-humoured pleasantry was well received, and his proposals acceded to. After visiting his garden and grounds, and a small farm which was let to the tenant along with the house, every thing was found in the highest order. In addition to the Maidstone mutton and turnips, an excellent dinner was served at five o'clock; the vicar of the parish with his spouse, agreeable persons, being of the party; and the day passed off most pleasantly.

He had ordered his post-horses at an early hour the following morning, took a French leave of his agreeable tenants, and bade an eternal adieu to his *natale solum*, to which he never returned.

Colonel Rooke was well known on the continent, and especially south of the Alps, for a period of twenty-five years. He had visited all the islands in the Archipelago and the coast of Albania; had travelled through Upper Egypt, and penetrated to the Red Sea; journeying as a Turk when the occasion required, having made himself acquainted with the language of almost every country he visited. He sketched from nature cleverly, especially costumes, of which I have seen many specimens. He kept notes of his travels, which, if they have been preserved, would, I am confident, prove highly acceptable to the public.

These sketches of an amiable and talented, though very eccentric man, have been written from the recollections of nearly thirty years. Lord Byron told me in 1816 that he had met him in Albania, and considered him a highly accomplished and agreeable man. The latter years of his life have a great air of romance. It would be highly interesting to know whether his classical Greek villa had escaped the ravages of the revolution. I have no means of ascertaining the name of the island, my gallant and worthy friend Captain Downie having been killed on Lake

Champlain during the late contest with America. This brave officer fell a victim to the misconduct of Sir George Prevost, who failed in his promise of co-operation on shore by a simultaneous attack of Fort Plattsburg.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Sketch of a roué—Extravagance—Reform—An old friend with a new face—Adventures of a prisoner of war—Sir J. J——The King's Bench Prison scenes—The dinner—Repentance of a roué—Confessions—A faithful servant—Death of a sinner—The legacy.

* * * * * *

I CANNOT omit mentioning among the number of my acquaintances the celebrated R——t F——r, Esq., a gentleman who made a prominent figure in the sporting world about the commencement of the present century, and who had the merit of expending two fine estates with as great comparative rapidity as the old Marquis of Abercorn made the tour of Europe (meritorious feats of which they both boasted); one having spent his fortune in seven years, and the other visited every part of the continent in as many months.

Mr. F——r, the only son of the unfortunate colonel, who was cut off in India by *Hyder Ali Khan*, and whose melancholy fate was greatly lamented, was, at his father's death, a child, and heir to two fine estates, B—— and L——, in the rich plain of Strathmore, near Glamis. A long minority increased his fortune. The young laird was sent by his guardians to England for his education; and as he grew up, with a handsome person and fine talents, showed great promise of being an ornament to his country; but unhappily, along with this pleasing exterior he discovered a turn for dissipation and extravagance, at a very early period, which increased with his years; and before he became of age he had anticipated the third part of his fortune by raising money among the tribe of Duke Street.

It was about this period that I made his acquaintance at the hospitable board of Mr. M——e of P——, with whom the captain (for he had already arrived at that rank in the army) was intimate. I had heard of his freaks and extravagance, and was prepared to see a dashing youth running a race with his fortune, of which he very soon gave me a specimen in a small way. I had purchased a few days previously, at the fair of Tarnty Muir, a pony to carry me in the moors, for which I paid the sum of eight guineas. It was very handsome, and a fast trotter. F——r admired it; and though he had no use for such an animal, he was desirous

to possess it, *coûte qu'il coûte;* and the more I resisted his high offers the more anxious he became to buy. At length our host proposed to the amateur to give me a check on his banker for 50*l.*, advising me at the same time to accept. In order to put an end to the discourse, but without conceiving it possible that the youth was serious in offering such a sum for such an animal, I agreed, and there was no more said.

The following morning my groom asked me "if I had sold the pony, as a gentleman had rode off with him at an early hour, and before he went to the stable." On mentioning this to my friend Mr. M——e, he observed, "that F——r, when he fancied any thing, never regarded the price; and that I should see no more of my nag:"—recommending me, however, "to write to his agent to remit the amount to the Brechin bank on my account." I did so, and in a few days the squire's servant arrived at the castle with the remittance; and a note of excuse for the delay, begging me at the same time to accept of an old hunter to carry my servant.

It is painful to record the melancholy career of a young man of talent, good family, and prospects, ruining his health, and impoverishing himself by the most heedless extravagance. Gaming and the turf in a few years compelled him to sell every acre of his paternal estates; but a lucky run at Newmarket, and a few good horses, afterwards made him winner (it was given out) of 40,000*l.*

With this independence, the wreck of his wealth, so fortunately restored, he retired from the vortex of dissipation in which he had been engaged since he became an adult; and having married Miss G—— of G——, he hired a house in Ayrshire, and turned his thoughts to farming, abjuring his former habits, and retiring from the profession of arms, of which he had seen little or nothing.

He pursued agriculture with energy, and lived quietly for two or three years, so that his friends began to think "he had seen the folly of his ways, and turned from them;" but this prudence was of short standing. He went to an Edinburgh races, where he met many of his former confederates, and before the week had expired he had bought several horses and made several matches. The plough-share was speedily abandoned for the turf. I forget how long this career lasted; but it was short, and he had staked his last guinea on a race at Newmarket, when he saw his favourite horse (Highland Fling, I think,) beat. He rode from the field a considerable defaulter, and set out for Portsmouth with an intention of quitting England. There he fortunately met a friend, General A. Mackenzie, who supplied him with the means of transporting himself to the Continent, but without a passport. He was made a prisoner, as might be expected, and sent to *Verdun*, where he remained a year or two; but being a capital linguist, he

contrived to make his escape disguised as a sailor, and got into Holland, from whence he proceeded to the Isle of Man. There he was joined by Mrs. F——r, whose fortune (5,000*l.* I have heard) being secured to her by the marriage-contract, enabled them to exist. In this asylum of *roués* our hero resided several years; and according to his own account, lived on sixpence per diem, catching fish for his dinner, and cooking them himself.

About the year 1809 I happened to be on a visit to my friend Lord Montgomery at Coilsfield, when one morning a stranger walked into the breakfast-room, in a sailor's jacket and trowsers, without being announced. This guest, in spite of his disguise, and a beard of a week's growth, with an enormous pair of red whiskers, we speedily recognised to be Mr. R——t F——r. He had been formerly a great favorite of Lord M.'s, and he was now amicably received; and as he had no other apparel except what he carried on his back, the valet got orders to deck him out from his lordship's wardrobe. They were exactly of the same standard in all respects, so that Bob appeared in the drawing-room with a smart blue coat, white vest, and kerseymeres; and, by the aid of the razor, was so metamorphosed, that we could observe little change in the former gay Lothario, after an absence of seven years. He was less cognisable to himself, on looking at his new cos-

tume in a large mirror; not having had a coat in his possession, he said, since his flight into France.

We observed, however, at dinner, that his hand shook in lifting his glass to his mouth, that half a bottle of champaign had mounted to his head, and it was evident that he had taken a morning draught. He recounted the details of his exploits in France, and of his hazards and "hair-breadth 'scapes," during his journey to Holland; in which he boasted of "having smote a *maréchaussée** who was sent to apprehend him, and changing clothes with him, mounted his horse and rode off towards the frontiers, which he reached without interruption. "Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!" The captain was sent to bed dead drunk with one bottle of wine, which he found too cold for his stomach. The next morning the butler was

* On his arrival at Ypres, he went to a cabaret to smoke a pipe, and there he unfortunately got into company with the mayor, a portly Belgian, who on cross-examining him, and inquiring into his business, threw the *soi-disant maréchaussée* off his guard, when this jack-in-office had the impudence to insinuate that he was an English spy. The captain, full of wrath, beer, and tobacco, laid hold of a joint-stool on which his worship was sitting, and upsetting the ponderous citizen, with one blow split his scull in twain. How he accomplished his final escape from the Continent I have forgotten; but it was equally marvellous; and I need hardly add, that we did not believe a word of it.

knocked out of his bed at break of day, by a spectre in his shirt, calling for "brandy to save his life from an attack of the colic!" The wretched man was become a dram-drinker, and could not rest without his usual dose, which being administered pretty copiously, settled his nerves, and enabled him to finish the repose which had been disturbed for want of it. "His visit to the English continent had been occasioned," he said, "to procure the payment of a gaming debt due to him by Sir J—n J———e, amounting to 1500*l.*, which the baronet had refused to acknowledge, under pretence that it had not been fairly won. This had roused the gallant captain's indignation, and he was thus far on his way to summon the defaulter to single combat; but he did not possess the sinews of war, 'arms and money,' and moreover, he was without a friend."

In this dilemma he had come to his old friend Lord M., and modestly requested, "that his lordship would attend him into Yorkshire, where the enemy dwelt, and supply him with the needful." My lord was obliged to decline this invitation, on the score of health, but readily put a purse into his hands; and after a sojourn at Coilsfield of a few days, he presented him with a cob horse, and replenished his wardrobe. I had some difficulty to escape from seeing fair play between my friend and the baronet, and only got off on the plea of military duty.

There was however no battle fought, Sir John having come down with a part of the cash. This supply enabled the Manxman to face his petty creditors in the great Babylon; though, like Bobadil, "he was not very popular, not that he was ashamed of his lodgings." Unhappily, however, he ventured into St. James' street, where he was recognised by C——m, the well-known vender of gloves and silk stockings, in whose books the captain's name appeared to a long bill of old standing. The remorseless creditor summoned our hero in the name of his majesty to appear in the courts of Westminster, at the instance of Messrs. Doe and Roe. This was the more unfortunate, as he had obtained an ensigncy in a regiment bound for India, and was ready to embark with it; but another species of Fleet received him within its iron-bound walls, where various detainers were put on the unfortunate wight. In this castle he remained two years, when he took up country quarters in St. George's Fields.

I had heard of poor F——r's fate, and took the earliest opportunity in my power of calling on him, and of offering any services within my means. I found him playing at a game which I had never before seen or heard of; but it was the chief pastime in the Bench. On inquiry I found that it's cant name was "bumble or mumble-puppy," and that it was of Dutch invention. I shall not attempt any de-

scription of this elegant amusement, which, without a drawing, would be impossible; and indeed at this time I have but little recollection of the machine. I was however informed that it was a game of some skill, and that large sums were often staked at it, and the Johnny Newcomes always fleeced.

My friend received me with open arms, and introduced me to some of his associates; one of whom, a brother captain, I had formerly known in affluence. After looking on at a party of bumble-puppy, in which F——r proved the conqueror, I retired with him to his apartment, and was presented to his chum, a *ci-devant* man of fashion, whom I recollected walking St. James' street in white gaiters, on the king's guard. I was horrified to see poor Bob in such a state of abject distress, and so brutalised, for he was more than half-seas-over by two o'clock; and his apparel, an old tattered coat shortened of its skirts, ragged trowsers, and a check-shirt, that did not appear to have lately seen the wash-tub. His fine features were hardly visible from a superabundance of beard, whisker, and mustachio; his eye had lost its expression, and his countenance had all the marks of a confirmed sot: in short, he was hardly to be recognised. After an inquiry about some old friends, he proceeded to relate his miseries, of which I have given a sketch; adding, "that he had become perfectly callous to every thing that was past,

present, or to come; that his only consolation had been opium, which he had no longer the means of purchasing, and had therefore taken to *blue ruin*, the cheapest luxury in the Bench."

I found it was in vain to reason with a man so abandoned to his own ruin; and we talked of happier days, which produced a groan and an execration at his folly, and the ingratitude of the world, by whom he said "he had been fleeced, and was now neglected and despised.—Lord M., Mr. M——, and yourself," said he, "are the only individuals among my host of pretended friends who have shown any recollection of me since my misfortunes. The 500*l.* which I squeezed out of J——e, by bullying him, has proved my ruin; for I was thereby tempted to come to town, instead of returning to the island as I ought to have done; but my motive was to equip myself for India, to try my fortune there, having obtained a commission in the 33rd regiment; but that prince of scoundrels, C——m, clapped me into the Fleet, and I am likely to finish my days in this sink of abomination!" This speech was delivered with a sort of feeling which I did not think F——r capable of showing; but he had no sooner finished it than he called to a dirty boy, who entered at the moment, "to bring him a gum tickler;" chucking him at the same time sixpence, which he had gained at bumble-puppy! The apartment occupied by the captain and his

friend contained two beds with ragged curtains, an oak table well indented with the dice-box, an old couch with three legs, and a few chairs, which, with some broken tea-cups, dirty wine-glasses, and empty bottles ranged in a cupboard, composed the furniture of this elegant *salle* on the ground-floor. It stunk of gin and tobacco to such a degree as to be quite insupportable to my olfactory nerves in a hot day in the middle of July; I was therefore desirous of shortening my visit, and taking the captain aside, asked him how I could serve him? "Get me," said he, "a few pieces from our friend M——e to keep body and soul together, and come and see me again."

I was at this time (1810) aide-de-camp to General Montgomery, who commanded the garrison at Colchester, and had slipped up to town on some business, so that I had but little hope of being able again to see the poor prisoner; but before the week passed I received a note from him, begging me "to come to him at three o'clock on an affair of consequence." I attended the summons, hoping he had some good news to communicate of his affairs, when, to my surprise, he said, "I have sent for you, my friend, to meet a few jolly fellows at a *grub;* we have a turbot and a haunch of venison, and some good *bub:* besides, I wanted to speak to you about raising the supplies, for I hear old Q—* is going to slip his cable, in which case I shall again be on my legs. Martin Van Buchell,

* The late D— of Q———.

who is my *homme d'affaires*, and whom I saw yesterday, tells me that the old sinner is not expected to live a week. You know," he added, "that D—— is my debtor for 22,000*l.*; for which I hold a post-obit bond."—"Though I have an engagement to-day," I replied, "I will break it to assist at your feast. I have brought you, in my coach, a few bottles of champaign, and a gallon of veritable cogniac, the latter for your own private use; and if you are moderate in the expenditure of it, it will not kill you so soon as your blue ruin."—"You are a prince of fellows," rejoined the captain:—"holla, Tom!" calling to his attendant, who was arranging the dinner-table, "get a shilling's-worth of ice, and take care of the brandy as you would the apple of your eye." This lad, who had lived with F——r during his prosperity, never forsook him in adversity: a rare instance of attachment in so young a person. I asked Tom one day where he was born, and how old he was? "Can't tell, Sir."—"What's your name besides Tom?" I added,—"Can't say Sir; master bought me with *Rattler*."*

This was the fact, and all the boy knew of his dynasty!

I had seen a good deal of the world and various scenes in life, but I never witnessed so extraordinary a sight as this dinner. The party consisted of ten persons, many of whom I had

* A favourite horse of Mr. F——.

seen dashing men about town; besides the turbot and haunch there were two regular courses and a dessert; it only wanted better *accessoires* to have made the entertainment complete; but there was a sad deficiency of plate and china, and the dishes were ill served, though well cooked. My champagne soon disappeared, and was succeeded by execrable port, of which I fought shy under pretence of indisposition. F——r whispered Tom to bring him a bottle of brandy, which he thought to smuggle for his own use; but he was detected, and it made the circle of the table and was emptied in a trice.

After a round of extraordinary toasts alluding to the cause of liberty, we had various flash songs intermixed with the most *classical* conversation, bumpers, and perpetual calls for more wine. I made my escape amidst the tremendous din.

In the course of the summer the Duke of Q——y died, by which the captain was enabled to get into the Rules. The marquess advanced him a couple of thousand pounds, which he contrived to get rid of in as many months, in entertaining his amiable associates. He had given me a power of attorney to arrange his affairs, but after I collected his debts, amounting to 8000*l.*, he changed his mind and threw the papers into the fire. This quite sickened me of taking any further concern in a man so totally lost; besides, he

was become so complete a sot that his manners were quite disgusting; yet I could not help feeling compassion and taking some interest in him, in spite of his infirmities.

Previous to my embarking with Lord Montgomery for Sicily in October, 1811, I found several notes at the British Hotel from F——r, and one dated only a few days back, to the following effect: "Dear G., if you wish to be in at the death, you have no time to lose." This was written in a female scrawl, with his own initials hardly legible; and I set out without a moment's delay to St. George's fields. Tom was absent, and I found some difficulty of admission to the invalid's presence, from a damsel who came into the passage; and though I said "that Mr. F——r had summoned me, and that I had no doubt she had written the note," she replied, "that the doctor had forbidden all access to his patient."—"Madam," I replied, "I am determined to see my friend in defiance of all the doctors within the bills of mortality," and pushing past the fair lady *sans façon*, I mounted the stair, and entered a chamber, the door of which was half open.

I was horror-struck on beholding, propped up with pillows, and gasping for breath, the remains of the once handsome and elegant R—t F——r, whose features and countenance were hardly to be recognised. In vain did he attempt to raise his

head when he saw me enter, and with difficulty stretched out his emaciated hand to welcome me. In a hollow and sepulchral voice he said, "You are just in time, my friend, to see me alive: look to what a state I am reduced!"—and so saying, he removed his only covering, a sheet, exhibiting a perfect human skeleton. The effort produced a paroxysm of coughing, which I thought would have suffocated him; but a copious expectoration of *pus* relieved him, and he continued his discourse. "Had I taken your advice," said he, "four months ago, I might have rallied and lived a few years longer; but the resolution of the morning gave way to the temptation of the evening, and my evil habits were of too long standing to be abandoned: —the dram-drinker never reforms. My own follies have brought me to this: for the last seven years I have associated with rogues and black-legs, who rooted out any little good quality I might have once possessed, and made me on a level with themselves. I entered the Fleet a debauchee and a complete *roué*; but I had then some feelings of a gentleman and some sense of honour, though my companions had not much difficulty in debasing me; and you, as a man of the world, must have long seen that I was unworthy of the society in which I had formerly lived. You threw away your time, my worthy friend, in trying to bring me back to what I had once been. It was too late; and all rational and moral principles have been long extinct

in me; yet I think I might have reformed had I not been addicted to drinking spirits; for my nerves were brought to such a state that alcohol was as necessary to my existence as the air I breathed. The poison was sure though slow, and if I had not possessed a strong constitution, I must have gone to ground long ere now. Had you come to me a fortnight ago, I think I would have made some disposition of the wreck of my fortune; but it is now too late: my creditors will get their claims settled the best way they can, and the balance will go to my son, though I know not if there will be any left." Here another fit of coughing interrupted the wretched sufferer, and I begged him to be quiet; but this advice was unnecessary, for he was completely exhausted. "Permit me," said I, "to write to Mrs. F. or to any friend you wish: or say if I can convey your wishes in any way, on paper, or by word of mouth; but if you have any thing to express in the shape of a will, we can summon a man of law."—"No," replied he, "I have nothing to bequeath. Let them scramble among themselves for the pittance I have left. All I now require is a melon or a few grapes, and a French romance. Ask Lord M. to send me this, my last request. I should like to have seen him and the worthy M——, but it is better not; they would have been chagrined and sorry to have beheld such a spectacle. The old earl* has been kind to me also; these are the only

* The late Lord Eglinton.

friends, except yourself, whom I remember with any pleasure. Tom, poor boy, has stuck to me through thick and thin: I have given him all my personal property, but I think I could yet do something more for him; and if you will come to see me once more, we will see what is to be done—at present I am quite exhausted."

I promised I would return the following day, and took my leave. The fruit and the romance were despatched by a servant of Lord M.'s, who brought back a message from Tom, saying, "that his master had tasted the grapes, and seemed refreshed by them;" but about noon the following day, when I was about to send for a coach that I might fulfil my promise, the lad entered my room with a melancholy countenance and a tear in his eye, saying, "Poor master is gone, Sir; he died at four o'clock!"

On inquiring of the faithful creature, he told me "that since the captain got the marquess's money, he had been surrounded by a set of sharks who had plundered him thick and thin. Will you believe it, Sir, that poor master has spent more than 5000*l.* within the last four months; and that there madam you saw, Sir, has had more than her share. Do you know, Sir, that master took her out of the Bench, and paid some hundred pounds for her; but that did not content she. Mony's the hundred, Sir, she's got from master; and yet 'cause he has bestowed his claise (clothes) on me, and

ge'en me about forty pound in money, she thinks I have too much; though, Sir, my master would hae ge'en me mair had he lived a little langer. I wish, Sir, you had been by him; you would not have seen him so cheated. It was a pity, Sir, you couldna hae ta'en him away from thae thieves, 'special that there rascal the Jew with the beard. He robbed poor master properly, I know!"

Tom was quite eloquent in his broad accent, of which I have given an imperfect sketch. He concluded by telling me, "that his master had ordered him, when the breath was out of his body, to bring me a leetle picture he thought muckle o'. I took it away," said Tom, "yesterday, for the Jew pretands to know the value of thae things; and if he coo'd hae laid his clutches on't, you would never ha'e seen it, Sir. He has the ordering o' the berying poor master, and a bonny job he'll mak' on't; and I expect a fine row wi' him and the lady; they ha' been ay jaloosing."

I put a guinea into honest Tom's hand, saying, "he should have another when he brought me the picture." He made his appearance with it after the funeral, and had put himself, at his own expense, into a decent suit of mourning. He said, "that the Jew had turned madam out of doors the day after his master's death, and that there was likely to be work for the lawyers.—She's a rum one!"

My legacy was a clever cabinet picture by Brauwer, for which F——r had given 50*l*. I never learned how the creditors arranged with F——r's heir, (his son,) or if the boy had any reversion after the debts were paid. This history is a remarkable instance of folly and heedless extravagance seldom to be paralleled. If F——r had possessed a shadow of common prudence, he had talents to have made a figure in the world; but early initiated in vice and dissipation, he was led on, like many other young men, step by step, to ruin and the loss of fortune and character. His manners as well as his person were extremely engaging, although it was said he was quarrelsome over his cups.

Perhaps no man of modern times committed more acts of insanity, so far as regarded money, in so short a time; for at seven-and-twenty I have heard him say he was not worth a shilling, though he afterwards regained the sum I have mentioned, which he had not the discretion to keep. A more striking example of an ill-spent life never came within the sphere of my observation. He was fully sensible of his failings, and did not even scruple to acknowledge his total want of principle, and that he preferred the society of low ruffians to that to which he had been accustomed. These, however, I thought were the ravings of a disordered mind, brought on by his habits and the immoderate use of

ardent spirits, which cut him off in the prime of life. Tom told me that he was often in such a state that it was dangerous to go near him; and that the Jew was the only person on these occasions who durst approach him.

* * * * * *

## CHAPTER IX.

The Hundred Days and Waterloo—Flight of the English residents—The Duke of Richmond—News of Napoleon—March of the troops—The French prisoners—Lieut.-Colonel Rooke—First news of victory—The rout—The wounded—Benevolence of the Bruxellois—Melancholy spectacles—Mutilated officers—A bullet extracted—Colonel Elley—An old friend A brave soldier——Visit to the field of battle—Napoleon's promises.

1814.

THE death of my friend Lord Montgomery, and the precarious state of my health, were inducements to my again quitting the metropolis, where I could no longer enter into society; and in the summer of 1813 I set out with my family with an intention of passing a few months at Scarborough, and in the hope that the bracing air of the sea would help to restore my shattered nerves; but at Beverley I found a military friend residing, who spoke so favourably of the good society and *agrémens* of this royal borough, that I took up my

abode in it until the following autumn, when the Continent opened, and I embarked bag and baggage from Hull to Rotterdam, and proceeded to Brussels.

Here I found a brigade of English foot-guards, which had been sent into Holland to assist the stadtholder; and learning that provisions were cheap, I determined to pitch my tent in this capital instead of crossing the Alps, which had been our original intention.

I was fortunate in procuring a pretty house in the beautiful garden called the *Parc*, at a very moderate rent, and in this abode I have continued, occasionally visiting England.

The news of Buonaparte's flight from Elba caused a sensation in Brussels not easy to describe; for the Belgians thought it certain that he would make a triumphal entry into Paris. The English residents took the alarm, and began to pack up their effects on the first intelligence; and when it was known that his march to the capital was not interrupted, their flight commenced: some returned to England, others retired to Prussia, and many who had families took shelter in the stronghold of Antwerp.

In the mean time troops were daily arriving from England, and the Duke of Wellington shortly made his appearance, to the great satisfaction of the army. My health was so precarious, that I had for the last two years been laid up on a sofa

for many weeks at a time, and was totally unable to take any active service in the field; but I had no taste for emigration, and the more especially as I was encumbered with a family of five females. Fortunately my wife had good nerves, and we determined to remain and abide the result of the expected commotions, though we might suppose that Belgium would be the first seat of war.

As soon as Napoleon had again placed the imperial crown on his head, every preparation was made for defence or attack, and the long line of frontier from Ostend to the Sambre was occupied by the Anglo-Russian troops, amounting, it was said, to fourscore thousand.

Early in June I paid a visit to my friend General Cooke, who commanded the brigade of Guards stationed at Enghien, six leagues from Brussels. It was on the 12th that the news of Napoleon having set out from Paris to join the army was known.

The following morning, when the Duke of Richmond and some officers were at a cricket match, the Duke of Wellington arrived, and shortly after the Prince of Orange, which put a stop to our game. Though the hero of the Peninsula was not apt to let his movements be known, on this occasion he made no secret, "that if he was attacked from the south, Halle would be his position; and if on the Namur side, Waterloo."

The army being ordered to be ready to march

on the shortest notice, his Grace returned to Brussels. I cannot omit to mention that on this day I dined with a company of ten persons, seven of whom were *hors de combat* within a week! viz. Lieut. General (now Sir George) Cooke, lost an arm; Captain Cuyler, his aide-de-camp, wounded; Lieut.-Colonels Miller and D'Oyley of the Guards, killed; Brigade Major Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. William Stewart, Guards, wounded; Lieut.-Colonel Bradford wounded, and afterwards died.

A few days after my return it was publicly known that a movement would soon take place on the frontier; but as it extended from Ostend to Charleroi, no conjecture could be made on what point the enemy would make their attack; yet the Duke of Wellington has been abused by the coffee-house politicians for not having had the second sight of a Scotch Highlander to know this; and these sapient men insisted that he was taken by surprise! There certainly appeared a sort of mystery, that the intelligence of the defeat of the Prussians was not known at Brussels till eight o'clock at night—ten or twelve hours after their retreat, though the distance did not exceed twenty miles. It is a proof that our spies were either inactive or treacherous; but it was said that a Prussian officer, charged with the despatch, proved a traitor, which I do not believe; and that the horse of another had dropped from fatigue; be this as it may, the news certainly was tardy. It

is, however, still more remarkable that Grouchy, with all his *espionage*, was not able to trace the route by which Bulow had retired after his defeat. There was also a great clamor among the *quidnuncs*, that the duke with his staff, and a great many officers, were dancing at a ball instead of being at their posts; but the fact is, that he had previously issued the necessary orders for the march of the troops quartered in the city as well as in the cantonments, which was very properly kept a profound secret. The officers could not be better employed than in amusing themselves for a few hours, until the drums, and bugles, and bagpipes sounded the signal of march about midnight. I was stepping into bed when the well-known *pibroch* so familiar to my ear (the Camerons' Gathering) blew under my windows. On opening a casement I beheld my countrymen assembling like bees from all quarters: and never was there a more prompt turn-out; within half an hour every officer and soldier was at his post. The 42nd, 92nd, and 79th paraded in our street. I had many acquaintances in these regiments, and I sallied out to bid them adieu, and many for the last time. I have been often asked by the wiseacres why such a delay had taken place? The reason was obvious. Had all the troops in their wide extended cantonments been marched off at the same moment, (if such an order could have

been executed,) they would have reached the field by detachments, so as to be cut up in detail instead of arriving from the different points *en masse*.

The division of Brussels and its neighbourhood amounted to 9000; about noon it reached *Quatre Bras*, a march of eighteen miles, in a very hot day, and through a country that afforded but little water; so that between fatigue and thirst they were much exhausted before they were attacked, and they hardly had time to settle their knapsacks when the enemy, concealed in the fields of long rye, and debouching from a neighbouring wood, commenced a vigorous fire, which was repelled with the utmost bravery; and though we were but ill supported with artillery or cavalry, we succeeded in driving the enemy from their positions and became masters of the field; but with immense loss, particularly among the ranks of the Highlanders. So much, however, has been written on this glorious victory, that little remains for me to say on this hackneyed subject. I had collected many curious and interesting anecdotes which might have been worthy of detailing at the time, but which would now be "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" I shall therefore only mention the incidents that affected myself and family.

Our determination in not emigrating turned out most fortunate. Excepting the Duke of Rich-

mond and his household, we were the only English who did not become fugitives. I must confess, however, that during the conflicts at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, the echoes of cannon and musketry, which we distinctly heard, bringing death to our gallant countrymen, were so distressing, that I lamented I had not also emigrated.

I can give no idea of our feelings, for nothing is more irksome than suspense. Our situation was extremely critical; and though I looked forward with every hope of victory to our brave friends, yet the uncertainty of such events filled our minds with horrors that are not to be described; and I certainly never suffered so much anxiety as during these few days. My wife behaved remarkably well, as far as her own personal safety was concerned; but the sympathy of females is more acute than that of men; and when our house was filled with wounded soldiers, and a friend who took shelter with us, severely injured by a grapeshot, she lost her courage on Sunday evening, and I made preparations for our flight. I had luckily purchased the preceding day a couple of horses from a captain of the Guards who had been wounded, that in case of extremity I might proceed to Ostend. Various and contradictory were the reports which every half-hour were circulating. "The French are at the *Porte de Namur*"—"The English are beaten!" were the exclamations of the Bonapartists, hurrying along the streets in crowds, as if

they were flying from their foes. It was well known that the French had a strong party in the town, yet I paid no attention to this "hue and cry;" but about six o'clock my servant, a German, bolted into the parlour, and with consternation exclaimed in broken English, "that the French were now certainly at the gate, for he had seen them with his own eyes!"

This was certainly alarming. I had two friends with me (one of whom was Sir James Gambier, consul-general,) drinking success to our friends with the last bottle of champagne in my cellar. We hurried off at full speed to take a look of the enemy, promising to return forthwith.

Our house being only a quarter of a mile from the fatal gate, we soon reached it, following multitudes on the same errand. The line of march had not yet entered, but we found that John's report had been perfectly correct; there were fifteen hundred Frenchmen at the gate—but he had omitted to add that they were prisoners!

These ragged, wretched, and crest-fallen heroes of the *grande nation* had been taken by a few squadrons of the Scots Greys, a party of whom were their escorts. It was a truly pitiable sight to behold so many brave men, who had fought so gallantly, now with their garments in tatters, many without shoes or hats, bleeding at every pore from sabre cuts and other wounds; some shorn of noses, and others of ears, as if they

had been in the hands of the Turks. Though the triumph was ours, the spectacle to my feeling was appalling; yet the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" were to be heard from front to rear, intermixed with patriotic songs. I lost not a moment in communicating the cheering news to my family, whose spirits were beginning to flag. Within half-an-hour we were again gratified with another consoling exhibition—three French eagles passing our door. They had been taken about the same time, and their bearers (officers) with them, who formed a part of the procession: they were *cuirassiers*—gallant-looking fellows, bearing in their countenances an air of stern defiance, as if to say, "all is not over—the day may still be ours!" A few cries of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive les Anglais!" might be heard on this occasion; but the Belgians were yet afraid to speak out. The event of the battle was still undecided, and the wary multitude had not determined which side they would take. This was about six o'clock.

Before the evening had closed, great numbers of wounded soldiers and officers of the British army had arrived; and many of the former dropped down in the streets from loss of blood and exhaustion. I had picked up, close to my door, a serjeant of the Inniskillings and four privates of infantry in this situation, whom we bivouacked in my garden-house. An aide-de-camp of a general officer, completely worn out with fatigue, and

a captain of the 33rd, with two officers of the 30th wounded, occupied all the spare apartments in my house. None of their wounds were serious, and I was fortunate enough to procure the aid of my friend Dr. Perkins to dress them, and my family became nurses. Various were the accounts and opinions of our guests respecting the issue of the conflict, and some of them of a desponding nature; so that my wife's nerves began to give way, and we made preparations to emigrate should the event of the battle be unfavourable, which, however, I could not allow myself to think was possible.

As we had but little sleep the previous night, we were stepping into bed at rather an earlier hour than usual, when a thundering rap at my door announced a stranger. I looked from the window, and found the visiter to be my friend Colonel Rooke of the Guards in search of his family, whom he had a few days before left under my protection. "Open your doors and your cellar, my friend," said the gallant soldier, "I have glorious news for you!" I flew to the door in my shirt, and had the pleasure of finding him "hale of limb and lith," but famishing of hunger, and faint with fatigue; for he had been eighteen hours on horseback, during which he had but little refreshment. As soon as he had satisfied the cravings of nature by frequent attacks on a buttock of beef and a flask of my best Bourdeaux, he

dropped his head on a sofa, and I allowed him to sleep three hours. The colonel was on the staff, in the quarter-master-general's department, and had got a *congé* of a few hours to see his family; but I had sent them off the preceding day to Antwerp. During the intervals of his hasty meal, I collected from him many interesting details of the bloody conflict, and he gave me a list of the brave heroes who had fallen, in which I had to lament many of my friends. The enemy had left the whole of their artillery on the field, and when the colonel quitted it at nine o'clock, our troops had given up the pursuit, leaving the savage Prussians to complete the work, and to take vengeance on their hated foes; and never had such an opportunity occurred. No quarter I believe was given to them; and the pursuit being hot, with fresh troops, the massacre must have been immense, though the numbers have never been accurately ascertained. If any excuse can be made for such a sanguinary and unmerciful proceeding among Christian nations in the nineteenth century, it must be admitted that the Prussians were justified in some measure in punishing a vindictive and lawless enemy, who had so often ravaged and plundered their country—oppressed, insulted, and humiliated them to such a pitch of degradation, sparing neither age nor sex when in their power; but now the fate of war had turned the tables,

and vengeance became the general cry. A party of the fugitives had taken possession of an old chateau a few miles beyond the field, near the *Chaussée,* from which they could not be dislodged without loss of time. The Prussians set fire to it, and it was said that three hundred were burnt or buried in its ruins.

I had promised the Marquis of Huntly, who had set out for Ghent the preceding day, to furnish him with the news of the battle which was about to take place; his lordship having determined to wait a day at that place for the result. His lordship had arrived at Brussels, *en passant,* from Switzerland, accompanied by the marchioness, whose nerves, it may be supposed, were not equal to remain so near the scene of war. I despatched a bulletin by a police office *estaffette,* at an early hour on Monday to Ghent, which was received before noon. Lord H. lost not a moment to wait on *Louis Dix-huit,* to congratulate his majesty on the glorious victory, at the same time relating the intelligence I had sent him, which proved highly gratifying to the king; for though his majesty had known the result in the course of the night, many of the details in my hasty letter were news to him.

It was a most fortunate chance that the sanguinary battle took place so near to the capital, by which speedy relief was procured to the wounded.

There was, however, a great deficiency of surgeons and of hospitals; but the humane Bruxellois did all in their power to alleviate the sufferers, by converting their houses into receptacles for them, and furnishing them with linen and nurses until hospitals could be got ready. Every door was thrown open for the reception of their brave defenders, and the citizens vied with each other in acts of benevolence. As the caravans passed, filled with dying and mutilated objects, they were offered refreshments of wine and water from all quarters, with bandages of linen prepared for the purpose; and presented by women, who quitted their best rooms to accommodate officers and soldiers indiscriminately.

The Highlanders, so lately quartered with them, were particularly favoured. They had called them, previous to the battle, "*les bons petits Ecossais*," to which they now added the title of "*braves*." Highlanders have considerable tact in domesticating themselves in quarters, and are in general so quiet, sober, and orderly, that they became favourites everywhere; with the Belgians they had particularly fraternised, and had nursed their children, and assisted in their household labours.

A certain *marchand de dentelles*, Monsieur Troyaux, I must especially mention, as having administered to the sick and wounded in a manner quite unexampled. He stopped his lace manufacture,

and converted his large premises into a temporary hospital for forty persons, furnishing them with linen, many necessaries, and the attendance of his numerous females. This extraordinary example of humanity, I am happy to add, did not pass unheeded by our countrymen, whose wives and daughters afterwards flocked to his magazine to make all their purchases of lace, at that time eagerly sought for. His own government also rewarded him with an order of merit, and Mr. Troyaux has lately retired with a handsome fortune. My neighbour, Mr. Hector, who had formerly been in England, in a banking house, but had become a brewer, visited the field at dawn of day on Monday, taking with him a team well laden with his beer, as the best means in his power of succouring those who still remained *hors de combat*. There was, perhaps, more humanity than judgment in this act of the honest brewer; but considering the matter as he did, on the stimulating system, he distributed with a liberal hand to all that could drink the fresh contents of his barrels, until they were emptied. He had the satisfaction of moistening many a thirsty throat, and of giving temporary relief to fainting sufferers; many of whom put to their lips, for the last time, their favourite beverage!

He considered himself well rewarded by the grateful thanks of his patients, and was particularly gratified by having discovered in a ditch near

the field a Highlander who had been his inmate, and who was so severely wounded that he could only crawl a few hundred yards, where he must soon have perished from loss of blood. Hector's medicine, however, soon relieved him, and a bandage of a handkerchief stopped the hemorrhage; he procured a few trusses of straw, stowed away his friend among the barrels, and on his arrival procuring the immediate assistance of a Belgian surgeon, Donald was on his legs in a few weeks, and might be seen limping in the *Parc*, assisted by a crutch; and the benevolent brewer was as proud of having saved the life of a humble soldier as if he had been a general.

As soon as hospitals could be provided, the invalids were ordered to take possession of them; as it was found impossible to dress the wounded, scattered in private houses. My Kilmarnock serjeant was very unwilling to quit his comfortable quarters, where he had probably a better diet than suited his severe wound; and I parted with the poor fellow with regret. He was an old soldier, and had seen much service. I never met a more intelligent, shrewd man of his rank; and I got from him many interesting details of the battle. "He had often faced the French before," he said, "but had never seen them fight so desperately. They lost," he thought, "a great many of their cavalry by the impetuosity of their charges! We

had also suffered not a little by driving them back too far, and thereby blowing the horses." In one of these attacks he was wounded, but did not fall, though he had more cuts and stabs than one; yet none serious except a musket-shot in the leg. Our hero had a methodistical twist; delighted in tea and small beer, which he quaffed over his Bible, and some religious tracts which I got from a friend for his amusement. He told me "that a vision had appeared to him the night before the battle, warning him that he would be wounded, but to put his faith in the Lord.—This," said he, "made me more cool and courageous." He showed me a letter he had written to his father; a mixture of good sense, superstition, and piety extremely curious. I regretted I did not take a copy of it; for it would have made a figure in my Reminiscences: it was worthy of the pen of a covenanter of the seventeenth century.

I will not attempt to describe the heart-breaking scenes which we could not help witnessing for several days, during the conveyance of the maimed and wounded soldiers from the field. A four-horse waggon, with a tilt, happened to halt at my door early on Monday morning, guarded by two soldiers of the 42nd. I looked in to offer refreshment, and beheld a horrible sight. One of the sufferers said, with a ghastly look, on my making some inquiries,—"Oh, Sir, here are saxteen o' us, and a' wanting legs and

arms!" They had been amputated in the field; and though they were lying on straw, their sufferings must have been great in being rolled over a rough pavement for four hours after such operations; but not a groan was to be heard!—I gave them some wine, well diluted with water; but the spokesman said—"Oh, Sir, you are vary good; but may be ye could gi' us a little sma' ale." This was handed to the poor fellows, and drank with great avidity.

Our little hospital fully occupied us. I had luckily a marquee, which I pitched on the grass plot of my garden, and this they preferred to the summer-house; but we found great difficulty in procuring surgical aid for our patients. By the end of the week, however, they were all removed to the hospital except my Kilmarnock friend, who entreated he might keep his quarters for another week; and as I had a friend and neighbour, a surgeon, to dress his wounds, I consented to lodge him ten days more until he became convalescent.

For several months the *Parc* was filled with mutilated officers and men, crawling about on crutches, and deprived of legs and arms. I however heard that not above one-tenth of the wounded died. A great many surgeons had been sent from England, and never probably before had they better opportunities of practising the healing art. Dr. Thomson, an Edinburgh physician, and Mr.

Guthrie, the surgeon, particularly celebrated for his treatment of gun-shot wounds, volunteered their services; and I have heard with pleasure that their well-merited labours were afterwards handsomely rewarded by our government. Mr. G. said that he had never seen such a variety of extraordinary cases. Mr. Doratt, another surgeon, who had charge of one of the hospitals, told me that one of his patients had a severe wound in the thigh from a musket ball, which had been extracted; but the wound would not show a healthy appearance, and a large swelling and violent inflammation succeeded, which it was imagined might proceed from exfoliation. Poultices being applied to reduce the abscess, a large incision was made, when to his astonishment he extracted two silver coins, a five franc, and a one franc piece, with a part of the pantaloon: the larger coin had been hit nearly in the centre, and was in the form of a cup.*

Donald, who was of the 92nd regiment, soon

* In 1814, Generals Ornano and Bonnet fought a duel. The first fired and missed; the other (who piqued himself on his address with a pistol) took aim at his adversary's heart. Surprised that his shot had not taken effect, he said, "*Monsieur n'est pas mort?*" "*Non, Monsieur.*" "*Cela est singulier; quand je tire sur quelq'un, ordinairement je le tue.*" Meantime Monsieur Ornano perceived the mark of the ball, which appeared to have glanced, and to have been stopped in its progress by a few five franc pieces in his pocket. "*Morbleu! Monsieur,*" cried the other, "you had placed your money luckily."

recovered his health as well as his money, which he no doubt hoards up as a *souvenir* of his good fortune.

The most desperate case, perhaps, among all the sufferers was that of Lieutenant-colonel Miller of the Inniskillings, who was struck with a canister-shot in the thigh, and had at least a dozen of sabre and pike wounds in his arms and different parts of his body; but all these latter were slight. More than a pound weight of bone exfoliated (if such a term may be used) from the gun-shot wound; and he was confined to his bed and sofa for eighteen months, during which he had two severe attacks of dysentery and fever; yet such was the strength of his constitution, so great his patience and good temper, and the care of a medical man, his relation, who attended him during the whole of this long confinement, that he was at length in a state to be conveyed to England by sea; and by canals to the place of his nativity in Lancashire. There he gradually recovered, and at the end of another year and a half, was able to walk with crutches, though the limb contracted several inches. His health is now so completely restored, that he is strong enough to follow a pack of harriers.

I had the latter part of this account from a gentleman who saw Colonel Miller lately; his recovery, the cousin who attended him said, was chiefly to be

attributed to his good temper. I often saw him during his confinement, and certainly I thought that no man could bear sufferings with such patience and fortitude.

Colonel Elley, (now major-general,) adjutant-general of cavalry, had many miraculous escapes during the battle. I saw him on his arrival from the field: he owed his life to a strong and vigorous arm, having received seven or eight cuts and stabs in defending himself, and had three horses shot under him.

Lieutenant-colonel Mills, a captain in the Guards, an intimate friend, whom I had served with in Sicily, was shot through the lungs, but survived thirty-six hours. The Belgian banditti, after stealing both his horses, (his servant being killed,) stripped him naked, leaving him only his pantaloons. In this state the brave fellow was conveyed in a cart filled with straw. I procured immediately medical aid; but his case was beyond the reach of art. He died in my arms on Tuesday night, and I had to perform the melancholy duty of reading the funeral service over his body.

Lieutenant-general Cooke, who commanded the brigade of Guards, had an arm amputated on the field; but the ligatures gave way, and he was obliged a week afterwards to submit to the painful operation of a second amputation. The Hon. Colonel Stewart of the Guards also lost an arm,

and had to undergo amputation a second time. I was present on the occasion, and had the painful opportunity of witnessing the fortitude of this gallant officer. Captain Cameron of the same regiment lost his right arm; and within a month wrote in my album a few lines of poetry, and sketched in pencil a view of Caernarvon Castle with his left hand, beautifully.

My spare time was fully employed in visiting and rendering every assistance in my power to these officers, and many others who were wounded. The Hon. Mr. Moore of the Guards, though shot through the lungs, recovered in a few months. Lieutenant-colonel Napier was quite riddled with wounds, but survived after many months of the severest suffering.

During the heat of the conflict I had strolled into the *Fauxbourg* leading from Waterloo, and observed a Highland officer, supported by two soldiers, on a pony. His head being recumbent, and his face shaded by a handkerchief stained with blood, I did not at first recognize an old friend; but on asking his name of his attendants, he elevated his head; and I immediately knew my former companion, Dugald Campbell, a captain in the ninety-second.

We were within a hundred yards of the gate, and I conducted my old acquaintance into the first open door, that of a grocer, with whom I had

dealt occasionally. This honest citizen received him with kindness, and gave him his best bed. I ordered him to be stripped, when I found several flesh wounds and a violent contusion on his head, which bled profusely. I washed and arranged the cuts and stabs on his arms and body; and, as far as I could judge, thought them slight. An apothecary at hand assisted me to stop the hemorrhage from his head, and to bandage it up; and, administering a cordial, I sallied forth to look for a doctor, and fortunately found a friend on the medical staff, Dr. Perkins, who kindly came to Dugald's assistance, and pronounced him, after a second examination, not to be in a dangerous state. His opinion was confirmed, for though he was exhausted by the loss of blood and fatigue, he rallied in a few days, and within a month was on his legs. His chief suffering was from an old wound which he had received in the shoulder in the Peninsula, and which had broken out afresh.

Major Campbell (for he had brevet rank) was the son of a pistol and dirk maker at Fort William, and in 1793, at the age of eighteen, when the Duke of Gordon was raising a regiment of fencibles, deserted the forge to wield the claymore. I happened to be at Gordon Castle when the young hero descended from the mountains to enrol his name under the banners of his Grace, from whom his father rented a farm. I never

beheld a more superb specimen of the human race: he might have stood as a model to an artist in the costume he wore. His height exceeded six feet; he was straight as an arrow, with a broad and expansive chest, and limbs, though light, yet muscular, and indicating that the youth had not yet come to his full growth.

I would fain describe his open and manly countenance; but I must content myself by saying, that if I had been a painter, I would have chosen him for the representation of a young Highland chieftain. Dugald was congratulated on his martial spirit, enrolled in the regiment, and committed to the charge of the butler.

The head-quarters being at Aberdeen, he immediately joined, and as soon as he was able to perform the manual exercise, an apprenticeship of a few weeks, he was made a corporal, and advanced by gradations to the rank of sergeant-major. There never was seen a more splendid figure than Dugald in his grenadier uniform!

When the North Highlanders passed in review before the king and the royal family in 1796, Campbell marched in his post at the head of the regiment. The late Duchess of Gordon and her beautiful daughters, in Highland bonnets and tartan plaids, were in the group of royalty, and Dugald was pointed out by her Grace, though he could not have escaped notice. I need hardly add, that his fine martial figure was much admired

by the royal party, and by thousands of females who were present on the occasion.*

The following year the Marquis of Huntly presented our hero with a commission in his own regiment, in which he served in all its hard campaigns in the Peninsula and elsewhere. The severe wound I have mentioned had greatly injured his health, and his noble patron got him permission to retire on his full pay, shortly after the battle of Waterloo.

I allowed several weeks to pass before I visited the field of battle, not having any taste for the work going on there, burying the dead. The Flemings showed more activity in stripping and plundering them than in digging their graves. In four-and-twenty hours this was accomplished, and the *cadavres* left naked!—10,000 horses were skinned and unshod in the same space of time; which would have produced a pestilence had not the authorities issued orders to the *communes* to dig pits for the human race, and to burn the quadrupeds, which proved a long and herculean labour;—never was soil before so enriched.

Before I visited the field with my family, the most precious relics had been picked by the hoards of prowlers from the city and the provinces, who congregated in close columns, and left very few objects on the ground. Our party had the good

* This was the first and only Highland regiment ever reviewed by the king.

fortune to find various interesting articles, and among them a cross of the first order, attached to a ribbon stained with blood; and a soldier's book in the same state was picked up by my wife, which she presented to Sir Walter Scott, who has given translations of a few of the songs it contained in his admirable "Paul's Letters."

It is generally believed that the French had a strong party and many adherents in Brussels. This I do not believe, for the Belgians were sick of conscriptions and contributions, and were desirous to throw off the yoke that had been so long hanging about their necks. There is no doubt, however, that had Napoleon succeeded in making himself master of the city, he would not have wanted followers, even had it been sacked, which certainly would have been its fate; for when he took up his position in face of our army, he said to his troops—"There are the *maudit Anglaise*: drive them into the sea! Beyond them is Brussels; you shall have the sack of it!" I have every reason to believe that he actually made this speech, and that he also promised to his army the plunder of Ghent, which he designated along with the capital, as being under the dominion of England and the Bourbons. Had he got possession of Belgium he could have remounted his cavalry with 40,000 horses in ten days, and might have made terms with Prussia.

Captain Elphinston, who was taken prisoner at *Quatre Bras,* told me that he had an interview with Napoleon, and was asked "if he thought he would be in time to catch the English before they reached their ships?"

## CHAPTER X.

The British troops at Waterloo—Estimate of the numbers of the French and allied armies—Salucci, the French prisoner, an anecdote—Paris in 1815, during the residence of the army of occupation—A feat at Waterloo—Visit to a Parisian—Gambling house—Marquis de Leveret—The Duke of Kent at Brussels.

In the various accounts of the battle of Waterloo the French writers are anxious to libel and calumniate the British army; there is no end to their sneers, sarcasms, revilings, and misrepresentations, which have their origin in envy, jealousy, and hatred, and the bitterness of disappointment and defeat. They neither can forgive the English for their unquestioned military superiority, nor bring themselves to allow that they possess a single quality as troops, which ought to have entitled them to the victory. Bravery they cannot deny them; but they contend that their courage and *sang froid* are passive—a brute power of resistance, which made them stand in their squares on Mont

St. Jean, like wooden posts, to be mowed down by bullets or hewed to pieces by sabres, without thinking of retreat far less of flight—mere *automatâ*, which move in obedience to the master-spring, without any inherent power of thinking or acting.

But these machines overpowered every species of force that was opposed to them in the Peninsula; and, on the plain of Waterloo, extinguished by one decisive blow the dynasty of Napoleon. Happily this cannot be denied: yet General Foy, after admitting the fact, seeks every opportunity, in his posthumous work, to impress his readers with the belief that it ought to have been otherwise; and Napoleon contended that the blunders of Wellington procured him the victory. A Frenchman cannot doubt such authorities, and many continue to insist that the battle was lost by chance: while Foy would deny the British troops the military qualities that so eminently distinguish them, he constantly admits enough, and more than enough, to serve as an answer to all his own statements and insinuations. Of this nature is the following remarkable passage: "On the day of the disaster (Waterloo), we saw those sons of Albion (says he) formed in square battalions on the plain between the wood of Goumont and the village of Mont St. Jean. To effect this compact formation they doubled and redoubled their ranks several times. The cavalry which supported them was

cut to pieces, and the fire of their artillery completely silenced. The general and staff-officers were galloping from one square to another, not knowing where to take shelter. Carriages, wounded men, parks of reserve, and auxiliary troops, were all flying in disorder to Brussels. Death was before them in their ranks and disgrace in their rear. In this terrible situation neither the bullets of the imperial guard, discharged almost point-blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immovable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself to the ground, but for the majestic movements which its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset, when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington that—thanks to numbers, thanks to the force of inert resistance, and as a reward for having contrived to draw up brave fellows in battle—he had just achieved the most decisive victory of our age. Yes! doubtless, the instinctive determination which, even when it *errs*, is better than skilful hesitation; the strength of mind which no danger can appal, the tenacity which carries off the prey by sticking to it to the last—these are rare and sublime qualities; and when these are sufficient to secure the triumph of national interests, it is but justice to load with honors the privileged possessors of them!" (Then comes a passage, French all over, and deeply

impregnated with the prejudices of this author.) Such are the bewailings of a brave man for the disasters of his country, mourning over the extinction of that glory with which his own is in some measure identified. We can sympathise with him, and even for his injustice to his successful rivals we can make some excuse; but it is nevertheless due to truth that his errors and partial statements should be laid bare, and that the public should be informed how far General Foy's authority, in such matters, is worthy of being relied on.

In every account of the battle of Waterloo the writers are at variance as to the numbers of the contending armies actually engaged in the conflict. The following communication, occasioned by a discussion which took place at a private party, some time ago, as to the number of combatants who had fought on either side, is deserving of attention, as containing the substance of all the authentic information that has yet been published on the subject.

The exact account of the British army may, I believe, be ascertained by any person who has an opportunity of examining the returns at the War Office. It is very different with the French army. It may easily be conceived that the wounded pride of the French would naturally induce them to diminish the number of the emperor's forces after the battle was lost; and I think I may say

without much illiberality, that very little reliance can be placed on their veracity: but that the British writers should be eager to diminish the force of the enemy, seems to me somewhat unaccountable.

1. Southey, in his sketch of the campaigns of Wellington, says that Napoleon's army consisted of five corps of infantry, comprising 24,000 men each, and hence amounted to - - 120,000

| | |
|---|---|
| Imperial guards - - - - | 20,000 |
| Cavalry - - - - - | 26,000 |
| | 166,000 |
| Artillery (320 guns) - - - | 4,000 |
| | 170,000 |
| Deduct 15,000 men put *hors de combat*, at Ligny and Quatre Bras, and 35,000 with Grouchy - - - - - | 50,000 |
| Remain | 120,000 |

2. The "Detail of the Battle of Waterloo," by a French officer, asserts that the British army amounted to 100,000 men, (he may include Prussians,) that of the emperor less numerous.

3. Mr. Bain, in a well-written account of Waterloo, states the numbers of both armies in nearly the same numbers as Southey.

4. Sir W. Scott, in "Paul's Letters," states the number of Napoleon's troops at the opening of the campaign to have been 150,000, with more than 300 pieces of cannon; and at the battle of Water-

loo to have been more than 100,000 men. This may be at least gained from his details, though not expressly mentioned.

5. Mr. Edward Boyce, in his "History of the Second Usurpation of Bonaparte," confessedly follows Captain Batty. This latter writer, founding on a portfolio of Napoleon's, taken in his carriage at Charleroi, states the French forces at only 72,000 men, with more than 270 pieces of cannon; but Boyce adds, that several corps having joined on the morning of the 18th, the number was swelled to 80,000. He states the British at 65,000, with about 90 guns. We shall afterwards show that the British army only amounted to 55,000 men.

6. Captain Pringle asserts that Napoleon began the campaign with only 120,000, and that the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras left him 106,350. Hence, after deducting Grouchy's force, his army at Waterloo was 71,350. But Captain Pringle thinks this estimate too low.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wellington's army consisted of - | 75,000 |
| Lost at Quatre Bras - - - | 4,500 |
| | 70,500 |
| Left to cover Brussels - - | 15,000 |
| Of these 34,000 were British - | 55,500 |

Thus, from every account, the French appear to have exceeded the British in numerical force from 30,000 to 40,000 men. But when we call to mind

that the former consisted of picked men, all of one nation, animated by one soul, who had seen a hundred battles, and were called to fight for lost honor and life; and that Wellington's foreign troops were composed of different nations, almost all raw levies from the militia, and recruits who had never been engaged, (a part of the German legion, and three English regiments just disembarked from America excepted,) it must be admitted that the difference between the two armies was indeed tremendous!

Perhaps no general in the world except the Duke of Wellington could have maintained for so long a time so unequal a conflict, making every allowance for the steadiness and bravery of the British troops. He animated them with his own undaunted spirit: wherever he saw a square hard pressed he threw himself into the midst of it, rendering it invincible by his presence. He himself led many desperate charges. In fine, he was every where, exposing his life to every hazard; so much so, that except the Spanish General Alava, all his aides-de-camp were either killed or wounded.

I have taken all these details from the best authorities, and hope they will not be considered uninteresting at this distant period; leaving my readers to draw their own conclusions from the testimonies I have produced.

A Belgian officer who commanded the cavalry,

and had served seventeen campaigns in the French army, told me, "that though other nations might possess equal courage in the field with the British troops, yet he thought that none had so much *sang froid*," which he considered the highest quality of a soldier.

* * * *

About noon on Monday, the day after the glorious victory, I was standing at the door of my house in the *Parc*, in conversation with a brother-officer, when two *gens d'armes* were passing, conducting a prisoner, whose cadaverous countenance attracted our notice, and I offered him some wine and water, which was placed on tables at every door in the street, to refresh the multitude of wounded soldiers constantly passing in waggons.

The dress of the prisoner was French, a mixture of the soldier and citizen, the coat and cap being only military, without indicating the rank of the wearer. It was evident, however, that he had not, as Pat says, "been present when he was measured for this garment,"—it being "a world too wide," and too brief for his long and lanky figure. From under this upper garment was peeping a sky-blue waistcoat, embroidered in tarnished gold; his lower extremities being cased in striped pantaloons, and boots which had seen their best days. His head was surmounted by a canvass cap, which, on my asking him to take a cup, he pulled off with an air

and grace that indicated good breeding, and addressing me said, "I perceive you are English officers, whose humanity even to their enemies is well known. I am an unfortunate Italian, and entreat your compassion and interference with my guards, that I may be taken to the hospital instead of a prison, as I suffer severely from *sciatica*, in consequence of lying on the damp ground, and being drenched with rain, and have with great difficulty dragged myself along from the forest where I was apprehended; and have had little or no food for the last four-and-twenty hours." This speech, delivered with much feeling, excited in me a desire to relieve the poor fellow, the more especially as I found he was a Tuscan; and addressing him in his own language, I begged he would eat as well as drink; and having obtained the permission of his keepers, I put before him in the hall the remains of a cold roast, to which he did great justice, and was speedily restored. During this interlude I learned that my guest had not carried arms in the conflict, being employed as an engineer. It occurred to me that I might procure the *artiste* his parole by means of Count Dillon, who was left in Brussels as a sort of *chargé d'affaires* to Louis XVIII., to whom I had been introduced by Major-General Adam, the commandant of the city.

The *maréchaussée* consented to my accom-

panying their prisoner to the count's quarters at the *Hotel de Belle Vue*, and I promised them that they should not go unrewarded for their trouble.

The refreshment which the Italian had received, together with the hopes that my kind intentions towards him held out, occasioned his eye to brighten up, and to give him new energy; and during our walk to the *Belle Vue* I learned a little more of his history:—"That his name was Salucci, of a respectable Florentine family; and that after the disasters of the battle he had skulked into the forest with an intention of surrendering himself; but being completely exhausted by fatigue and inanition, he had sat down on a bank, and slept until arrested by the officers of police."

I found Count Dillon at home, and was politely received. I told the Italian's tale, and the circumstances of my having met him. He was called in and again examined. His story so interested Louis's representative, that he not only gave him his parole (on my promising to the *gens d'armes* that I would be responsible to the police for his quiet and orderly conduct), but added, that he would send him to the *dépôt* at Lisle as soon as the exchange of prisoners took place. Meantime he presented him with a couple of *louis* in gold, as a representative of his new master, not doubting of his future loyalty. The officers of justice were dismissed with thanks, and a gratuity of ten francs,

"for their urbanity to a French prisoner," whom, by the way, they had dragged a league or two when exhausted and famishing. They had discovered him in a small wood near the forest, in the arms of Morpheus; when he was aroused from his slumbers in tones not the most gentle, and made prisoner.

The count overwhelmed me with acknowledgments for my kindness to the unfortunate man, and I need hardly add that the poor Tuscan's eloquence was called forth in expressions of gratitude to his liberators. I know no pleasure greater than that of relieving a fellow-creature; and I felt no small gratification on this occasion. To describe the joy of the poor stranger, so suddenly released from "durance vile," I shall not attempt; but I determined still further to befriend him, and inviting him to return with me, I rummaged my wardrobe, and speedily converted him into a respectable citizen; our statures being nearly similar, the Irishman's joke could no longer be applied. The barber was put in requisition, and such effects were produced by the razor and the shears, that when our engineer's toilet was completed, he was hardly to be recognised even by himself, by this sudden transformation. He now was presentable to my family, and took his place at our board at the dinner hour. His conversation and manners were those of a gentleman; and, as the recent conflict became naturally the

subject of our discourse, he communicated many interesting details of the battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, all of which he had witnessed, more as an unwilling spectator than an actor; for being considered a sort of civilian, (he would not say *savant*,) he had not been provided with arms, and when the attacks took place he stationed himself with the medical staff in the rear; not from a deficiency of nerves (he hoped), but that he might render himself useful. He had no lack of employment, and he now felt that it required more nerve to behold the maimed, bleeding, and dying victims, who were every moment brought within his view, than to stand in the ranks and be shot at. War had not been his profession; he had been born and bred in a country where, till lately, that evil was unknown. Nursed in peace, and a lover of the peaceful arts, he had been dragged from his family and friends as a conscript at the age of eighteen, to join the army of the North. He had not, like many others of his brethren, acquired a taste for the camp; and it was only by threats and blows that he would submit to any sort of military discipline; but no punishment or privation could alter his nature and habits; he handled a musket, he said, like a bear; on a march he was always with the women and the waggons, and became the laughing-stock of his companions. At length he was attached to the commissariat, and put under the orders of an

officer of that department, who took compassion on his awkwardness as a soldier; and finding that he had more acquaintance with the pencil and the pen than the musket, he was placed as a clerk in the *bureau*, to copy letters and cast up accounts—employments better suited to his habits and education. In his leisure hours he sketched with a crayon, or such tools as he could procure, landscapes from nature, which were every moment presenting themselves on the line of march. He made portraits of the peasants in their various costumes; and being one day detected by his *chef* in sketching a Swiss girl among a group of rustic dancers, his talent was praised, and his portfolio exhibited to the officers, one of whom had a taste for art. This accidental circumstance immediately changed the lot of the young conscript. His performances were shown to the commandant of his brigade, who thought his talent might be made useful, and he was placed in the engineer's department, with the rank and pay of a sergeant, and treated no longer with contempt. The quarter-master-general noticed him, and he was set to study surveying, copying maps, and the use of the theodolite and pentograph. His attention and good conduct gained him the good-will of his superiors; and at the end of the campaign of 1813 he was promoted to the rank of a *sous officier;* but the disasters of that year, so fatal to the French armies, put a stop for a time to his career; for a few weeks

previous to Napoleon's banishment to Elba, he was sent from the Rhine (where he had been serving) to Paris, and shortly after turned adrift to seek his fortune as he pleased.

By the good offices of a brother-officer, he obtained employment with a civil engineer, who paid him liberally for his labours, and he soon became in a fair way to make himself independent, when the cry of war again changed his fate. The officer under whose orders he had formerly served, held out such temptations of emolument and promotion by his joining the standard of the emperor, that his arguments were irresistible; and though he hated the sound of a cannon he voluntarily went into its mouth.

He had only joined his post a few days before the affair of Ligny; so that the last week had been to him a stormy one, and put an end for ever to his military career.

This little piece of biography I had from him at different interviews. Meantime I proposed to him to make a sketch of the field of battle, (now an object of such immense interest to the public,) which, if immediately engraved, would have a rapid sale; and that no time might be lost, I accompanied him to Waterloo before the week expired. I had procured from several English officers who had been in the battle a good deal of information as to the positions of the British troops, which I marked on the spot, while Salucci

made his memorandums of the French lines, &c., and having brought materials with him, he took a hasty sketch of the whole field, which he afterwards finished on a second visit. This being accomplished, we proceeded to *Chateau Goumont*, of which he made an accurate and spirited drawing.

In ten days a very pretty circular map was engraved from the drawing by an artist of Brussels, and published by Salucci at three francs; it anticipated many others which afterwards appeared, and had a most rapid sale.

Meantime he laboured hard in making larger and more accurate drawings of the battle, with explanatory notes. The first he finished I sent to the Duke of Richmond, with whom I had the honor to be acquainted. It was much admired by his grace and family; and when I related the history of the poor artist, the duchess expressed a desire to see him. This was the commencement of his good fortune; he was presented by her grace to the Duke of Wellington, and had orders to continue his occupations in drawing maps of various sizes, which were purchased by his kind patrons at liberal prices. They were sent to England as fast as they could be finished; and such was his industry, that in three months he realized above two hundred *Napoleons*, exclusive of a considerable sum he had got for his prints. The kindness of the Duke of Wellington and the

Richmond family in patronising this deserving man, did great honor to their humanity.

It was highly satisfactory to me to find that the interest I had taken in the Florentine was so well bestowed. He had now realized ample means for his equipment and the expenses of his journey to Italy. I readily procured his discharge from the French service, though Count Dillon, when he gave it, offered to forward his views, if he was inclined to continue in it; this however Salucci declined with due acknowledgments. He presented a pretty map of the field to his Excellency, as a small token of gratitude, which the count graciously accepted, saying that he would take an opportunity of sending it to the king.

I need hardly add that he begged me to choose his best drawing of the field of battle, which I did *sans façon*, being desirous to give it to a military friend, Lord William Bentinck, who afterwards told me that he had presented it to George IV.

My grateful friend also bestowed on me several spirited Italian and Swiss costumes, and I parted with this meritorious and modest man with regret.

* * * * *

I visited Paris in October, 1815. I travelled with my own horses and arrived by noon, the fifth morning, a journey of 176 miles, through a bare, tame, and uninteresting country, which does not present a single object that can induce a

traveller to look through the window of his carriage—a great contrast to Belgium. The inns after you pass Mons are all bad, and the landlords great extortioners. I had never before had an opportunity of visiting the French capital, and was quite a novice; but I had many friends among the officers of the Army of Occupation. I met here a young man of the 44th regiment, for whom I had obtained, some years before, a commission in the militia. This youth, the son of a farmer in the North, was a remarkable example of what is called in the army "brushing up." He had commenced his career in the militia seven years before, and never was seen such a clodhopper from the plough-tail; but he became so good an officer in a short time, that his colonel got him into the line, and he had distinguished himself at Waterloo. In a charge of cavalry he was attacked by its leader, whom he not only smote, but took possession of the captain's charger: a feat which acquired him considerable reputation, and afterwards put fifty louis in his pocket. I found my *élève* a smart intelligent fellow, and lieutenant of grenadiers. He had acquired a complete knowledge of the metropolis, and spoke French fluently. We visited together all "the *Lions*" of this interesting city, from the *Tuilleries* to the *Cave des Aveugles*.

A sporting friend procured me an invitation to the weekly dinner given by the *hospitable* Mar-

quess de Leveret, at the *Salle des Etrangers*, to foreigners of distinction. This *worthy* nobleman has enjoyed a handsome benefice from the government, by a licence or patent as it is called, to open his house for the exclusive privilege of gaming; and though he pays six millions of *francs* annually for this contract, it is said he has realized a sum that brings him in a revenue of four hundred thousand, exclusive of his annual gains. The profits therefore arising from these games must be immense, when the expense of the establishment is considered. The profligacy and immorality of the government in licensing an institution that reduces thousands to despair, and beggary, and suicide, are proofs of the avarice of the French rulers, who, for so paltry a sum, sacrifice every feeling of humanity, honor, and principle. I have in various countries witnessed the evil effects of gaming, but never before beheld so much splendour or art in glossing over with golden tints this destructive vice.

The entertainment at which I was present was splendid, and regulated with the greatest decorum. Twenty-four persons sat down, chiefly consisting of strangers of all nations, and many of them officers belonging to the Army of Occupation—there were half-a-dozen English exclusive of myself and friend. The repast, served on plate and rich porcelain, was of the first order, and the wines of the highest flavour. It lasted about

three hours, and though the bottle did not circulate as in England, a great quantity of wine was drunk, especially champagne. Coffee was announced in another room, when we were ushered into the *salle de jeu*, a superb apartment magnificently furnished. Before nine o'clock the company had increased to fifty at least, and the *rouge-et-noir* table was filled with amateurs.

As it is not incumbent on a man on his first visit to punt, I kept my *Naps.* in my pocket and looked on like a spy in the camp. The board was covered with gold and *billets de banque*, which found their way into the hands of the sharks. The varieties of expression in the countenances of the punters were fine studies for a spectator; yet there was no murmuring. It was an *opera seria* of dumb show, a biting of thumbs and lips, smiles of joy, or grins of despair and distortion of features.

I left the saloon before midnight when half the company had been *cleaned out*, as the phrase is. A Polish officer alone seemed to have triumphed; he pocketed at one sweep above 2,000 louis, and retired with the greatest *sang froid*.

The English I understood had been the greatest victims to this pernicious habit, and more than one had been driven to suicide. A youth of my acquaintance, the son of an old friend of high birth and connexions, fell a sacrifice to his im-

prudence. He had come under a sacred promise to a relation who had paid for him a large sum he had lost, that he would renounce gaming, but in an unguarded hour after a debauch, he forgot his promise and lost 500*l.*; remorse came when he sobered. He had no means of paying this sum but by appealing to his father, for a sense of honor forbade him to apply to his relation, and in a fit of despair and contending passions he destroyed himself!

I was fortunate enough to arrive in Paris before the *Louvre* was dismantled, and to behold again many of the fine specimens of art which I had formerly seen in Italy, But huddled as I found them now in one vast collection, and many in bad lights, without arrangement, they lost much of their interest in my eye; but great was my pleasure to learn that they were shortly to be transferred to the right owners. It was no less gratifying to find that the nation of robbers who had plundered them were in their turn humiliated and obliged "to restore to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's." It was said that the Parisians felt more degradation on this occasion than at the conquest of their country and the occupation of their capital by foreign troops. I could not help feeling a degree of pride as a Briton on entering the *Louvre*, and observing that the centinels guarding the descendants of Henry IV. at the *Tuilleries* were my countrymen, and strutting about as if they

had been at Holyrood Palace. What a strange *bouleversement* had a few months made!

I did not find the Parisians so insolent to the English as I had been taught to believe, from the reports of some of my countrymen; on the contrary, I found them quite polite in the few transactions I had with them, and, as their habit is, imposing on a stranger with courtesy.

On my return to Brussels I took the line of march by which the Prussians had advanced to Paris a few months before. It was easy to see the marks of devastation they had every where committed, by the plunder and dilapidation of villages; farm-houses, and even the cottages of the miserable peasant had not escaped their revenge; every thing in their route was laid waste, while all was held sacred by the British troops, and every article of food regularly paid for. At the small inns where I stopped to refresh my horses occasionally, how many melancholy tales were recounted to me of the ferocity and barbarity of the Prussians, while praises were bestowed on my countrymen!

* * * *

His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent took up his abode in Brussels in the year 1816. As there was some difficulty in procuring him an appropriate residence in a good situation, his friend Vice-Admiral Donnelly ceded to his royal highness his hotel, a superb mansion in the *Place Royal*, the property of the Count de Maldegham;

which the admiral had rented on a lease, a few years of which were unexpired.

The duke's taste for architecture, embellishing, and adorning, was well known, and no one was surprised when a host of carpenters were put into requisition; and in a few months the house was so altered and ornamented, (and of course improved,) that the young count, when invited to see what the royal duke had done, could hardly recognise his late abode. The extensive gardens next attracted his royal highness's attention, and were new modelled and replanted with the choicest flowers and rarest shrubs which the kingdom could produce. The stables and *remises* were furnished with stalls and mangers, and pavements and ventilators, according to the most approved plans in England; and his royal highness's stud became the admiration of the public.

There was, however, still an eye-sore, which must be remedied, *coûte qu'il coûte*. This was a nook of waste ground surrounding a part of the east side of the hotel, and certainly to the citizens, *en passant*, a nuisance that would not have been permitted to exist in any capital in Europe, Lisbon excepted. The duke applied to the *regence* to have this Augean stable cleaned out; but these worthies shook their wise heads, saying, "they had no funds, and at any rate they would be misapplied, as there was a plan for pulling down some old houses and the nuisance along with them, to

form a new street" (which was shortly after executed). His royal highness was, however, permitted to beautify the spot in any manner he thought fit, and to inclose it with a low fence, that it might form an *agrément* to the citizens. The design was certainly extremely ingenious and would have done credit to Wyattville or Burton; it was said to be altogether the duke's own fancy; and the rapidity with which the work was executed excited great astonishment to the lazy Flemings. In a few weeks were to be seen, spreading over a fourth of an acre of ground, (hitherto covered with filth and every sort of abomination,) serpentine walks neatly sanded, bowers covered with creeping plants, artificial mounds, and clumps of flowering shrubs; the whole being inclosed with a trellis-work of willow with the bark on, which saved the expense of painting.

But hardly had this little Elysium been completed, when a melancholy event occurred, that compelled the duke to quit Brussels for some months; and before his return the paradise that had been created with so much taste and expense was become a ruin. The fences were not high or stout enough to keep out the rabble; and, as the garden was considered to be the property of the public, it was speedily destroyed.

The event which I have alluded to was the death of the deeply lamented Princess Charlotte. The news reached Brussels on Sunday morning

at eleven o'clock by a courier. It flew from ear to ear like wild-fire, and certainly no event ever occurred, public or private, which excited such general grief. I happened to be walking in the *Parc* with a friend, a Member of Parliament, when we were told the sad tale. In order to ascertain its truth, we walked to the duke's hotel, when it was but too well confirmed. My friend wrote his name in the book, and we returned to our promenade, which was shortly interrupted by a messenger from his royal highness, requesting the immediate presence of the senator. I continued my walk, and within an hour was again joined by this gentleman.—"I have," said he, "had a most curious conversation with the duke, and so interesting, that I shall go home immediately and put it in writing while it is fresh in my memory; and if you will call on me in a couple of hours, I will show you my minute." He had just finished this document when I entered, and he read it to me: it was to the following effect:

"The duke seemed greatly affected on my entrance;—he was talking with his secretary, who immediately withdrew.—'This unexpected and melancholy event,' said his royal highness, 'will affect every loyal British subject; and independent of the regret which all must feel at the premature fate of the presumptive heiress to the throne, and so amiable, and so generally beloved a princess as my niece, her death is to be highly

regretted as a political event. To me it is perhaps more important than to any other member of the royal family. The country will now look up to me, Mr. C——, to give them an heir to the crown.

* * * *

" 'England will expect me to marry immediately; but I must take a preliminary step, and it is on this account that I have requested to see you. Madame St. L—— has for a period of twenty years been my friend and companion; she is a highly respectable and amiable female, and she must be provided for before I marry. This is only an act of justice on my part; but unhappily I have not the means of making so ample a provision for her as she merits. I wish you and our friend Mr. B—— to act as receivers of her pension, and it must be paid quarterly into her hands or to her order.'

" 'I intend to espouse a princess, who, I think, would be highly acceptable to the nation for many reasons. I have seen her, and have the highest opinion of her dispositions and manners. She is the widow of a German prince and the mother of two children; so that there is every prospect of heirs by this marriage. The princess has another recommendation to the people of England—she is the sister of the amiable Prince Leopold, a prince highly and justly beloved by the British nation.

"'The lady whom I have selected as my future bride is a handsome woman and in the prime of life. I shall make my proposals to the king by the courier who brought me the afflicting news of my niece's death. I shall go to England to conclude the necessary arrangements for my marriage, and proceed immediately to Amorbach where the princess resides, and where I shall probably take up my residence.'"

This is but an imperfect sketch of the minute which my friend read. Had it not been for the deep regret which we both felt for the poor princess, we could not have retained our gravity at what we considered such an *Utopian* scheme;—improbable however as it appeared, it was realized in a few months.

* * * *

The Duke presented Madame St. L—— with certain moveables of plate and furniture from his hotel. His separation from a female who had been his inmate, and followed him in all his campaigns for so many years, he told Mr. C——, "had cost him deep regret." It was said that she had some means of her own, independent of her friend; and I have heard that she was enabled to establish herself comfortably in the French metropolis. At Brussels they lived in the greatest retirement; she attended the duke to the theatre very regularly, and accompanied him in his evening airings. His royal highness occasionally entertained a

few friends at dinner, and he visited the King and the Duke D'Aremberg occasionally. His large establishment of servants and his stable were his chief expenses.

Perhaps no individual in Europe had a more extensive private correspondence; besides a secretary, (a military man,) he had a couple of serjeants of his regiment, who acted as clerks, and he afforded them full employment. The secretary of the English embassy told me that he forwarded for his royal highness about one hundred and fifty letters a week. I had a little example of his taste for writing: having recommended a Hanoverian dragoon (whom I had employed as a waggon-driver after the Battle of Waterloo) as a good groom, hearing that his royal highness wanted one, I had the honor to receive six letters from the secretary by command, inquiring into this man's character, birth, parentage, and education, all of which proved satisfactory, from the report of the officer in whose troop he had been. The last query—was he married? ought to have been the first; for finding that the man had a wife, he did not suit his royal highness's establishment.

The royal duke and his bride, after having been re-married in England, proceeded to Amorbach, a residence given to the princess as a dowager. It was found to be a fine field for his royal highness to practise his taste in improving. He had

taken English artisans with him for this purpose, and in a short time the residence, as all petty German princes' chateaus are called, became habitable. There were no stables, and as his royal highness had thirty-six horses, and nearly twenty carriages, a temporary barrack was erected for their accommodation, until stables and *remises* could be erected. They rose like magic, and were completed within the first year, at the moderate expense of 10,000*l.*

During this period the duchess was found to be in a fair way to fulfil her lord's wishes, and produce an heir to the crown; and as the law in such cases directs that the accouchement must be in England, the royal couple returned while she was in condition to undertake such a journey. The result was a princess. On her royal highness's recovery they returned to Amorbach; the stables were completed, but as nothing more could be done to the rumbling ruinous residence, it was found to be *triste,* and in fact uninhabitable. The hotel de Maldegham was again fitted up for their reception, but their sojourn there was short, and they returned to England.

Every Englishman living in Brussels rejoiced to find that his royal highness left no debts unpaid there.

## CHAPTER XI.

Lord Byron at Brussels—His personal appearance—His reminiscences of Scotland—Mary Duff—His visit to Waterloo—His mother—Her marriage—Lord Byron at the age of fourteen—Sir Walter Scott at Brussels and Waterloo—Anecdotes.

I MUST not omit, in my recollections, to mention the high gratification I had in passing a few days in the society of the illustrious Byron. In his passage to Italy in August 1816, he visited Brussels (where I was residing) accompanied by Dr. Polidori. The moment I heard of his arrival, I waited on him, and was received with the greatest cordiality and kindness. "He had no pleasure," he said, "equal to that of meeting a friend of his mother's, and of his early age." I had not seen him for fourteen years, when he was at Harrow, at the age of fifteen. I found much less change in his appearance than there generally is from youth to manhood; the general expression of his

countenance had become very like his mother's—a beautiful, mild, and intelligent eye, fringed with long and dark lashes; an expansive and noble forehead, over which hung in thick clusters his rich dark natural curls. What a living representation of Beattie's minstrel! He looked the inspired poet! None of the many prints I have seen of him are either like, or do him justice.

In our conversation of three hours, he went over the pranks and adventures of his boyish days. He had lived at Banff with his mother for a short time, when he was about seven or eight years of age. My eldest son, of nearly the same age, was his schoolfellow, and he was frequently invited by my brother, the pastor of the town, with whom my boy was living, to pass a holiday at the parsonage: all this he perfectly recollected, and of a tumble he got from a plum-tree, into which he had climbed to get at some pears on a wall. "The minister's wife," said he, "blabbed to my mother, thinking I might have been hurt; and the old red-nosed doctor, whose name I have forgotten, was sent for, who insisted on bleeding me in spite of screams and tears, which I had at command; for I was a complete spoiled child, as I dare say you know. At last he produced the lancets, of which I had a great horror, having seen them used to bleed my nurse, and I declared if he touched me I would pull his nose. This, it seems, was a tender point with the doctor, and he gave the

bleeding up, condemning me to be fed on water-gruel, and to be put to bed: these orders I disposed of by throwing the medicine out of the window, and as soon as the doctor had taken his departure, I got out of bed and made my appearance in the parlour. My mother, finding that there was nothing the matter with me, gave me tea and bread-and-butter, which I preferred to *brochan*:—you see I have not forgot all my Scotch."

He put me in mind of what he called my kindness in lending him a pretty pony, and of my accompanying him to ride in Hyde Park. "That," said his lordship, "was fourteen years ago, when I came to town to spend the holidays with my poor mother. I remember your pony was very handsome, and a fast galloper, and that we raced, and that I beat you, of which I was not a little proud. I have a wonderful recollection of the little events of my early days, and a warm feeling for the friends of my youth."

He told me that he was desperately in love with Miss Mary Duff when he was nine years old, "and we met," he said, "at the dancing-school." He made many inquiries about her, and if she was still as handsome. "She is a year older than I am; I have never seen her since I left Aberdeen. Some of the first verses I ever wrote were in praise of her beauty. I know she is happily mar-

ried, which I rejoice at." All this he said with much feeling.

As he proposed visiting Waterloo on the following morning, I offered my services as his *cicerone*, which were graciously accepted, and we set out at an early hour, accompanied by his *compagnon de voyage*. The weather was propitious, but the poet's spirits seemed depressed, and we passed through the gloomy forest of Soignies without much conversation. As the plan of the inspection of the field had been left to me, I ordered our postillion to drive to Mont St. Jean without stopping at Waterloo. We got out at the Monuments. Lord Byron gazed about for five minutes without uttering a syllable; at last, turning to me, he said—"I am not disappointed. I have seen the plains of Marathon, and these are as fine. Can you tell me," he continued, "where Picton fell? because I have heard that my friend Howard was killed at his side, and nearly at the same moment."

The spot was well known, and I pointed with my finger to some trees near it, at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards: we walked to the spot. "Howard," said his lordship with a sigh, "was my relation and dear friend; but we quarrelled, and I was in the wrong: we were, however, reconciled, at which I now rejoice." He spoke these words with great feeling, and we returned to examine the monument of Sir Alexander

Gordon, a broken column, on which he made some criticisms, bestowing great praise on the fraternal affection of his brother, who had erected it. He did not seem much interested about the positions of the troops, which I pointed out to him; and we got into our carriage and drove to the Chateau Goumont, the poet remaining silent, pensive, and in a musing mood, which I took care not to interrupt.

The gallant defence of this post seemed to interest him more, and I recapitulated all the particulars I knew of the attack. From the bravery displayed by the handful of troops (the Guards) who defended it, it has acquired its reputation. Though they were reinforced more than once, the number never exceeded twelve hundred; and notwithstanding the enemy had, by battering down the gate of the farm-yard, and setting fire to the straw in it, got possession of the outer works in the evening attack, they could make no impression on the strong-hold the garden—

> "Whose close pleach'd walks and bowers have been
> The deadly marksman's lurking screen."*

They reaped no advantage by these assaults; on the contrary they sacrificed a great many brave-

* These lines occur in a manuscript poem of Sir W. Scott's, (mentioned hereafter) written the morning after he visited Waterloo.

men without any purpose. It was a most important post; for had they succeeded in getting possession of it, and driving out our troops, their guns would have enfiladed us, and we should have been obliged to change our front. The pompous title of *Chateau* gives a little additional importance to this position, though it is only a miserable dwelling of two stories, somewhat resembling the habitations of our *bonnet lairds* about the beginning of the last century. The area of the house is about two Scotch acres, including the garden. The clipped and shady walks have been long since cut down, which takes away much interest from it; and the stupid Fleming to whom it belonged cut down the young trees in front of it, because they had been wounded by the bullets, which he was informed "would cause them to bleed to death!" The nobleman who now possesses it has, with better taste, repaired the Chateau, and will not permit any alteration in its appearance.

On our return in the evening, I pressed his lordship to dinner, which he declined, saying—"I have long abandoned the pleasures of the table." He, however, promised to take his coffee with my wife, provided there was no party. He came at nine o'clock, and greeted her most cordially, again expressing the pleasure he felt in meeting the friend of his mother.

Notwithstanding the interdiction, I had invited two accomplished gentlemen to meet him: one of

them, a Hanoverian in our service, had travelled in Greece, and being extremely intelligent, a most interesting conversation took place on that classical country, which has since so long struggled for its liberties. The poet was in high spirits and good humour, and he charmed us with anecdotes and descriptions of the various countries in the Archipelago and Albania, which he had visited. He neither ate nor drank, and the only refreshment he could be persuaded to take was an ice; but he remained with us till two hours past midnight. My wife exhibited her scrap-book, in which Sir W. Scott had a few months before written a few stanzas on the battle. She begged his lordship to do her a similar honor, to which he readily consented, saying, "if she would trust him with her book, he would insert a verse in it before he slept." He marched off with it under his arm, and next morning returned with the two beautiful stanzas which were soon after published in his Third Canto of "Childe Harold," with a little variation:

"Stop, for thy tread is on an Empire's dust."

I consider these as being highly valuable, being the *primi pensieri* of the splendid stanzas on Waterloo.

I asked Byron what he thought of Mr. Scott's "Field of Waterloo" just published—if it was

fair to ask one poet his opinion of a living contemporary. "Oh," said he, "quite fair; besides, there is not much subject for criticism in this hasty sketch. The reviewers call it a *falling off;* but I am sure there is no poet living who could have written so many good lines on so meagre a subject in so short a time. Scott," he added, "is a fine poet, and a most amiable man. We are great friends. As a prose writer, he has no rival; and has not been approached, since Cervantes, in depicting manners. His tales are my constant companions. It is highly absurd his denying, what every one that knows him believes, his being the author of these admirable works. Yet no man is obliged to give his name to the public except he chooses so to do; and Scott is not likely to be compelled by the law, for he does not write libels, nor a line of which he need be ashamed." He said a great deal more in praise of his friend, for whom he had the highest respect and regard. "I wish," added the poet with feeling, "it had been my good fortune to have had such a Mentor. No author," he observed, "had deserved more from the public, or has been so liberally rewarded."

Lord Byron, in reading aloud the stanzas of Mr. Scott,

> "For high, and deathless is the name,
> Oh Hougomont, thy ruins claim!

The sound of Cressy none shall own,
And Agincourt shall be unknown,
And Blenheim be a nameless spot
Long ere thy glories are forgot," &c.

exclaimed, striking the page with his hand, "I'll be d—d if they will, Mr. Scott, be forgot!"

There is a curious circumstance relative to his own verses written in this scrap-book, which exhibits the poet's modesty and good humour. A few weeks after he had written them, the well-known artist R. R. Reinagle, a friend of mine, arrived in Brussels, when I invited him to dine with me and showed him the lines, requesting him to embellish them with an appropriate vignette to the following passage:—

"Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,
Then tore, with bloody beak, the fatal plain;
Pierced with the shafts of banded nations through,
Ambition's life, and labours, all were vain—
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain."

Mr. Reinagle sketched with a pencil a spirited chained eagle, grasping the earth with his talons.

I had occasion to write to his lordship, and mentioned having got this clever artist to draw a vignette to his beautiful lines, and the liberty he had taken by altering the action of the eagle. In reply to this, he wrote to me—"Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am; eagles and all birds of prey attack with their

talons, and not with their beaks, and I have altered the line thus—

'Then tore, with bloody talon, the rent plain.'

This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice."

I happened to have a copy of the "Novelle Amorose" of Casti, a severe satire on the monks, which Lord Byron had never seen. I presented him with it, and in his letter to me from Geneva he writes, "I cannot tell you what a treat your gift of Casti has been to me; I have almost got him by heart. I had read his 'Animali Parlanti,' but I think these 'Novelle' much better. I long to go to Venice to see the manners so admirably described."

A year afterwards he published "Beppo," which certainly looks like an imitation of the "Novelle Amorose;" though I have heard that the perusal of Mr. Frere's "Monks and Giants" gave birth to this lively *jeu d'esprit*.

Lord Byron travelled in a huge coach, copied from the celebrated one of Napoleon, taken at Genappe, with additions. Besides a *lit de repos*, it contained a library, a plate-chest, and every apparatus for dining. I have forgotten by whom it was built, but he told me it had cost him six hundred guineas; it was most ingeniously contrived. It was not, however, found sufficiently capacious for his baggage and suite; and he pur-

chased a *calèche* at Brussels for his servants. It broke down going to Waterloo, and I advised him to return it, as it seemed to be a crazy machine; but as he had made a deposit of forty Napoleons (certainly double its value), the honest Fleming would not consent to restore the cash, or take back his packing-case, except under a forfeiture of thirty Napoleons. As his lordship was to set out the following day, he begged me to make the best arrangement I could in the affair. He had no sooner taken his departure, than the worthy *sellier* inserted a paragraph in "The Brussels Oracle," stating, "that the noble 'milor Anglais' had absconded with his *calèche* value 1800 francs!"

I need not add that my indignation was great on perusing this rascally libel; and I lost not a moment in applying to a lawyer, who summoned the gentleman before the mayor. He now began to draw in his horns, and on my threatening to prosecute him for defamation, he consented to take a hundred francs for the use of his carriage to Waterloo, and as much more for some alterations he pretended to have made, which, as I could not contradict, I was obliged to submit to, although my lawyer was desirous I should resist such gross imposition. I however agreed, on condition that a declaration should be inserted, at his expense, stating the true merits of the case.

I transmitted the whole detail to Lord Byron, who was much pleased with my conduct in justi-

fying him, and extricating him out of the hands of the Flemish Philistines.

I was intimately acquainted with Lord Byron's mother from her childhood. She lost both her parents before she was ten years old, and lived occasionally with the family of General Abercromby of Glassaugh, to whom she was nearly related. I passed some weeks in her company there, when she came from school, a romping, comely, good-humoured girl of sixteen, inclined to corpulency. She was fond of running races, and swinging between two trees on the lawn; but from this exercise she was at last interdicted, for one of the ropes gave way, and she had so severe a fall that she fainted, and I carried her in my arms into the house; but no injury occurred except that she was obliged to submit to the lancet, and a temporary confinement.

One of her nearest relations, Mrs. D ——, the wife of the admiral, was about this time residing at Bath; and this lady undertook the charge of the young heiress, and of introducing her into the world. She had been too long in Scotland, for she had acquired a confirmed Scotch accent. Now it was to be feared that some northern adventurer might entice her into a clandestine marriage; for she had no mother or good aunt to look after her. How Bath was chosen as an eligible residence for a young and giddy heiress, seems rather surprising; but thither she went, and was

introduced. It was soon known that she had an estate worth sixty thousand pounds, and she consequently attracted many admirers: among others Captain Byron, a guardsman, (or lately one,) paid his court to the northern constellation. Being a young man of address and insinuating manners, he got into the young lady's good graces, and I have heard that he persuaded her to take a trip to Gretna Green with him.*

It was with some difficulty that the noble captain was prevailed on to settle two hundred a-year out of her two thousand. Crippled with debts, which he had previously contracted, his extravagance continued, and after cutting down the timber, he disposed of the estate to the Earl of Aberdeen much under its value, and within three years he had squandered every shilling. Fortunately death put a stop to his career, and the poor widow (just out of her teens) had no other provision left for herself and son but the pitiful pittance which had, by the kind intercession of a friend, been saved to her.'"

She retired to obscurity, but in the midst of her friends, to Aberdeen, for the education of her child. It is a singular circumstance that, at the birth of this boy, there were several males between him and the title, yet before he had reached his seventh year he succeeded to it. On this subject his nurse was prophetic; for on his mother's asking this woman,

* Mr. Moore, however, says he "*believes* the marriage took place at Bath."

who had been thirty years in the family, if he was a fine child, "Ay, madam," said she, "he's a bonny bairn, and he's got a *clubbed* foot, and he'll surely be Lord Byron; for a' the Lord Byrons ha' a clubbed foot!" This I have heard Mrs. Byron tell when her son was an infant; and it was certainly true that two of the family had been born with this defect. . .

He was sent to Harrow; and that she might be near the idol of her affections, she took a small house in London.

I had frequent opportunities of seeing the youth when he came to town for the holidays. At fourteen he was a fine, lively, restless lad, full of fire and energy, and passionately fond of riding. His exploits in Hyde Park I have already mentioned:—when he boasted of beating me in the race, I said, "Do you know the proverb, 'that there is a great deal of riding in a borrowed horse!'" He did not know this adage until I explained it to him; when he good-humouredly drew in his reins, acknowledging the rebuke, and adding, "If the pony was mine, I would bet you my month's pocket-money that I would be at Kensington-gardens before you."—"Well," I said, "we will have a trial to-morrow for half-a-crown; but to-day we must not race, for our nags have had too much water." He blabbed this to his mother, who would on no account permit the course. But the ride was not to be abandoned, and he gave his parole that he would not gallop, and kept

religiously to it; for though he was a spoiled child, and had too much of his own way, he never did any thing intentionally to disoblige or vex her,—at least so she has often told me.

Our intimacy with Mrs. Byron Gordon continued after Lord Byron went abroad: she sensibly felt the separation, and her spirits were only kept up by the hopes of his speedy return. Alas, she did not live to have this happiness; for when she wrote to him that she had got into bad health, and was desirous to see him, he hastened to obey her wishes, but she died a week or two before his arrival! This greatly distressed him, as he had taken it into his head that, had he been with her, or had never quitted her, she might have been still living. Yet he acknowledged that she did not want the best medical advice. She was extremely corpulent, and he told me that he was also inclined to *obesity*, to prevent which he was become very abstemious, and took violent exercise.

The last time I saw his mother, she told me that his affections were placed on a young lady, whose name she did not mention, but I suppose it was Miss Chaworth.

* * * * *

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott visited Brussels about the middle of August 1816, when I had the good for-

tune to meet him at the house of Sir Frederick Adam, who was prevented by a wound from joining his brigade, though he was able to do the duties of the small garrison there.

Sir Walter Scott accepted my services to conduct him to Waterloo. The general's aide-de-camp was also of the party, Sir Walter Scott being accompanied by two friends, his fellow travellers. He made no secret of his having undertaken to write something on the battle; and perhaps he took the greater interest on this account in every thing that he saw. Besides, he had never seen the field of such a conflict; and never having been before on the Continent, it was all new to his comprehensive mind. The day was beautiful; and I had the precaution to send out a couple of saddle-horses, that he might not be fatigued in walking over the fields, which had been recently ploughed up. The animal he rode was so quiet that he was much gratified, and had an opportunity of examining every spot of the positions of both armies; and seemed greatly delighted, especially with the Farm of Goumont, where he loitered a couple of hours. In our rounds we fell in with Monsieur Da Costar, with whom he got into conversation. This man had attracted so much notice by his pretended story of being about the person of Napoleon, that he was of too much importance to be passed by: I did not, indeed, know as much of this fellow's charlatanism at that time as afterwards, when I saw him confronted

with a blacksmith of La Belle Alliance, who had been his companion in a hiding-place ten miles from the field during the whole day; a fact which he could not deny. But he had got up a tale so plausible and so profitable, that he could afford to bestow hush-money on the companion of his flight, so that the imposition was but little known; and strangers continued to be gulled. He had picked up a good deal of information about the positions and details of the battle; and being naturally a sagacious Wallon, and speaking French pretty fluently, he became the favorite *cicerone*, and every lie he told was taken for gospel. Year after year, until his death in 1824, he continued his popularity, and raised the price of his rounds from a couple of francs to five; besides as much for the hire of a horse, his own property; for he pretended that the fatigue of walking so many hours was beyond his powers. It has been said that in this way he realized every summer a couple of hundred Napoleons.

There was another peasant whom I discovered, an extremely intelligent little fellow, who had actually been forced into the service by a Prussian officer. He was found skulking in the forest, and put at the head of the column, to conduct it, by the best and shortest route, to the scene of action, which, from the noise of the cannon and platoons, could be at no great distance. The little pioneer did his duty; there was nothing improbable in his

story; and when I made his acquaintance, I found him very acute, and gave him some further knowledge of the details than he already knew; dubbed him Blucher's aide-de-camp; and set him up, to all strangers that fell in my way, in opposition to Da Costar. He was content with a franc for a course, and soon became a popular character.

When Sir Walter had examined every point of defence and attack we adjourned to the "Original Duke of Wellington" at Waterloo, to lunch after the fatigues of the ride. Here he had a crowded levée of peasants, and collected a great many trophies, from cuirasses down to buttons and bullets. He picked up himself many little relics, and was fortunate in purchasing a grand cross of the legion of honor. But the most precious memorial was presented to him by my wife—a French soldier's book, well stained with blood, and containing some songs popular in the French army, which he found so interesting that he introduced versions of them in his "Paul's Letters;" of which he did me the honor to send me a copy, with a letter, saying, "that he considered my wife's gift as the most valuable of all his Waterloo relics."

On our return from the field, he kindly passed the evening with us, and a few friends whom we invited to meet him. He charmed us with his delightful conversation, and was in great spirits from the agreeable day he had passed; and with

great good-humour promised to write a stanza in my wife's album. On the following morning he fulfilled his promise by contributing some beautiful verses on Hougoumont. I put him into my little library to prevent interruption, as a great many persons had paraded in the *Parc* opposite my window to get a peep of the celebrated man, many having dogged him from his hotel.

Brussels affords but little worthy of the notice of such a traveller as the Author of "Waverley;" but he greatly admired the splendid tower of the Maison de Ville, and the ancient sculpture and style of architecture of the buildings which surround the Grand Place.

He told us, with great humour, a laughable incident which had occurred to him at Antwerp. The morning after his arrival at that city from Holland, he started at an early hour to visit the tomb of Rubens in the Church of St. Jacques, before his party were up. After wandering about for some time, without finding the object he had in view, he determined to make inquiry, and observing a person stalking about, he addressed him in his best French; but the stranger, pulling off his hat, very respectfully replied in the pure Highland accent, "I'm vary sorry, Sir, but I canna speak ony thing besides English."—"This is very unlucky indeed, Donald," said Sir Walter, "but we must help one another; for to tell you the truth, I'm not good at any other tongue but the English, or rather, the

Scotch."—"Oh, Sir, maybe," replied the Highlander, "you are a countryman, and ken my maister Captain Cameron of the 79th, and could tell me whare he lodges. I'm just cum in, Sir, frae a place they ca' *Machlin*, and ha' forgotten the name of the captain's quarters; it was something like the *Laaborer*."—"I can, I think, help you with this, my friend," rejoined Sir Walter. "There is an inn just opposite to you, (pointing to the *Hotel de Grande Laboreur*:) I dare say that will be the captain's quarters;" and it was so. I cannot do justice to the humour with which Sir Walter recounted this dialogue.

## CHAPTER XII.

St. Elmo, a tale of the Neapolitan Revolution—The surrender—The treaty broke—Horrors of the siege—Connivance at escape—The *facchino*—Extraordinary rencontre—The prisoner's tale—The cameriera—A friend—The disguise—Generous stranger—Agreeable asylum—Bay of Naples—Good news—Captain Troubridge and the English consul—Friendship—Conclusion.

THOUGH the following narrative has the air of romance, it is nevertheless perfectly true, *au pied de la lettre.* The names of the *dramatis personæ*, for obvious reasons, are concealed, but the hero is still living.

Though thirty years have elapsed since the revolutions at Naples, yet they are no doubt in the recollection of many persons; but I shall by way of preface only observe, for the benefit of those who may be unacquainted with these singular events, that in the year 1799 the celebrated

Cardinal Ruffo, with the crucifix in one hand and the sword in the other, advanced from Calabria to Naples at the head of sixty thousand armed banditti, who, assisted by the English squadron commanded by Nelson, and five hundred Russian marines, got possession of the defences of the city, garrisoned by a few thousand French troops and patriots (the remains of the army that had lately evacuated the kingdom), who still occupied the castle of St. Elmo. The forts of Nuovo and del 'Uovo, occupied entirely by Neapolitan troops, had a few weeks previously surrendered by a capitulation highly honorable to them: viz. "a general amnesty and oblivion of political opinions; possession of property real and personal; with permission to emigrate, if the whole or any part of the garrisons should be desirous at this crisis to seek a temporary asylum in France or elsewhere; and in this case they were to be conveyed to a French port at the expense of the allies, and escorted by a British ship of war." These articles were signed by the Neapolitan general Ruffo, by the commander of the Russian ships, and on the part of England by Commodore Foote, who had been despatched by Lord Nelson with a few frigates to co-operate with the Cardinal-General. The French having shortly after sent a squadron into the Mediterranean under the command of Admiral Gantheaume,

Nelson, having but a few ships, was obliged to remain in port, and to disembark some Sicilian troops intended to attack the forts. Foote had received orders to get possession of them on any terms; on which account the English commodore did not hesitate to countersign the capitulation.

* * * * *

The Neapolitan patriots, unwilling to trust to the faith of their own government, had all determined to emigrate, and were actually embarked and ready to sail to Toulon, when unhappily Lord Nelson made his appearance in the bay in consequence of the French fleet having returned to France. He had brought with him the British ambassador Sir William Hamilton, and his far-famed beautiful and fascinating lady, the favourite of the Hero of the Nile! When this trio beheld, from the deck of their ship, the white flags flying on the walls of the castles, they were horror-struck; and their dismay was greatly augmented when they found that the patriots had obtained honorable terms.

The admiral gave immediate orders to disarm the rebels and traitors as he designated them, and to put them on board feluccas hired for the purpose, and moored at the sterns of the ships of war in the bay; a certain number of the officers (*alias* ring-leaders) being ordered into close confinement under charge of the captains, who on

this occasion became their jailers! It was in vain that these gallant men remonstrated against such a monstrous breach of faith. "Give them back, my lord, their castles and their arms," said the brave Troubridge, "if the treaty must be broke, and let them live or die in their defence!" But this language did not accord with his lordship's feelings: the captains were informed that he had summoned them "to obey, not to advise;" and four hundred and seventy-two persons, comprehending men of high rank and talent, were confined for several months in their floating prisons, suffering every privation, exposed to the influence of a burning sun in the dog days, half-starved on a short allowance, forbidden all communication with their families and friends, and daily insulted by a hired lazzaroni sent by their barbarous enemies for this purpose. Finally, these unfortunate patriots were delivered over to the Junta, who transported them into the dungeons and caves of the Lipari and other islands, from whence but few issued alive!

* * * * *

Having been an eye-witness to these remarkable events, I have given this short sketch of them by way of introduction to the following narrative.

A battalion of eight hundred English marines, and nearly a similar number of seamen from Lord

Nelson's squadron, were landed at Naples under the orders of Captains Troubridge and Hallowell, assisted by five hundred Russian marines, and besieged the castle of St. Elmo, a strong fort commanding the whole city; which after a bombardment of twenty-four days capitulated, and surrendered on terms nearly similar to those granted to the patriots in the other fortresses, except that they were not to take up arms against the allies for six months. This garrison was chiefly composed of French troops, who were immediately sent to France. The few Neapolitans had contrived during the siege to escape, except those who were sick or wounded.

The marine grenadiers took possession of the castle at an early hour, and as the officer commanding them spoke neither French nor Italian, I volunteered my services as interpreter. The hospital having been destroyed by our shells, the sick and wounded had been conveyed to bomb-proofs, through which we were obliged to pass. "

My feeble pen can convey but a faint idea of the horrors of these dens of misery and wretchedness! Half naked and prostrate, some groaning from the pain of their undressed wounds, and others crying out for drink to quench their burning thirst, and food to allay the cravings of hunger, these unfortunate objects had for many

days been on the most scanty allowance of horse-flesh, with a small ration of black bread and a scarcity of water, which added greatly to their miseries: they had neither wine nor medicines, and in this state they were compelled to surrender. A more horrible scene can hardly be imagined; the pitiable screams, oaths, and lamentations of these sufferers formed a chorus which rang in my ears for many a day.

While I was on the esplanade performing my duties of interpreter, and being dressed in the embroidered uniform of an aide-de-camp, I presume I was considered to be a general, for an officer in shabby regimentals, with a beard an inch long, though with an imposing mien, addressed me as "Monsieur le General," and entreated me to honour him for a moment with my private ear. I undeceived him as to my rank, stating that I was only acting an interpreter; but that I every moment expected the commandant to arrive. "Oh, Monsieur!" replied the prisoner, "it is on that account that I would entreat your aid." His countenance and expression were so distracted that I stepped aside with him.

"I am," said he, "a Neapolitan patriot, and a lieutenant-colonel in the republican army; my name is on the list of prisoners; and though I am included in the capitulation just signed, I am certain I shall meet the same fate as my brethren in

the forts, and be delivered up to the Junta, who delight in blood. A wound which I received ten days ago, though slight, prevented me from making my escape when all hope of defending the castle was at an end. The only hope I now have of salvation is through you. I address myself to a brother in arms, and to an individual of a nation well known for its generosity. If you will wink at my escape in disguise before the prisoners are mustered, I might perhaps be able, during the tumult, to pass the gates. I am a man of family and some education; my crimes have been a love of liberty and of my country, to which I am about to fall a sacrifice; and I am sure a British officer will think a brave patriot does not merit such a fate." I replied "that he might depend at least on my not throwing any obstacles in his way;" at the same time recommending him to lose no time in forming his plans. "The English centinels," said I, "are already planted at the sally port to prevent all egress; but you may contrive to pass them, provided your disguise is so effectual that you cannot be recognized." "God bless you," he answered, "brave Englishman!" taking me by the hand, and disappeared.

In a quarter of an hour a fellow disguised as a *facchino* (porter) presented himself, demanding "if my Eccellenza required *un facchino?*" I recognized my new friend by his voice only, for

he was transformed into a regular *lazzarone* with a basket on his head. I took no notice of him but by a wink of recognition, and stepping out of the crowd he followed me. The gate, or rather a wicket, which I have already mentioned, was at hand, and thither I bent my steps with my *facchino* at my heels. I thought it prudent to preserve silence, and we did not exchange a word. It was with difficulty we could pass the crowd where the English centinels were placed, but my *lazzarone* calling out, "*Make room for his Excellency!*" we accomplished it. There was an officer at the gate, and I requested him to permit a man to pass who was going to the city with a message for me, when he vanished like lightning and was lost in the crowd. I returned to my post, much gratified that I had been the means of saving a patriot from the fangs of the new Inquisition. As I was ignorant of his name, I had but little chance of tracing his fate; yet this pleasure was in reserve for me, though at a distance of twenty years, and in a manner as singular as unexpected.

In 1818 I was dining at the Belgian club in Brussels, at the period of the entrance of the Austrian army into the kingdom of Naples, and the conversation naturally turned on that event. As I had been an eye-witness of the counter-revolution, and had some knowledge of the *carte du*

*pays*, I delivered my opinions pretty freely, remarking, "that if the Neapolitan patriots had been as zealous and hearty in the cause of liberty as the brave republicans who defended the castle of St. Elmo in 1799, the result would have been very different; and had they," I added, "opened the sluices of the Pontine marshes, and forced the invaders to enter the kingdom by the mountains of the Abruzzi, one of the strongest passes in Europe, and where every league is fortified by nature, Naples would have been saved." When I had finished my harangue, a stranger sitting *vis-a-vis* started from his chair, and crossing the room, approached me with a quick step and extended arms, as if for the purpose of "a fraternal embrace;" I also got on my legs, not being able to account for this sudden movement; but I was not an instant left in suspense, for he suddenly exclaimed in French, "Excuse me, sir, but did you not command the English troops when the French surrendered the castle of St. Elmo in 1799?" "No sir," I answered, "I did not command, but I was present on that occasion, and acted as an interpreter." "Mon Dieu!" rejoined the stranger, "this confirms me in my suspicions. Do you recollect then, Monsieur, having aided an unfortunate prisoner in making his escape?" "That circumstance," said I, "is perfectly fresh in my recollection, but surely you are not this person?"—"I am, Sir; and you see before you

one who owes his life to your noble generosity!" holding out his hand, which I cordially shook; and before I could express my satisfaction at this singular *rencontre*, he turned to a few of the members who had remained at table, saying, "Gentlemen, it is necessary I should apologize for the interruption I have occasioned, but when I repeat what you can already guess, that it is to this gentleman I am indebted for my preservation from the hands of murderers, you will, I trust, readily excuse the sudden impulse of my feelings in meeting him so unexpectedly!"

He then entered into a long detail of the circumstances, and the generosity of "his noble-minded saviour," as he called me, telling them "that a few of his brother soldiers, who had not been so fortunate as himself, had been given up to the Junta in defiance of the capitulation, and sent into dungeons from whence they never issued with their lives."

It was in vain that I attempted to stop his eulogium on me until he had unburthened himself; the scene was quite dramatic, and his audience seemed by their applauses to participate in the feelings and enthusiastic declamations of the vivid Italian, who insisted on calling for a bottle of champagne to commemorate the happy meeting, and I could not do less than order another, in which the Belgians good-humouredly joined us.

After mutual repetitions of the pleasure this

meeting afforded us, the general (for he told me his name and rank, which I suppress for obvious reasons) agreed to adjourn to my house to coffee, and to tell me his adventures, which I was anxious to learn. During our walk I asked my new friend how he came to recollect me after a lapse of twenty years? "I should not," he replied, "probably have recognized you, had not the conversation turned on a subject in which I was highly interested; nor should I have examined your face in so large a company, had you not uttered sentiments in perfect unison with my own; I listened without taking any part in the conversation, for I never discourse on political subjects in mixed companies in a foreign country; but when you mentioned having been at the siege of St. Elmo, I regarded you with particular attention, and thought your countenance was one I had before seen; and when you talked of treachery, and of the breach of the treaty, I was, as if by inspiration, suddenly convinced that I saw before me my preserver. The remembrance of a man who has saved your life, or done you an important service, is strongly impressed on your mind; and I attribute my sudden recognition of you to these causes."

When we had finished our coffee, the general commenced his narrative, which I give as nearly in his own words as I can; for finding it so interesting, I took notes of it; but the story was not

detailed at our first interview, but afforded subject for several conversations during his sojourn of a week at Brussels.

"When a man is the hero of his own tale," said the general, "he is generally prolix, and must be considered an egotist; but as I am sure you will feel an interest in the detail of my life, I shall offer no apology for its copiousness, although it does not contain any thing very remarkable or worthy of record to any other person but yourself." With this short preface, and an appropriate compliment on my part, he proceeded as follows:—

"As soon as I turned my back on the castle, which I had assisted to defend for several weeks, I threw my pannier into the ditch, and descended to the city that contained my enemies with as firm a step as my debilitated state from starvation and fatigue would permit. The joy I felt in being so unexpectedly delivered from a dungeon or a halter, was clouded by reflections that I had many enemies ready to denounce an unfortunate patriot, and also great difficulty to find a temporary asylum from the multitude of spies employed by the Junta. I had indeed many friends who would have received me under any other circumstances; but harbouring a rebel (as every friend of liberty was called) was declared to be an act of high-treason, and subjected the defaulter to the galleys.

"I had long lived in intimate habits of friendship with a Sicilian widow, who had a comfortable establishment, and who I knew would make great sacrifices on my account. To her, therefore, I determined to make my first appeal, and to be guided by circumstances; but at so early an hour as seven o'clock I could hardly expect admission in such a costume without betraying myself to her *domestique*, a risk too great to run at this time, where nine servants out of ten were employed as spies. Luckily I had a crayon and a slip of paper, on which I wrote my Christian name only. Thus prepared, I rang the bell, and the door was slowly and reluctantly opened by an old hag, who on seeing the sort of guest that had disturbed her, shut it in my face with an 'andate via!' This was a rebuff I did not anticipate; but having a few *carlini* in my pocket, I thought a couple might soften the heart of the beldame; accordingly I knocked softly, and applying my mouth to the key-hole, called *sotto voce*, 'that I had a message to the Signora, which must be immediately delivered, and that I had *something* for herself.' I presume this last argument had the desired effect; for opening a small window in the vestibule, she thrust out her head, telling me at the same time 'that she would not permit such a *lazzarone* to enter at such an hour; and if I had any message for her mistress, I might deliver it to her.' I took care that she saw the *carlini* glis-

tening before I replied; and holding them out, I said, 'Here is a paper to the *Signorina Teresa* (the abigail), and if you bring me a speedy answer, these two pieces shall be your reward.' The duenna grinned, and probably supposing it was an affair of gallantry, the door was again opened, and I put my name into her hand. 'Wait,' said she, 'and I will see if the Signorina is stirring;' meantime she drew the bolt across, and left me in the street in no enviable temper: my dress, however, was a complete disguise. The little *cameriera* was my particular friend, and knew me well by my Christian name; so that I had hopes of speedy admittance. In this I was not disappointed, for in ten minutes she descended, and nearly betrayed me to the old *concierge* (when she saw a *facchino* at the door, instead of the gallant *colonnello* that she expected) by uttering a scream and a 'Jesu Maria,' and retreating rapidly into the hall. But I entreated the timid damsel 'not to be afraid;' and giving her a well-known signal of secrecy, she returned, and I was at length admitted, after Leonora had got her cue.

"I had not much difficulty in making my little friend understand the unpleasant position in which I was placed; and her mistress having been informed of my arrival, I was admitted into the *boudoir*, where my costume occasioned equal surprise to my charming widow. My tale was soon

told, and, as I expected, she warmly interested herself in my unhappy situation, offering me an asylum in her house. 'Alas,' said I, 'my dear friend, my presence will compromise you, for you must be aware of the consequence of sheltering a rebel!'

"'Your fears alone,' answered the fair Sicilian, 'make you suspect a domiciliary visit here, for my servants are too much your friends to betray you; but in case of a visit from the spies of the Junta, I have a hiding-place that the Spanish Inquisition, with all their familiars, could not detect. I beg, therefore, my friend, that you banish all such apprehension, and get rid of your dirty garments and frightful beard: I am not an admirer of mustachios, as you know. Teresa will soon purchase you a more befitting dress; in the mean time here is a Spanish cloak to put on until your toilet can be made. I suspect, however,' continued the lady, with an arch smile, 'that what you most require is a plentiful breakfast, if I may judge by your pallid cheek and meagre countenance.'

"'Your conjecture, my dear friend,' I replied, 'is true, for I am half dead from want of food, which I have hardly tasted for the last two days, as I have no great relish for a horse-flesh diet.' A basin of chocolate and a cold *pâté* shortly made their appearance, which, with a few glasses of Madeira, acted as a restorative; and if any thing

could tranquillise the mind of a man in my situation, it would have been the kindness of this amiable woman.

"While Teresa went to the *frippier* to procure me some sort of garments, I lay down on a sofa and enjoyed three or four hours of refreshing sleep, and awoke a new man.

"Sancho Panza justly says, 'that sleep covers a man over like a mantle.' In my case it worked a miracle.

"When we had leisure to comment on my future plans, the widow suggested calling in to our counsels a near relation and her most intimate friend, in whom she said I might have the most 'implicit confidence; for though he holds a high situation in the present government, he is in his heart a true patriot, and the most amiable of men.'

"I readily consented to this proposal, and Teresa having equipped me in a peasant's holiday costume, and a splendid *cappello di paglia*, I made a respectable appearance as a *contadino*. The mustachios which I had taken such care to train, and of which I was not a little vain, disappeared; and Teresa, who acted as *valet-de-chambre*, recommended that I should attach to my Brutus crop a long *queue*, otherwise I might be suspected of being a jacobin! The fitting on of this paraphernalia afforded us no small amusement; and if a stranger had entered on the occasion, he could

not have supposed that this masquerading was intended for a man who had the fear of a halter before him, or who had escaped from a prison within four-and-twenty hours.

"I remained *perdu* with my amiable friend for several days, during which we planned the means of my escape out of the kingdom. Her counsellor being absent, we had not yet the benefit of his advice; but he was daily expected, and at length arrived. Previous to my being introduced to this gentleman, the lady had a private interview with him, when he learned my unhappy situation; so that all further explanation was unnecessary when we met. Taking me by the hand, he said, '*Colonnello*, I sympathise most sincerely with you in the situation in which you are placed; but you ought to consider yourself fortunate in having escaped from a dungeon, or perhaps death. I am, as you already know, an *employé;* but thank God my situation has nothing to do with the damnable Junta! I am a commissary, a purveyor of the carcases of bullocks, not of human beings! My time is fully occupied in supplying the city with food; yet I will spare some to assist you, and you may command my purse. I know your family well, and enough of yourself, to be assured that I am not going to throw away my time on an unworthy object. Your elder brother was my schoolfellow and early friend, another reason for my taking an interest in you; and I must give you

the assistance he would have done had he been present. But this is not the moment for a man with liberal opinions to return to Naples, and I shall therefore advise you to continue in Sicily, and trust to me for your preservation. The Prince Rocca Romano is my particular friend, although our political views are different. He is now at the head of the government; and it is through him that I hope to obtain you a passport: meantime a place of more security must be found for you than your present one; for I cannot doubt that you feel unwilling to compromise our amiable friend by remaining longer under her roof, and thereby exposing both her and yourself to the vengeance of your enemies: she has indeed told me that you will run every risk rather than do so. I think I can place you in safety before twenty-four hours pass; but this requires a little management.'

"I listened with the most profound attention to this feeling harangue, and when he concluded, I could only express my gratitude for his disinterested friendship and generous intentions towards me, and hoping he would not find me altogether unworthy of his protection; but that every hour I remained here I felt that I was endangering our friend. At this moment she entered, and with a fascinating smile said, 'My dear friends, we will have no more business this evening: Teresa has arranged a little collation in the next

room; let us see whether she has catered well for Signior il commissario, who provides so abundantly for his numerous friends.'

"We sat down to a repast consisting of every luxury, to which we did ample justice; and in the hilarity of the moment, and the charming society of these kind friends, I forgot for several hours that I was proscribed!

"The following day the baron (for he was of a noble family) made his appearance with a smiling countenance, and cordially addressing me said, 'I have made an arrangement for you, which will for a time *denude* you of your military rank; and you must, like Cincinnatus, turn your sword, not into a plough-share, but into a spade—a character to which your present dress, with the addition of an apron, is well suited. I have a farm in the *Campagna Felice*, three leagues from the city, with a small villa, which I often visit when I can make my escape from the toils of office; there I cultivate flowers and study botany. An old *concierge* and his wife have charge of my little domain and of my *menage;* they have lived in my family as long as I can recollect: they are a worthy pair, and it is with them I mean to lodge you until I can procure your passport; but I need not tell you that the greatest caution is necessary to prevent suspicion of your identity. I have long promised Antonio an assistant; for he is almost incapable of culti-

vating my little garden; not that you will render him much aid, for I presume that your knowledge of horticulture is not great, though you must, for form's sake, submit to take a rake or a hoe in your hand, and to live on a simple diet. Though he is a most faithful servant, I do not advise his being entrusted with our secret, for he is a great gossip; and, without any evil intention, he might let something slip out among his neighbours to create suspicion. The only part of my plan I regret, is putting you on so low a diet, after the late starvation you have undergone.'

"I replied to my amiable friend that 'Antonio's simple fare would rather be a recommendation, as it will accustom me to deprivations which I must now look for; but if I find his *pasta* and vegetables disagree with me, I can occasionally reinforce his table with a dish of meat, under pretence that flesh was recommended by the doctors on the score of health.' 'Right,' replied the commissary; 'a feigned indisposition, which your present looks will not belie, will be a good excuse for your doing light work in the garden.'

"My wardrobe was speedily arranged, and with a small addition of eye-brow it would have been difficult to recognise me. My working dress, a few shirts and necessaries, were put into a bundle, and carried on my shoulder with a stout stick. I started at an early hour in the evening, after taking an affectionate leave of my amiable friends.

The baron enjoined me 'not to stir from the precincts of the farm, and on no account to write letters, as every one that passed through the post-office was opened; and when he had any thing of importance to communicate he would send a messenger to me through Antonio; but above all he advised patience, as every thing would be done for my delivery.' Such an example of benevolence and good feeling towards a stranger but seldom occurs; and how fortunate had I been, first, in effecting my escape so unexpectedly; and, secondly, in having found an asylum, and the friendship of a man by whose active exertions I might hope to evade the persecution of my enemies.

With these agreeable impressions on my mind, I sallied forth, and shortly turned my back on a city within whose walls I left my persecutors. Entering the *Campagna Felice*, the most lovely spot on the face of the globe, I sat down on a bank: it was towards the end of September; the rains had lately fallen, and the air was cool and refreshing. The sun was setting in all his glory on the bay, and tipping with his rays the islands and other objects in the back-ground. Nature was smiling around: the peasant was returning from his labours; and I heard no other sounds but the tinkling of the bells of a flock of goats and sheep, browsing by the side of the highway. How did I enjoy this delicious repose,

when I contrasted it with the din of war, and the horrors I had lately witnessed! I had imbibed high notions of liberty, and a love of my country: fondly imagining that a free constitution would bring it to a level with other nations. Young and an enthusiast, I sighed for glory! A few months back every thing had been to my inexperienced and vivid imagination, *couleur de rose*—but how was it changed!

"On reaching my worthy protector's farm, I found I had been previously expected: for the old *concierge* who had charge of it received me kindly, and welcoming me to the *chateau*, presented me to his spouse. I observed in the countenance of both, when addressing me, a mixture of respect along with a familiarity that I thought was assumed. I determined however to obey the instructions I had received, and to assist Antonio in his horticultural occupations.

"I will not tire you with a recital of my feelings, hopes, and fears, during the six weeks that I passed in seclusion. I had however received notice from my friend, assuring me that every thing was *en bon train*, and that I might soon expect to see him. Accordingly one evening, when I was in an unusually low mood, I had the satisfaction to hear the sound of wheels in the court-yard, and on looking out from the window, to see him step out of his *calèche*. I sallied forth to meet him, making a profound reverence. I perceived by the expres-

sion of his countenance that he had good news to communicate; and I was not long in suspense, for he addressed me saying, 'Young man, I am desirous to see what progress you have made as a botanist: let us walk into the garden before it is dark.'

"When we got into a retired walk, he said, taking me by the hand, 'There is no longer any occasion for secrecy; but I thought it was proper to let you into the state of your affairs before I communicated them to Antonio. I have now the happiness to congratulate you, my dear friend: your seclusion is at an end. I have not only had the good fortune to procure you a passport, but the appointment of courier to carry a despatch from the English commodore Troubridge to the consul Fagan at Rome. This kindness you owe to that brave officer through the good offices of Prince Rocca Romano, who at my request, and perhaps by the greater eloquence of your fair Sicilian, has so effectually interested himself in your behalf. I am also happy to add that your brother has, with his usual generosity, given me instructions to supply you with whatever sum may be necessary for your equipment and conveyance to France. I have had your passport some time; but the delay has been occasioned by my having waited to receive letters from Sicily, which came yesterday to hand—here they are for your perusal. Every thing however is arranged for

your emigration; and in order to avoid all risk of your being recognised in the city, I intend to drive you to Capua in my *calèche*, and in your present disguise: there you will find a travelling dress, and a cabriolet ready to step into, and in twenty-four hours you may be at Rome. I recommend you, when you have delivered your despatch, to proceed immediately to Leghorn, where you will no doubt find a neutral vessel to transport you to Marseilles or Toulon. Be prudent and vigilant, and I can have no doubt of your safety and prosperity. Your absence, I prophecy, will be short, for the present government cannot long exist. In the mean time you may pursue your profession in the French army, and be reinstated in the rank you have held. I rejoice that I have been the fortunate instrument of rescuing you from the hands of your enemies. I have brought with me a *sac* containing 300 louis d'ors, the best travelling coin; and when you write to me of your safety in France you shall have a further supply. I look forward with pleasure to our meeting under happier auspices. Disguise is now no longer necessary, and we may let Antonio into our secrets, as I wish to pass the evening with you without restraint—we need not fear his blabbing.' The old man being summoned, the mystery was explained. 'Ah!' exclaimed the sly domestic, 'I have long suspected that my scholar knew more of swords and fire-

arms than of botany. I thought he was one of your friends under a cloud, like many other brave men. I am however a little chagrined that you did not confide in me; but no doubt you had good reasons for keeping the colonel's secrets. I hope, however, he is satisfied with the treatment he has had, and that he will accept of my humble congratulations and good wishes.'

"I passed a most delightful evening with my worthy friend, who gave me a thousand interesting details of the wretched state of the capital, and the bloody scenes that were acting in it; but as you were an eye witness, I need not mention them. I had now more reason than ever to congratulate myself on my delivery from the hands of the Philistines.

"At Capua we found every thing ready; and after exchanging my costume of a *contadino* for that of a courier, and taking an affectionate leave of my generous protector, I stepped into my *chaise de poste*, and next evening found myself at the gates of the Roman capital, and my passport *en regle*. I lost not a moment in delivering my despatches to the English consul, who, finding I was going to Leghorn, charged me with others to his brother in office at that port. This I considered a fortunate circumstance, as in case of any interruption on my journey, such a credential might withdraw any suspicion of my real character.

"I reached Leghorn in safety without being

questioned; and keeping a complete incognito in that busy city, I seldom stirred out till dusk for a little exercise. After a sojournment of ten days, I found a fine American trader bound for Marseilles, in which I secured a passage, and my *trajet* was short and propitious.

"I could now congratulate myself on being out of the power of the Junta; but on producing my English passport to the authorities I was put under *surveillance*, and the next morning brought before the governor, to whom I related my story, which he thought a very improbable one, until I showed him my commission as a lieutenant-colonel in the Neapolitan army of the Republic, which completely satisfied him; and I had the honor to be invited to his table, and furnished with a passport for Paris. On my arrival in the French capital, I found General Clarke commanding the army there. I presented myself to him, and was graciously received.

"I had still the greatest part of my funds remaining, though my expenses had been considerable. I was desirous of serving in the French army, and prepared a memorial of my short services in that of Naples. Fortunately I picked up at a *restaurateur's*, a French officer whom I had known in Italy, and consulted him on the subject; he happened to have a friend on the *état-major* of General Clarke, and kindly undertook, through him, to get my memorial presented. In a fortnight I re-

ceived a summons to attend the general's levée, who gave me an audience, and presented me with a commission in a new levy (raising in Belgium,) as lieutenant-colonel.

"I had on my arrival written to my friend of my safety, and now had the pleasure of communicating my promotion; and that I should not for the present require any further pecuniary aid from my brother; as, besides what was still remaining of my funds, I had got three months' pay, *par anticipation*, for my equipment.

"I joined my regiment at Brussels, which was sent to the army of the Rhine. I will not tire you with a detail of my seven campaigns; I had obtained the rank of brigadier-general, and commanded a brigade at the battle of Wagram, where I received a desperate wound in the thigh by a grape-shot that threw me completely *hors de combat*. I had on two former occasions been slightly wounded, and prevented from serving for a short time, but this last *coup* was thought to be mortal: by the kind care, however, of an experienced surgeon, and a good constitution, I recovered after a confinement of more than a year; when I was able to be moved to Aix la Chapelle, where the hot springs completely set me up, but as you would perceive, I halt a little, and can no longer dance quadrilles.

"How the occupation of Naples by Austrian troops is likely to promote its happiness, I can

form no conjecture; but I have long suspected that "the Holy Alliance" would not suffer our new king to give his subjects a free constitution, had he been sincere in his desire to grant them one, which I think is more than doubtful. As to the patriots, your opinion of them is just; they wanted both talent and combination; but above all, that necessary sinew of war—money. It might be thought invidious in me to make any comments on the conductors of their ill-planned measures; the re-action of which has served only to effect the ruin of many patriotic men, who have fallen victims to their blunders.

"I have now brought the detail of my eventful life to a conclusion; the interest you have shown in listening to it is another proof of your benevolence. To you, my dear Sir, I owe my present happiness; for since the day you so generously liberated me, my life has been a succession of good fortune; and the extraordinary circumstance of meeting you has added greatly thereto, as it has given me a personal opportunity of expressing the high sense of gratitude I have never ceased to feel towards the stranger who so nobly took compassion on an unfortunate prisoner. Should you ever visit Naples, I hope you will consider my house as your own. My sposa would be charmed to meet with the preserver of her husband; and she will be delighted to hear that I have had this happiness."

My hero is still living, for last year (1827) I gave an intimate friend of mine a letter of introduction to him; who on his return told me that he had received great personal civilities from him, and had been introduced by him into the very best society;—that he lived in good style, was highly respected, and that the *Signora marchesa* was much admired for her personal beauty and accomplishments. By this friend he sent me a pretty snuff-box, with an inscription expressive of his gratitude and friendship.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. S. T——y—His *jeux d'esprit*—Epigrams—The enraged musicians—The poet Hewardine—His wit and profligacy—Mr. Cockerill of Brussels—His interview with Napoleon—A dram-drinker reformed.

My intimate friend, the late amiable Mr. Samuel T——y, possessed a great flow of humour and ready wit, and was moreover no mean lyric poet; few could turn an epigram with more neatness, and I am in possession of many of his *jeux d'esprit*. The following are a few of the specimens in my recollection:—

A particular friend of Mr. T——'s, a *bon vivant*, but extremely meagre, went to a ball *Bacchi plenus*:—the motion of dancing occasioned his potations to act as an emetic; when he exclaimed that "he had burst a blood vessel!" This officer having been taken prisoner by Tippoo Saib, his friends familiarly called him *Tip*.

*Impromptu.*

" The bottle had pass'd pretty freely, and Tip
His quantum as usual had manag'd to sip;
With his head swimming round he would turn on his heel,
And attempted to dance, though much fitter to *reel.*
On a sudden gush'd forth from his mouth a full flood;
' I've broke,' cried he fault'ring, ' a vessel of blood:'
But who that knows Tippoo's thin carcase could dream
That the tide of his blood had o'erbounded its stream?
The cause would you know, to his habits resort,
You'd discover the red flowing liquor was *Port.*"

An occasion shortly after afforded Mr. T—— the subject of another little epigram. A person calling himself *Peck*, and pretending to have been shipwrecked on the coast of Cornwall, applied to Mr. T—— for relief, stating himself to be a professor of music, of which Mr. T. was a great amateur. He was put down to a pianoforte, and showed very superior talents, although the violin he said was his *forte*. The poor devil was in poverty and rags; Mr. T. clothed and fed him, and having borrowed an *amati* from a friend, the professor exhibited a brilliant finger on this instrument. It was proposed to get him up a concert to enable him to proceed to Dublin, where he said he was engaged to lead the orchestra of the Crow Street theatre. Mr. T—— hired a room at Plymouth, and engaged the best musicians which the place afforded to assist at the concert. The tale of the unfortunate man was placarded

with the programma of the concert, which excited the compassion of the public, and a most respectable and numerous company assembled.

It was necessary that the leader should appear in a handsome suit, and Mr. T——'s tailor furnished the gentleman with appropriate apparel, which was to be paid for from the proceeds of the evening. The first act went off with great *eclât*, Mr. Peck having been greatly applauded for a solo of his own composition. Between the acts, while the refreshments were handing about, our Apollo retired for a moment, but when half an hour had elapsed, the company became anxious that the second act should commence, and the leader was loudly called for, but he was not forthcoming, and no one had seen him after he had quitted the room. Murmurs and suspicions increased every minute, until a chairman related "that he had seen a gemman in a fine coat, and a fiddle under his arm step into a shay at the end of the street, and drive off towards the Ivy Bridge road." It was soon discovered that the *amati*, as well as the performer on it, was missing; there could no longer be any doubt that the rascal had decamped. The police were put on the alert, but no trace of the fugitive could be found till the following morning, when it was discovered that he had hired a post-chaise from the King's Arms at the Dock, (Devonport,) and that he had been driven to Ivy Bridge, where he got into the Exeter

Diligence. T—— was greatly chagrined by the villany of his *protégé*, who had pocketed about 60*l.*, leaving his friend to pay the hire of the musicians, and all other expenses incurred, amounting to 20*l.*; besides nearly that sum to the tailor for clothes, which he had ordered under Mr. T—'s responsibility. Nothing was ever heard of the swindler, although much pains were taken to trace him in London. Mr. T——'s indignation shortly subsided, for the next evening he produced these lines:—

"Peck's *time* was short—his *touch* was neat;
Our gold he freely *finger'd*;
Rapid alike with hands and feet,
His *movements* have not linger'd.
Yet while we blame his hasty flight,
Our censures may be rash:
A traveller is surely right
To change his *notes* to *cash*."

A certain Hindoo widow named Macklin resided in Mr. T——'s neighbourhood; though her countenance was of the oriental cast, she attracted the notice of a young coal-merchant, who had heard of her *rupees*. The following few lines I remember (out of many which have slipped my memory) were written, on the rumour of this courtship, by Mr. T——.

"The weeping widow of an Indian mate
On the funereal pile resigns her fate;

The custom's origin, however dark,
I take to be that widows love a spark.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

The custom's force our matron's fate controls,
She only changes *sandal wood* for *coals*."

* * * * *

The varieties of the human species are quite wonderful. There is but little resemblance between one man and another, though a particular cast of countenance, of manner, of disposition, and even of voice, is often observed in families, which will continue for several generations. I have often amused myself in large assemblies in examining the various countenances, though I am no disciple of Lavater. Some twenty years ago I associated with the celebrated lyric poet Hewardine (more than once mentioned in these volumes;) and as he was well acquainted with "Life in London," I frequently went with him to visit the night cellars and resorts of the lowest vagabonds, into which he had ready access, being considered as one of the *lay*. Hewardine was a fellow of most admirable wit; he wrote and published a volume of ballads which he called "Covent Garden Pastorals;" they were *chefs-d'œuvres* in their way; and Sheridan thought that the best political and bacchanalian song in the English language was written by our poet.

Endowed with such brilliant talents, an agree-

able address, a handsome person, and mild manners, when he chose to assume them, Hewardine's society was courted by all the *bon vivants* in town. He had no profession; and except that he had occasional employment in writing squibs and ballads in the newspapers, he might be said literally to live by his wits. On one occasion, during a contested election in Westminster, the poet was bribed to write songs in favour of the ministerial candidate: fifty guineas were sent to him, and Hewardine was too poor to refuse such a *bonus*.

The first symptom that he exhibited of ratting was his appearing at the Turk's Head coffee-house, his usual haunt in the evening, in a complete suit of new garments, and paying his own shot! These were circumstances so novel and unexpected that his friends cross-examined him, how he had obtained the *blunt* to meet this extravagance? One suspected, as Hewardine was a handsome youth, that he had been taken into pay by some frail one. He took all their surmises in good part, but would not *peach*. At length one of his chums detected him sneaking out of the office of the "World," a ministerial journal, and the same evening a ballad appeared in it, which bore strong evidence of our poet's hand—"Set a thief to catch a thief."

Felix Macarthy, who had dogged Hewardine into the enemy's camp, on meeting him at the

club, attacked him furiously:—"What the d—l," said Pat, "made you change your politics?"—"For the same reason that you have done more than once," replied the other, "in order to change my shirt." He then made a clean breast, as they say in Scotland, and told the whole history of his apostacy. It appeared, however, that he still stuck to the Whigs, and like "Jack of both sides" at cricket, worked for both parties, by which he acquired the name of the double-tailed rat; and this furnished him with subject for a very humourous ballad.

Poor Hewardine's life was a short and merry one. Blue-ruin and midnight orgies destroyed his constitution, and a kind friend invited him to the Welch mountains, hoping that sobriety and country air would re-establish his health—but it was too late; and though he abandoned the use of alcohol for a milder regimen, his lungs were affected, and a few days before his death he wrote to a friend in London to order him a natty castor, though he feared he should not live to wear it, "for a butt of Welch ale," he said, "had fallen on his lungs!" The next post brought the tidings of the poor poet's death.

* * * *

Sketches of men who have distinguished themselves by their talents and industry, are worthy of record, as a stimulus to others to follow their example. Mr. William Cockerill furnishes a re-

markable instance of these qualities leading to fortune. He is a native of Lancashire, and was bred to mechanics. He first gained his living by making "roving billies," or flying shuttles; but he had talents of a superior order; and such was his genius, that he could, with his own hands, make models of any machine of modern invention for spinning. Twenty-eight or thirty years ago, the late Empress Catherine of Russia being desirous of procuring a few artisans from England, the subject of our memoir was recommended as a man of superior abilities, and our government granted him permission to proceed to Petersburgh. The empress offered every encouragement, and he was handsomely rewarded for his various models of spinning machines, &c.; but her majesty's death two years after his arrival, put an end to his prospects. The Emperor Paul ordered him to make a model in a certain time: it could not be completed, and he was sent to prison; he contrived, however, to make his escape out of the Russian dominions, and with a few hundred pounds in his pocket, went to Sweden.

His talents, by means of the British envoy, were made known to the government, and the Sieur Cockerill obtained the direction of the construction of the locks of a public canal, which the Swedes could not undertake. Engineering, however, was not his forte, although he succeeded in his contract, and added a little more to his means.

He had heard of the flourishing state of the manufactures at Liege and Verviers, even without the assistance of the proper machinery, and there he imagined he should have better success. He proceeded to Hamburgh, and obtained an interview with Mr. Crauford, our envoy, informing him of his plans, and at the same time stating "that if he could obtain a small pension from the British government, he would return to England; not wishing to do any injury to his country by introducing machinery into a foreign one." Mr. Crauford highly approved of this, and forwarded Cockerill's memorial to our ministers; but no notice was taken of it, and after waiting six months, he determined to seek his own fortune.

He obtained a passport to Amsterdam, and learned further particulars relative to the state of the manufactures in the *Pays de Liege*, to which place he proceeded. It is unnecessary to detail his progress; but within a period of sixteen years such was his success in fabricating machinery and steam-engines, that he was able to retire a *millionaire*, after settling his sons in the business. At Seraing on the Meuse he established the greatest iron-foundery on the Continent, or perhaps in the world. The King of the Netherlands is a partner in this great national concern, having invested in it nearly one hundred thousand pounds sterling; and it is said that not less than four thousand hands are employed in the establishment.

In the year 1807 the Emperor Napoleon had heard of the Sieur Cockerill's foundry at Liege; and being desirous of patronising a work of such public importance, he desired that a letter should be written to the prefect of that city, to summon the chief of the establishment to Paris forthwith.

One evening, while he was smoking his pipe, "as was his custom in the afternoon," this dignitary entered, and producing his credentials, after a short preface desired that he would not lose a moment in fulfilling the emperor's orders. "Here," said he, "is your passport, together with a letter to one of the ministers of the department, to whom you will announce your arrival in Paris; and I recommend you to set out this night." So saying, Monsieur le préfet withdrew. It may be easily imagined that so unexpected and mysterious a message threw the steam engineer into alarm, and that his consternation was great. I know him well, and had all the details from his own mouth. "At first," said he, "I took it into my head that I had been denounced, and that the baron whom I had made a bank*roop* was at the bottom on't; but then, thinks I, if they want to take off my *heed* they could do that here without sending me to Paris; and my son thought there was no fear of any such mishap; so I clapt four horses to my *shay*, and in a couple of hours I was under weigh with my son."

Our travellers pushed on *ventre à terre*, and

reached the metropolis in safety. At an early hour the following day, bedecked in his best apparel, with a handsome *remise*, and a *valet bien galonné*, he drove to the Tuileries, being accompanied by his son as interpreter. After delivering his credentials he was conducted to a waiting-room, and received by the minister with great courtesy. "Monsieur Cockerill," said he, "you will hold yourself in readiness to obey the emperor's orders, and I recommend you to wait at home until you hear from me." He left his address and took his leave. In the evening he received an official notice, "that the next morning at eleven o'clock a carriage would be sent to convey him to the Tuileries."

Exact to the moment, a splendid equipage with the imperial arms, drew up at the Sieur's hotel, (for he had at this time a house in Paris,) Rue de Grenelle, Fauxbourg St. Germain; a valet of the court opened the door, and when he was seated, called to the coachman, "A la cour!" After ascending a superb flight of stairs, our engineer was conducted into a small anti-room, in which was the emperor's favourite Mameluke, who honoured him with a salaam!

He had not waited more than ten minutes when the tinkling of a silver-toned bell summoned the Turk to another room, and instantly returning, a signal to follow was given, and the planet-struck John Bull found himself in the Imperial pre-

sence! He knew not whether his head or his heels were uppermost, and fearing to look up, dared not utter a syllable, contenting himself with making profound bows. "Avancez, Sieur," said his majesty. "This," says the narrator, when he relates the interview, "gave me courage; I look'd *oop*, and saw the emperor standing with his hands behind, and his back to the fire, (here he generally gives his attitude,) and with a smile said, 'Sieur Cockerille, dans toutes les departmentes du Nord, vous êtes nommé, (here his French goes no farther,) and wherever I go I hear of you, and I have sent for you to tell you that I am pleased with your establishment, and your exertions to promote the manufactures of the empire; in proof of which I shall give you a mark of my consideration by decorating you with the *insigny* of the Legion of Honour.' He took *oop* a little box, and pulled *oot* the grand cross, wi' a red ribbon, and put it round my neck with his own hands." So distinguished an honor, conferred in so flattering a manner by the greatest sovereign in Europe, was enough to agitate the nerves of any man, and the new-created chevalier knew not what to do or what to say; but as he had reason to believe that the emperor meant to pay him some compliment, his son had previously got up a speech, of which he ventured to deliver as much as he could remember, thanking his majesty for the honor conferred on him, and apologising for

his bad French; adding, "Votre Majesté, mon fils bien parler François, mais moi pas savoir!"—"Monsieur Cockerille," rejoined the emperor, again smiling, "I do not want you to *speak* French, but to teach the French to spin (*filer*). Should I have occasion to see you at any future time your son shall interpret for you: in the mean time return to your province, and go on as you have done. I shall order you a passport 'pour voyager partout.' Bonjour, Chevalier Cockerille, au revoir." The silver bell was again rung: the Mameluke made his appearance, and conducted the "Grand Croix" to another apartment, where he found his valet in attendance, who handed him to his carriage, and put him down at his own door, Rue de Grenelle, Fauxbourg St. Germain!

The chevalier generally concludes his story by saying, "Though I was proud of the honour I had received, I never boasted of it but once. When I entered Paris on my way from Liege, the keeper of the gate questioned my passport, and was very saucy, so I thought I would play a bit of a joke upon him. When I was returning home he demanded my passport in the same insolent manner. I kept fumbling in my pockets, and pretended that I had left it behind me. 'That won't do,' says the chap, 'you must get out; I shall deliver you to the police,' calling to a gens-d'arme (always in attendance). At last I produced the passport

I had got by the emperor's orders, which was in a tin case; and my son said, 'Perhaps, citoyen, this may save you the trouble.' When the fellow opened it, and saw the imperial arms on a great seal, as big as a five-franc piece, and glanced at the title of the bearer of it, he drew in his horns, and bowing and apologising, cried out to the gate-keeper, 'Ouvrez les portes! Bon voyage, Monsieur Chevalier.'"

Mr. Cockerill has retired from business several years, and is residing at Brussels, living as quietly as when he made "roving billies:" he is about seventy-five years of age.

* * * *

The only instance I have ever known of a confirmed dram-drinker giving the practice up, was Mr. S——, an Aberdeenshire squire, who once drank to such excess that he fell into a stupor, in which he continued for many hours without any visible signs of life, and was thought to be dead. He was stretched out accordingly; a carpenter being summoned to measure the body for a coffin, and the funeral cakes (called burying bread) ordered. An old woman who watched by the corpse had fallen asleep, but was awakened by a noise resembling sneezing: she jumped up, and perceived the laird stirring one of his hands. Her fright and astonishment may be imagined; and sallying forth she alarmed the whole family. The doctor who had been sent for was still in the

house, and found the dead man come to life. Restoratives were administered, and he was put into a warm bed, where he slept off the fumes of his debauch, without any knowledge of what had occurred. He was so horrified, however, on being told how nearly he had escaped being buried alive, that he made a resolution to drink no more.

The doctor recommended a gradual abolition; and in six months his daily dose was reduced from a quart to a wine-glass full, to which quantity he limited himself for the rest of his life (fifteen or twenty years). His health was perfectly restored.

Seven years after, he met the baker of the county-town who had sent him the funeral cakes. This fellow was a wag, and sort of licensed character. Addressing the squire (who had been formerly at the head of the corporation) by his old title, he said, "Provost, you have, I dare say, seen in your time many an unco' thing: but saw you ever afore an account of your burying bread due seven years, and no paid for yet?"—and at the same time he thrust the bill into his hand!

* * * *

## CHAPTER XIV.

The late Lady Hamilton—The discomfited artist—Lady H.'s attitudes—Sir William Hamilton—The favourite of fortune—The humiliating contrast—The failings of the Hero of the Nile—The late Lord Graves—His duel in Italy—British courage triumphant—John Philpot Curran—A pedantic person—Curran at Glasgow—Counsellor Rudd.

THE fate of Lady Hamilton is well known: she to whom heroes bent the knee and royalty humbled itself, and whose *levées* were graced by the highest nobility—the theme of poets and the model of artists!—How are the mighty fallen!

"Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred:"—

without early education, and with vulgar manners, she possessed a talent and tact in private and political intrigue that mystified other heads besides that of the hero of the Nile. Yet she no doubt owed her success in a great measure to her splendid person, which, though not moulded with grace or delicacy, commanded ad-

miration from the amateurs of *embonpoint;* and the voluptuous expression of her fine countenance was probably more generally admired by the promiscuous herd of men with whom she associated, than a modest and retiring female of more beauty would have been.

As she was but little visited by persons of distinction of her own sex, her conversation was coarse, with a strong provincial accent, which no polishing could eradicate. There was nothing feminine about her; her face was cast more in the mould of Minerva than of Venus; and she had frequently been painted as a Bacchante and a Hebe. In this latter character she sat to an English artist at Rome, Mr. Head, who, finding that her ladyship's foot was on too large a scale for a sandal, substituted a slipper, and she took the painter to task for this bad taste. "*Miladi,*" said he, "your foot does not suit a sandal, and therefore I have given you a slip—slip—slipper." The artist was a stutterer, and before he could get out the unfortunate slipper, she had seized a pallet and thrown it at his head; and quitting the discomfited painter's *studio* in a furious rage, it was with some difficulty, and only by the substitution of a very small foot and a glittering sandal, that she was prevailed on to give him another sitting. This picture was sold (along with several other portraits of her ladyship, in Pall Mall,) when Sir William's effects were brought to the hammer,

producing only 15*l.*—about half the value of the frame.

One of Lady Hamilton's chief attractions was her hair, with which it is well known she played wonderful tricks in her attitudes. A clever German artist, M. Tichbein, then residing at Naples, made spirited sketches of her in the various characters she assumed, and which she was fond of displaying at her *soirées*. I have more than once witnessed these exhibitions. On one occasion, being desirous to astonish a gentleman who had just arrived, and had not heard of her ladyship's attitudinal celebrity, she dropped from her chair on the carpet, when sitting at table after dinner. The comb which fastened her superabundant locks had been removed, (like Cæsar she had fallen gracefully,) and nothing could have been more classical or imposing than this prostrate position. Sir William started up to open a little of the curtain in order to admit the proper light, while the stranger flew to the sideboard for water, with which he plentifully sprinkled the fainting dame, before he discovered that it was a *scena* (and not a fit as he thought) which had been got up.—"You have spoiled, my good friend," said the knight, "one of the most perfect attitudes that Emma ever executed—how unlucky!"

Lady H. could bear no rival near her, and flattery was as necessary to her as the air she breathed. She had also the art of flattering others

with great success; and there can be no doubt but she persuaded poor Nelson that she was actually in love with him, not as a Mars but as an Adonis! Queen Caroline knowing this, made her the tool of all the projects she wished to accomplish by means of the British admiral; being fully aware of the influence that such a woman, devoted to her by bribes and flattery, would have over such a man. It was this vile conspiracy that destroyed poor Nelson's private character. He confessed his infatuation to more than one intimate friend, and it is not surprising that he had not the courage to extricate himself from his trammels.

As to Sir William, he was a perfect Neapolitan both in mind and manners. The little consequence he retained as an ambassador was derived from his wife's intrigues; but as long as he could keep his situation, draw his salary, and collect vases, he cared little about politics; he left the management of them to her ladyship. He trafficked in the arts, and his hotel was a broker's shop. No one knew the value of a Greek vase or a gem better than the *cavaliere Inglese*, or where to place it. He was jealous of all other amateurs, and was rather displeased that I would not let him have a superb vase (which I had picked up accidentally) at his own price.

When Acton was making a treaty of peace with the French republic in 1796, our ambassador was travelling in Calabria, and digging at

*Nola* for Greek vases. He made a rich harvest, having sold them to the British Museum for 10,000*l*. On his return to Naples, he was surprised to read in the French Moniteur "that a peace had been concluded," of which he knew nothing! This apathy at last roused our cabinet, and Mr. Wyndham, the envoy at Florence, was dispatched to Naples to investigate into this extraordinary measure. The knight was discovered to be (what had been long known) an elderly gentlewoman, incapable of filling any official situation, and was ordered home, Mr. Paget being sent out as his successor; but the revolution at Naples detained him some time longer in office. He emigrated with the court to Sicily, of which he made a profitable job; for although Lord Nelson had given him a large vessel to transport his furniture and effects to Palermo, and an officer to superintend the embarkation of every article contained in his hotel, the minister stated with so much pathos the losses which he had sustained by the revolution, that a grant was made to him in remuneration thereof.

* * * * *

But the most singular of all the mystifications got up by Lady Hamilton, was her having nearly persuaded the English cabinet, "that it was entirely owing to her personal influence with Queen Caroline that our fleet was permitted to fit out at Naples after the battle of the Nile, and after-

wards received into a Sicilian port. For these important services she demanded a pension; but this barefaced attempt did not succeed, although many persons to this day believe that her ladyship had the merit of inducing the queen to break the treaty which had been recently made with France, by aiding the British squadron to refit. So high did Lady H. stand in favour, that the queen presented her with a trinket of great value, on which was engraved "*Amicizia, ricordanza e gratitudine.*" This was given on her birthday, which Lord Nelson celebrated by a ball on board his ship, which had been hauled into the mole for this purpose. This *fête* was honoured by the presence of the royal family, and all the grandees of the city. Her ladyship having held a *levée* in the morning at her hotel, the queen also signified her desire that the court and nobility should attend it in full dress: such adulation would have turned the head of a wiser female than her ladyship. I cannot help remarking that twelve years after this *fête*, which I had witnessed, I accidentally met Lady H. in the Park at Greenwich. It was on St. George's day, the anniversary of her birth as well as of my own. "She had come down," she said, "with her dear little Horatia Thompson Nelson," (the supposed daughter of Lord Nelson,) a pretty lively child of ten years old. The party on this occasion consisted of an elderly vulgar-look-

ing dame and half-a-dozen children, the companions of her *élève*, to whom she was giving a little *fête* at the ship. When I put her in mind of that which I had witnessed at Palermo, she was greatly affected; and I believe on this occasion there was no acting. She felt how times were changed with her in so few years; she was humiliated to find that I, who had beheld her in all her glory, surrounded by royalty, and grandees kissing her hand, should now see an old woman, divested of all her charms, and reduced to comparative poverty, attended by a miserable *gouvernante* and a few children, travelling in a shabby *remise* with a solitary footman. She tried to conceal the chagrin which a few remarks of mine had occasioned: she dropped her veil, and I observed her eyes filled with tears. "Alas," said she, "these were happy days, never again to return!" At this moment some of the party I was with came up, and I took that opportunity of putting an end to my *tête-à-tête* with the *Magdalen* by introducing to her the uncle of Lord Montgomery, with whom she entered into a lively conversation, expressing the high esteem in which she held his amiable nephew; although, as he had never flattered her, he had been any thing but a favourite; this was also my case; yet on this occasion nothing could have been more gratifying and flattering than her manner; at the same time I am sure she considered the meeting very *mal a propos* and to

her humiliating. Age and circumstances had made sad ravages and changes in her formerly splendid countenance; but the eye, though less brilliant, was still beautiful, and that fascinating mouth from which sculptors had modelled, yet retained its expression. The lovely hair which was wont to hang over her polished forehead was now tucked under a huge cap, or perhaps it had become grey—be that as it may, it no longer served as an ornament. Her dress, once so gay and gaudy, was now sombre and shabby, and the only part of it that denoted a person above the middle rank, was a Cachmere shawl, and I knew it to be one I had seen her formerly wear; it was a remarkable one, and had been presented to Lord Nelson by the Grand Signior, along with the *pelisse* and *aigrette*. The admiral had given her this shawl, and often have I seen her kiss it, and hear her boast "that she had wrapped the queen's feet in it on their passage from Naples."

* * * *

When Nelson resigned the command of the squadron in 1800, he returned to England *via* Trieste and Vienna, being accompanied by Sir William and his lady—for what could Jupiter have done without his satellites? At Munich, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, and Hamburgh, the party was received, and treated like crowned heads; and no doubt the hero of the Nile merited every honour which could be paid to him. It

would have been well for his reputation had the adulation he received on the Continent terminated there; but his leader was not satisfied with these foreign exhibitions of her lion. "The people of England," she said, "must see the man who had upheld the glory of the British flag:" and, such was her influence over him, that she persuaded him to quit his family, and to exhibit himself at all the corporate and manufacturing towns in the island, attended of course by her and the *ci-devant* ambassador! Where there was a theatre, she conducted him thither, well knowing with what applauses he would be received, of which she would come in for her share. Public balls, dinners, &c. were given him, with city freedoms, presented in gold and silver boxes. Poets and minstrels sang his praises, from Falmouth to John-o'-Groat's.

But at length John Bull, who is at bottom a moral character, recollected that their hero had a wife; and began to marvel that he preferred showing himself to the people accompanied by the spouse of another rather than with his own. The murmurs increased, and before the tour was completed, his popularity was on the decline. The press, that admirable engine to repress public indecorum, attacked this wandering party, insinuating that they moved about for show; and that the public exhibition of a sea-captain, such as Nelson, in the character of an Italian *cavaliere*

*servente,* had an immoral tendency, and ought not to be encouraged. The last act of the drama was performed in the theatre Wellclose Square, where he appeared dressed in all his orders, and with the sword which had been in the morning presented to him by the Lord Mayor. The enthusiasm of the people on this occasion was less than on any similar one. "The gods" played off their wit at her ladyship's expense, and she prudently retired. This was her last appearance in public.

Lord Nelson had purchased a villa at Merton in Surrey, where he retired, accompanied still by his dear friends, which increased the scandal. The venerable Sir William, now grown into a goodly age, was soon after "gathered to his fathers." His estate being entailed on heirs-male, he had no means of making a provision for his widow, and he could only leave her his personal property—a trifle hardly adequate to support her for a few years. Lord Nelson, however, with a noble feeling of generosity, settled 500*l.* a-year on her, (a moiety of his Sicilian estates,) and his house and property at Merton on his death. Alas, this event happened but too soon; for he had not been more than three or four years living "under the shadow of his own fig-tree," when he was again called on to fight the battles of his country at Trafalgar, where he fell gloriously like Wolfe, at the moment of victory!

The errors of this truly illustrious man in private

will be forgotten in the blaze of his immortal fame and glory. No man perhaps ever lived whom nature had endowed with a kinder, more generous, and benevolent heart, until all these noble qualities were paralysed by the syren into whose hands he unfortunately fell.

Lady Hamilton, now again a forlorn widow, continued to reside at her villa at Merton; and though her annuity had ceased, she continued to live with her usual associates, chiefly Italians, of the Opera House, hangers on whom she had been long feeding. But the luxuries to which the disconsolate widow had been accustomed, could not be procured without more means than she possessed. Debts accumulated; and the villa was brought to the hammer. She retired to the Continent, and for some time lived at Calais on the produce of her jewels. At length she was driven to the necessity of disposing of her last stake—her private correspondence with her deceased friend and benefactor! It was said that a London publisher gave her 1000*l.* for the copyright. The book was read with avidity; and though nothing can be supposed more trifling and uninteresting than such love details, it went through several editions.

This was one of the most profligate acts of her ladyship's long career, and justly filled up the cup of her misery; for the few females who had continued from compassion their occasional visits,

*en passant*, now entirely abandoned her. Thus deserted, and almost in want of the common necessaries of life, she died at Calais, and I have heard, was buried by the contribution of a few of her countrymen residing there—an extraordinary example of the vicissitudes of fortune. Her history "might point a moral, and adorn a tale." If love had been her sole propensity, she would have been more harmless; but unhappily ambition and intrigue were her ruling passions. To keep such a hero as Nelson in her chains; to have the *entrée* at all hours to the *boudoir* of a queen; and to see the Italian grandees attending her *levées* in their state carriages to kiss her hand; flattered by men, and envied by her own sex—these were the objects which gratified her vanity and self-love, and the rock on which she split. Educated in dissipation, and nursed in vice, what could be expected from such a *parvenue?*

* * * * * *

The melancholy fate of the late amiable Lord Graves having excited so much sympathy in the public mind, a slight sketch of his *début* in life may not prove uninteresting, from the pen of one who was in habits of intimacy with him at that period.

In 1798 his lordship, then in his twenty-third year, and before he had succeeded to the title, made the continental tour, accompanied by a particular friend, Mr. G. B——l, a youth of

nearly the same age. On their arrival in Tuscany our travellers quitted the gaieties of the capital, and retired to Siena for the purpose of studying the Italian language, which is there spoken with great purity. It was a *triste* station, but they had heard that it was celebrated for the beauty and good-nature of its women; and they were aware that

> " 'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
> By female lips and eyes . . . at least when both
> The teacher and the taught are young,"

although Byron had not yet written these lines.

Two handsome Englishmen in the bloom of youth, and with plenty of funds, found no difficulty in getting into the best society that Siena afforded, especially at a time when strangers were rare in Italy. They attracted the notice of many a pretty *sposa*, and more than one was ready to give a *congé* to her *cavaliere servente* to fix the " *belli biondi*," as our *debutants* were called, for men with fair complexions are universally admired by Italian dames. In a short time they became regular *cicisbei;* so that they made rapid progress in *la lingua Toscana*, and their education thus completed.

When they could tear themselves away from their fascinating friends, after a residence of six months, they proceeded to Rome and Naples, making conquests wherever they appeared. At this latter city they made the acquaintance of two

lovely sisters, one of whom having dismissed an old lover to make way for *milordino*, (as Mr. Graves was generally styled,) the jealousy of the discarded swain was excited; and being a young man of high spirit and high family, he would not brook being supplanted; and when he saw the attentions of the Englishman were fixed on a woman he had long adored, he called on his rival, cooly remonstrating with him in thus coming between him and his *ganza;* but Mr. Graves had made a conquest which he would yield to no one, and a challenge was the consequence, after an angry discussion in the lady's opera-box. The Italian however would only fight with the sword, to which, contrary to the advice of his friends, Mr. Graves consented, although he had but little skill with that weapon, and had learned that his antagonist was one of the best swordsmen in Naples. He had never seen a Neapolitan *spada*, and would have fought with a common dress sword, had he not fortunately called on a friend, Mr. Schwartz, a Swiss merchant, who had been one of those that strongly remonstrated with him not to fight with a sword, knowing the prince's great skill; but it was now too late, the time and place of meeting having been fixed. Schwartz procured a trusty *spada* four feet and a half in length, double-edged, and as sharp as a razor.

B——l attended his friend, who with the Prince's second proposed an accommodation, but

the latter would not listen to any thing short of his rival withdrawing his visits to the lady. The fight commenced after the usual ceremony of stripping, to ascertain that there were no coats of mail. In the first assault the superior skill of the Italian was evident; and our hero, who defended his body as well as he could, came off with a thrust through the left arm: this irritated him, when he commenced an attack in his turn; but the enemy was too well guarded. He made no hit; while he received another wound through the hand, which being perceived by the attendants, they again interposed, but in vain; and the battle was renewed. The prince, aware of his great advantage, but not being desirous to take his rival's life, attempted to disarm him, in which however he failed; and finding that the enemy was attacking him, he made a lunge at his body; but the thrust happily glanced over the chest and passed only through the fleshy part of the breast, which made Mr. Graves stagger, although he still kept his ground. But more enraged by a second wound, and finding that his strength and agility (of which he had more than a common share,) were the only means by which he could save his life, he rushed on his foe with the fury of a lion, broke down all his guards, *vi et armis*, and ran his weapon with such force through his adversary's thigh as actually to pinion him to the turf! Thus ended a

desperate and bloody combat, in a manner quite unexpected, to the great dismay and astonishment of the Neapolitan swordsmen, who had now discovered that no skill would avail when opposed to the courage of an Englishman.

The prostrate prince was carried home in his rival's carriage in a desperate state, and his life was long in danger. At length however he recovered, but to be a cripple; his thigh having contracted several inches, probably from unskilful treatment. Mr. Graves suffered considerably also from the wound in his hand, which deprived him of the use of one or two of his fingers. As soon as his health would permit, he visited his old antagonist, to whom he was heartily reconciled without any stipulations, and Graves had the good taste to appear no more in public with the Signora; and if his visits were renewed, they were made privately.

It is melancholy to conclude this history by stating that, a few months after our travellers quitted Naples, the counter-revolution took place, when the two lovely sisters were denounced by the *Junta* "for having their hair cropped and associating with French generals, during the occupation of the city by the republican troops."

They were tried for these high crimes and misdemeanours, found guilty as a matter of course, and sentenced to be stripped to the waist, and flogged at a cart's tail through the most public

streets, and to be imprisoned during his majesty's pleasure! These unfortunate women were afterwards shut up in a dungeon in one of the islands, but were fortunately released within the year, when the French armies again took possession of Naples. It is to be hoped their English lovers were ignorant of the ignominies inflicted on these lovely women.

Mr. Graves and his friend returned to England in 1801. The following year the former succeeded to his title, and shortly after married, as did Mr. B——l. The duel made a great *furore* in Italy for many months. I met the little prince at Palermo, hopping about with a high heel, and telling every Englishman "that he preferred being thus maimed to the remorse he would have endured had he been so unlucky as to kill the *povero milordino*, who was "*molto bravo et amabile.*"

* * * * *

The reader, who has gone so far with me in these records of a chequered life, will have perceived throughout the desultory nature of the work, and not be surprised any more than I am, to find many a recollection rising up out of all sequence or system. I am continually reminded of the irregularity of my memory by the sudden revival of scenes and persons that should on any well digested principle or order have been mentioned long before this eleventh hour. I shall conclude the last chap-

chapter of my "*Random Records*" by one or two anecdotes of the celebrated John Philpot Curran, in the very best days of his brilliant and varied genius.

I had the good fortune to be on a visit to the late Earl of Eglinton at his castle in Ayrshire, in 1810, when this gentleman presented himself with a letter of introduction from the Marquis of Hastings, and, I need hardly add, was received with all due honours. Although nature had given him an extremely plain and indeed a mean countenance, with a most diminutive figure, his polished and fascinating manners were so prepossessing, that his exterior was forgotten when you had been five minutes in his company.

Much do I regret that I did not commit to paper some of the many brilliant sallies of wit and humour which fell from the lips of the Irish Aristophanes during the two days which he passed at the castle. Having been previously intimately acquainted with his eldest son, a very talented man, who had told me many of his witty "sayings and doings," and from his reputation as an advocate, I was prepared to meet a "lion;" but his conversation far exceeded all my expectations; it was a perpetual flow of the most admirable humour, combined with a general knowledge on every subject, with the faculty of adapting his discourse to "men, women, and children." In the party was a priggish pedantic parson, with a

round and stupid face, and a look of self-satisfied dullness, who quoted Latin during dinner, with an intention no doubt of showing off his learning to the stranger. When the ladies withdrew, Curran cross-examined him on some statistical points regarding Scotland, and speedily discovered his shallowness. From the plough the *dominie* got to the church, and uttered a violent philippic against Catholic emancipation, in which he showed equal ignorance. The insidious lawyer, though he showed him up with a vein of admirable satire, (in a sort of cross-examination, setting us all in a roar,) so contrived, in winding up the argument, as to prepossess the conceited doctor (for he was a D.D.) with the belief that he had the best of it, and chuckled accordingly. When we got into the drawing-room he whispered to me, "They say that Irish lawyer is a *taulented* man at the bar; but in an argument he's not vary deep."—"You hit him very hard, doctor;" I replied—"he will not forget you in a hurry." I was wicked enough to repeat this to Curran when I got him in a corner. He was much amused, saying, "I am always delighted with these self-sufficient fellows, and sometimes envy their egotism: they are the happiest of mankind. Now, the doctor will boast at the presbytery that he fairly conquered the Irish Curran in a long argument about Catholics, and raised a laugh at his expense at a great man's table."

I had the pleasure of accompanying the tourist to Glasgow, and of passing another delightful day in his society at the house of a merchant, a mutual friend, where we had abundance of turtle and lime-punch. In returning to our inn at a late or rather an early hour, for it was broad day-light, we espied a fellow lying in the kennel asleep, with the sun shining on his greasy face. Our humanities induced us to pull him out of the mire, though my companion thought from the repose of his countenance, that he was quite comfortable, like a pig in his stye. After pulling him by the ears, into which I bellowed, and rolling him about, he awoke, and when he succeeded in getting on his legs, stared at us with a vacant look, and muttered some unintelligible sounds, which showed that his faculties had not yet fully emerged from their eclipse. At length he said "Wha are ye?" at the same time shoving his hand into the pocket of his nether garment, and finding that he had not been robbed, though he probably recollected having been guilty of an imprudence—for he exclaimed "Guid God! ha' I changed a nott?" Curran was delighted with this soliloquy, thinking it an admirable trait of a canny Scot. "An Irishman," said he, "in a similar state, instead of lamenting having converted his paper into cash, would have returned to the ale-house and spent the remainder o it. I must book this scene in my diary."

I happened to ask Curran if he was acquainted

with a brother barrister, Counsellor Rudd, who generally spent a few months annually at Cheltenham, and was notorious for regularly losing three-fourths of his income at the whist table, and for the dingy colour of his linen. "Oh! my friend Dick," replied C. "I have known him walking the four courts for more than twenty years, but never heard of his having a brief. I one day said to him, 'I have been long puzzling myself, Dick, to know where the d—l you buy all your dirty shirts?' He took my impertinence in good part, and I think must have profited thereby; for the next time I saw him his shirt did not look more than a week since it had visited the wash-tub."

"I gave Mr. C. a few introductions to my friends in Edinburgh, and afterwards heard that he had been *fêted*, caressed, and admired by all the talent of "the modern Athens," which was to be expected, as in no city in Europe are distinguished men more valued.

* * * * *

# MISCELLANEOUS

# MEMS. AND MEMOIRS.

---

## MADAME BELZONI.

THE widow of the late highly-talented, enterprising, and unfortunate Belzoni, has resided in Brussels for some years in the greatest obscurity; the history of this interesting woman is well known in England, and the train of misfortunes which compelled her to quit it.

After the failure of her exhibition of the Sarcophagus and model of the celebrated tomb, which her husband discovered in Egypt with such indefatigable labour, she flattered herself with the hope that the committee appointed by the House of Commons to purchase objects of interest for the national Museum, would have bought the Sarcophagus, that unique and splendid monument of antiquity, or granted her a small annuity; but in this expectation she was disappointed; and her creditors seized on the tomb, and sold it to a gentleman of distinguished talents and fine taste, the celebrated architect Mr. Soane, whose collection of objects of *virtù* is one of the most curious and interesting in England—in architectural relics, indeed, unrivalled.

Though Belzoni was a foreigner by birth, he had adopted England as his country. His great ambition was to be considered an Englishman, and to collect objects of art for the national Museum. To this ardour he sacrificed his limited means and his life, leaving his poor destitute widow as a legacy to his adopted country.

* * * * * *

Madame Belzoni's creditors, with a liberality highly creditable to them, bestowed a pittance on her, which enables her to exist in a country where provisions are cheap. She occupies a small apartment, which is her museum and dormitory. In one corner is a mummy, in another an African mackaw, and an Angola cat, her *compagnon de voyage* for fifteen years. Fragments of skulls, skeletons of rare animals, and various other articles of great interest to her, are carefully preserved, because they were collected by her dear departed friend. She has not thrown off her weeds, and seldom stirs beyond her threshold. This sedentary life has impaired a naturally fine constitution; yet she retains her good looks, (though her cheek is wan, and she has lost her *enbonpoint*,) and the lustre of her mild and expressive eye has suffered no change, and her enthusiasm remains; for she still talks of making a pilgrimage to Africa to visit her husband's tomb!

She has lately published a prospectus of a work she has been long meditating—a series of lithographic prints, representing the figures and hieroglyphics on the celebrated tomb. I fear this scheme will not have better success; for, besides the great expense of getting up such a work, it is not one at all suited to the public taste—being fit only for the libraries of the rich, who in general care but little for objects of antiquity—"the Cook's Oracle" interesting them more than the Oracles of Delphi or the tombs of Egypt!

If this interesting female had any friend about the king's person to make her destitute case known to his Majesty, I

have no doubt but she would obtain some mark of his royal bounty.

---

## CONTRAST BETWEEN THE LOWER ORDERS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

In no one point perhaps do the lower orders of England differ so much from the French as in their recreations and amusements. The former, when they have money to spend, resort to the ale-houses and gin-shops, and get drunk; but a Frenchman of the same class, when he is possessed of a few francs for his *menus plaisirs*, invites his *bonne amie* to accompany him to one of the hundred *cabarets* or *estaminets* in the Fauxbourgs, and gives her a little treat, drinking small wine moderately. If it is a *jour de fête*, he joins the crowd for the exercise of dancing, when the happy pair cut capers in the waltz or quadrille with all the gravity and dignity of their betters, (for every person has been regularly taught to dance,) and the greatest decorum is preserved at these meetings; a row or any violence would be immediately checked by the police. It is the same within the gates and even in the cellars, where dancing goes on every night;—there never is the smallest disturbance: and the most modest woman may enter these resorts of the *bas peuple* without having their eyes or their ears offended. These amusements are encouraged by the police, who think that this intercourse of the sexes serves to check crimes, which are oftener hatched when men are left to carouse with each other.

In England dancing and music are not countenanced by the magistrates; on the contrary, whoever applies for a license for the performance of either is sure to be refused.

Lately there were a score of such applications made to our sapient justices, and not one granted. So long as this feeling is kept alive among our magistrates, will the "swinish

multitude" continue to debase and brutify themselves with "blue-ruin" and "heavy-wet."

Why should the lower orders be deprived of the exercise of dancing or of singing? Do such amusements lead to the increase of vice?—if so, why does not the bench proclaim to the public their reasons for withholding licenses from persons of character, who may wish to gain a livelihood by opening houses for rational amusements?

No doubt many of them would be resorted to by women of the town and profligate characters; but there is no reason to believe that either dancing or singing would promote crime; better this surely, than parading the streets insulting passengers, "and seeking whom they may devour."

In case of rows or improper behaviour at these meetings, they are more easily checked than when scattered in various parts of the town; and although John Bull would not probably submit to the introduction of a police officer at his balls, there might be a few stationed in the neighbourhood of the places of resort.

Some plan ought to be adopted to humanize the lower orders, and afford them opportunities of associating with each other in a more rational way than soaking and drinking in ale-houses.

In Flanders the citizens frequent *estaminets* more perhaps than any nation in Europe. Every head of a family has a club at one of these places, where he drinks his one or two *litres* of beer, and plays at whist for a sous: on holidays his family accompany him in the summer season to the many handsome gardens on the Boulevards and in the Fauxbourgs, which are filled with decent-looking men and women in their best apparel, and regaling themselves with *lambeck* and a dozen other kinds of beer for which that country is so famed, and which the natives prefer to wine. Spirits are not much drunk, even by the very lowest orders, although scheidam and brandy are so cheap.

The mechanics, porters, coal-heavers, and that class of labourers, prefer a kind of small ale called *biere blanche* to spirits, which, though by perseverance it serves to intoxicate them, is not so detrimental to their constitutions as alcohol.

It is said that there are seven hundred *cabarets* in the capital of Belgium, all thriving, and all licensed to jig and sing until eleven o'clock, when, by order of the police, every *cabaret* is shut up, and by midnight all is still. Occasionally indeed you see parties of the lower orders nearly as besotted as the inhabitants of St. Giles's; and though they do not quarrel in their cups, they parade the streets, bellowing and making the most hideous noises that can be conceived, in a chorus of their discordant Flemish songs. Such a clamour in the streets of London would send them to the watch-house, but these bacchanalians are not noticed by the police in Brussels. Such exhibitions are, however, very rare.

---

## THE TWO CONSULS.

After the battle of Waterloo a great many Frenchmen emigrated to Flanders, selecting Brussels chiefly as their residence. Among these were Cambacères, ——, and the Abbé Siéyes. The former remained till 1820, when he returned to Paris. The Abbé still resides there. I made a bowing acquaintance with these two celebrated personages from having my house to let: they both came to see it, but found it rather too small.

I was afterwards introduced to Cambacères by Lord Kinnaird, when walking with his lordship one morning in the Parc, where the great man took a daily promenade. I had, shortly after, the honour of being invited to meet him at a *cabinet* dinner. The party consisted of ten persons, all of whom were *exiles*, and not a few *regicides!*

Our host had the credit of being one of the greatest *gourmets* of his time, and his *chef de cuisine* an *artiste* of the first order.

This repast afforded a good specimen of his talents: it was served in four courses, exclusive of the dessert, and every thing was *cordon bleu*. I could not help observing that *Monseigneur* did ample justice to the various *plats*, not leaving one untasted.

The entertainment lasted three hours; it was quite an *opera seria*; indeed no *gourmand* ever thinks of talking when he is engaged with a good dish.

A bottle of iced Sillery finished the repast; for a connoisseur always concludes with that wine, thinking that the lighest ought to be the last. *Café* and *chasse* immediately followed, and the party broke up. Not a syllable on politics was mentioned: the pleasures of the table were discussed, and the merits of a new opera at Paris; but Lord Kinnaird had a *tête-à-tête* chat with Mons. le Duc, which was discoursed *sotto voce*, and did not reach my ears.

My neighbour proved to be Monsieur Jouy, the well-known author of the *Hermite de Chaussée D'Antin*, who talked with me on the state of the arts, and their progress during the revolution; and, like a true Frenchman, "placed his own school at the head, and David as the modern *Poussin*." There is no arguing if you are not well acquainted with the language; so I listened to all the *rodomontade* of the critic, contenting myself by observing, "that if the modern *Apelles* of Paris had looked more at the human form than at dry marble, he would have been more to my taste; and that when he designed his '*Cupidon* and *Pysche*,' if he had looked how the old masters had treated the subject, he would not probably have selected the god of Love from a gang of gypsies, or his lovely mistress from the *Palais Royal*."

"The Hermit" smiled at my criticisms and bad French, but would not admit the justice of my remarks—that I did not expect; we however perfectly agreed on the merits of the *vol-au-vent* and the *fricandeau*, on the flavour of the *sillery*, and the keeping and colouring of the *lafitte*.

Monsieur Siéyes lives in the most retired manner, his age (82) and infirmities confining him to his chamber; but until the last six months (1829) he was in the habit of taking daily, in fine weather, a little turn in the Parc, supported by his niece, a very pretty woman, who, with her husband and a brother also married, reside with him.

David painted a fine portrait of the Abbé ten years ago, a striking likeness, well coloured, and highly finished, especially the hands, which are admirably drawn, and a good specimen of the master. I understand he considered this portrait as his *chef d'œuvre.*

---

## THE ENGLISH AT SPA.

It is considered as bad taste to remain in Brussels during the dog-days, as it would be to be seen in London in the month of August. The *beau monde* proceed to Spa and Ostend, quitting the refreshing shade of the Parc, the pure air of the Boulevards, and the delightful rides of the neighbourhood of the capital, to be broiled in a small village and a dusty sea-port, pent up in shabby lodgings and half suffocated—for the sake of *ton!* John is a restless animal, and must be constantly on the move: although his motives for coming to the Continent were to economize, he seldom acts up to them. "One fool makes many," and Spa being the fashion, there he must go, *coûte qu'il coûte.*

Formerly this place had great attractions, and was, for several centuries, the resort of the *haut ton* from the northern countries; but since the establishment of the German Spas in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, the little Spa of the Ardennes is now only frequented by the English, and some few Dutch and Belgian families; so that all its little *agrémens* are at an end. The rooms for play and dancing, so handsomely lighted up by the bank-holders, are now but little frequented. The

English receive *coteries* in each others' confined apartments; and it is no longer considered genteel to be seen dancing in public, or mixing with the *bourgeois* water-drinkers.

Chaud Fontaine will probably eclipse and supersede Spa; its situation is more romantic; and being near the town of Liege, it is better supplied with provisions; but the great superiority of this place consists in its admirable tepid baths. An excellent hotel has been lately established, and a church, a theatre, and a *redoute*, are in projection. If small houses and cottages are built for the accommodation of strangers, there is no doubt that this romantic spot will in a few years become a favourite resort. The neighbouring country is rich; there are delightful walks on the banks of the Ourt and the Meuse.

---

## ANECDOTE OF THE EX-KING OF SWEDEN.

When his majesty visited Basle in Switzerland some years ago, he dined at *tables d'hôte* and at *restaurateurs*, as his finances could permit; at last they were so low, that he could not afford to replace a pair of boots which were worn out, and he sent them to the cobbler to be soled. The son of Crispin thought that a king, though he might be poor, could always afford to pay better for mending boots than a commoner, and charged his majesty three times more than the job was worth. But Gustavus was not to be imposed on, and refused to pay so unreasonable a demand. The cobbler sued him, and was beat; he applied to a higher tribunal, who condemned him to an *amende* of a day's wages, and reduced the charge to the ordinary sum of soling a pair of boots. The king was highly gratified with the justice of this decision, and wrote to the judges expressing his satisfaction; at the same time he sent them the boots, entreating them to hang them over the tribunal, as a testimony of the justice of the laws of Switzerland.

This anecdote I had from the Swedish minister.

## PRESENT RESIDENCES OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY, 1829.

The mother of Napoleon (Madame Mère as she was called) passes the winters at Rome, and the summers at Albano. She is very pious and beneficent. Strangers consider it an honor to be admitted to her society; but she lives very retired, and none of the English are ever presented to her. Her brother, Cardinal Fesch, pays her daily visits. The cardinal depends on the bounty of the pope and the sale of his pictures, having become a broker.

The Count de Survilliers (Joseph) has resided in America since 1814, has become a citizen of the United States, and is a great agriculturist. His eldest daughter has married her cousin, Prince of Musignano, the son of Lucien. This young couple have settled at Florence, to be near their mother the countess. The Princess Borghese, their aunt, left them a considerable fortune.

The Count de Saint Leu (Louis) lives alternately at Rome and at Florence. His wife Hortensia, daughter of Josephine, lives at Rome during the winter, and spends the rest of the year at her beautiful villa on the lake of Constance.

The Prince of Canino (Lucien) resided at Rome a long time, on the domain from which he takes his title. He has lost a part of his fortune in unlucky speculations, which obliged him to sell his house at Rome to his brother Jerome, Prince de Montfort, and he is now living with his numerous family at the little town of Sinigaglia near Ancona.

The Prince de Montfort passes his time at the marches near Ancona, and the winters at Rome. His house is the rendezvous of all the distinguished strangers from the north of Europe who visit Italy.

The young Princess Eliza (daughter of the Princess Borghese) married the son of a great Italian nobleman, the richest

proprietor of Ancona. She is very lovely and witty. Her father, Prince Felix Borghese, lives at Bologna, wealthy and respected.

The Countess de Lipano (Madame Murat) has not yet been allowed to join her relations in Italy. She resides in Austria.

Napoleon's widow made a left-handed marriage with an Austrian officer some years ago, and is again a widow. It is said she has several children by this disgraceful connexion. The young Napoleon is in the army, and has been a colonel for some years.

---

## FREDERICKS-OORD.

In the province of Drenthe, the eastern part of Friesland, has been established on a sandy and arid moor a colony of beggars, which Prince Frederick has permitted to be called after his name. It owes its origin to a society of philanthropists, formed at the Hague in the year 1818, for the relief of the aged and poor persons. A spot was granted by the government in the above district, comprising an area of six hundred acres. The little river *Aa* was rendered navigable to this moor, on which has been constructed magazines, a church, a school, and buildings for spinning and weaving.

The habitations erected on the first settlement of this colony amounted to fifty-two, and have been rapidly increasing every year; and by the vigour of the administration the whole of the land has already been brought into cultivation.

The colony is divided into two departments—the free, and that for the suppression of mendicity. The former finds occupation for those who are willing to labor for their food, by payment of a salary; the latter represses the lazy beggar. The effects of this encouragement to industry have already proved

highly beneficial in relieving the public from a multitude of vagrants.

---

## SKETCH OF A DUTCH ENTERTAINMENT.

I was invited, by means of an introduction from a friend, to the house of a rich merchant of Amsterdam. The company assembled at six o'clock, and soon after we were all ranged round an immense table covered with a cloth, upon which were spread pipes, tobacco, cakes, cheese, tartlets, bread and butter, the indispensable spitting-box, and the inexhaustible tea-pot. We drank as if to see who should drink the fastest this precious warm water, slightly tinctured with the Chinese leaf, of which so great a quantity is consumed in Holland. *Grand Papa*, an enormous volume of a burgomaster, was rolled into the place of honor, and began to smoke, an example which was speedily followed by the whole of the males present; and it was not until we were involved in a thick cloud of smoke, that I was asked if the fume of tobacco was disagreeable to me? A man who is desirous of making himself well received in society, ought to complain of nothing; luckily I was an adept in the art of fumigation, and by the volumes I threw out from either cheek, I shewed that I was no novice, which procured a compliment from Mynheer, and determined to make myself agreeable, I praised the *stork*, that great favourite of the Dutch, which was not an easy task, seeing that neither its note nor its plumage presents any thing very enchanting; while owing to its long legs, spare form, and awkward gait, it defies all flattery. My encomiums however were not, I imagine, generally understood, as few of the party seemed to listen to me, the conversation being carried on in Dutch. A gentleman, however, who sat near me, I found spoke pretty good English, and he favoured me with a dissertation on the merits and services which this *scolopax* bird did to the country, finishing his enco-

miums by assuring me, "that those houses upon which the storks took up their abode were looked upon as favoured."

In the mean time our provident hostess was very diligent in filling our cups and in pressing us to eat. I escaped being thus gorged, by saying that I preferred a little scheidam and water. I was however compelled to take my share of *boter-ham*, a preparation of bread and butter, which in England we would call a ham-sandwich. At length supper was announced in another apartment, and the table groaned with luxuries, of which I could not partake; but the party *set to* with vigour, and did ample justice to the various *morceaux de resistance!* The smoking recommenced, and continued till after midnight.

---

## EXTRAVAGANT PRICES PAID FOR WINES.

In the year 1810, after the death of the late Duke of Queensberry, his grace's cellar was brought to the hammer, and, to the surprise of the public, was most scantily furnished; but there were twelve lots of Tokay which Mr. Christie, after an appropriate harangue, informed the amateurs had cost the noble duke three guineas per bottle at Paris, half a century back. The precious liquor was put into lots of a dozen, and put up at fifty guineas, on which biddings were immediately made, and it was knocked down at ninety-six guineas; another succeeded at the same enormous price, when two gentlemen agreed to take the whole between them, as they had no opponents; they were found to be an agent of the Prince of Wales, and a friend of Mr. S——, the *patrician cabinet-maker* of the city: his royal highness having eight lots, and the man of *veneers* four!

Though there was hardly any other wine worth notice, it sold for immense sums. The sale wound up with a couple of dozen of *liqueur*, the name of which was unknown; but a Scottish gen-

tleman present, on tasting it, pronounced it to be "an infusion of lemon-peel and some other bitter ingredients in whiskey, commonly called in the North "the housekeeper's dram."

This hint produced an encomium from Mr. Christie, and the "*liqueur de Drumlanrig*" (a seat of the duke's in Dumfriesshire) so mystified the audience, that it fetched a guinea a bottle in lots!

About this period John Bull's taste was for old port, and when the tartar floated in the glass, which the connoisseurs called the "bee's wing," this was reckoned a sure sign of its value and flavour. The writer of this was present at the sale of a city man's stock, who had been considered as a first rate judge and famed for his cellar, and several lots of his port sold for fifteen guineas a dozen! In fact this sort of wine is quite superannuated, and only supported by the quantity of alcohol contained in it; for it is quite a mistake that wines continue to improve beyond a certain period, dependent on their strength and quality, and sometimes on the vintage.

Some of the Portugal wines of the vintage 1775 were not ripe until twenty years, when they became very fine. Mr. Mumm, a celebrated wine-merchant at Frankfort, told the writer that in general the wines of the Rhine were in their perfection within twenty years, and that they afterwards degenerated; at the same time confessing that it was not his interest to give such an opinion, as Englishmen preferred Hock rather on account of its age than its quality. The vintage of 1811 was, at seven years old, preferable to any batch he had in his cellar, and bore a higher price in the market; its *bouquet* being particularly delicious. At Frankfort a wine-merchant demanded for Hock of 1727 fifty-five guineas a dozen, and had found more than one amateur at this extravagant price.

* * * * * *

About fifteen years ago a dilapidated house, which had been upset by the earthquake of 1755 at Lisbon, being about to be rebuilt, a considerable number of bottles were discovered in the

cellar; they were encrusted with small shells, the sea having had access to the cave. They were found to contain both white and red wine; though the corks had decayed, the incrustation had supplied their place, and the wine was perfectly entire, especially the Calcavellos.

In the Tyrol at Inspruck the landlord of the hotel produced as a curiosity to the writer of this, a flask of wine containing several quarts; "which," he said, "had been presented to him by the baron of a neighbouring chateau, which had been in ruins for three centuries." It was placed in large earthern jars, and according to his account was quite sound, and supposed to be a Grison wine, which has the property of keeping like Hock. The flask was to be emptied the following year, when the baron's heir came of age.

---

## SUPERSTITION AND PRIESTCRAFT.

Having lived almost a score of years on the continent, I have had many opportunities of seeing the religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, and of conversing with the priests, whose interest it is to keep the people in ignorance. It appears to me astonishing that nations so enlightened as France and Germany should continue to submit to such gross superstition, which one would imagine could only go hand-in-hand with ignorance; but to find men in this enlightened age, endowed with knowledge, still putting their faith and their salvation in the keeping of Jesuitical Monks, is unaccountable.

Men of education professing the Catholic faith are not to be mystified, in the present day, by the mummeries of the church; but they are obliged to submit to its ordinances to avoid scandal and spiritual censure. On fast-days they smuggle themselves into coffee-houses and restaurateurs, to enjoy the pleasures of

the table, which is winked at by the priests, who pardon the deceit as long as they keep up appearances. The institution of fast-days and of Lent was a wise political measure of economy, as it thereby saves more than a sixth part of the consumption of animal food; and to those who follow the rule, is productive of health, for a maigre-day once a week is certainly salutary, to say nothing of its promoting the salvation of our souls! It is this last charm that binds the pious Catholic to the observance of the command. Robbery, perjury, defamation, lying, drunkenness, gaming, &c. are more lenient offences in the opinion of many a truly pious Catholic, than eating flesh on a forbidden day, and the penance is less. Negligence in confessing is still a higher crime in the eyes of the priest, and it is much easier to get absolution for stealing a leg of mutton than for eating a chop on Friday! This admirable doctrine being inculcated into the minds of the lower orders, is the chief cause of the bad principles of servants in Catholic countries, who think it no crime to cheat and plunder their masters, provided they pay due attention to the forms of their religion, by regularly attending *messe*, counting their beads, and keeping strictly their fast days, but above all confessing their sins!

An English friend of mine residing in Brussels, had been long gulled by a female, who he was aware had frequently plundered him, until at length he dismissed her. Shortly after the separation the lady was seized with typhus fever, which fell on her lungs, when she begged her old *cher ami* to permit her to occupy his country-house for a short time during his absence, in the hope that change of air might restore her health; her request was readily granted, and she took possession, attended by a relation; but her disease increasing, her stay was short, and in a few weeks she died, her old lover generously giving her a decent funeral.

On returning to his villa he discovered that the *demoiselle* had broken into his cellar and cleared the binns of his best wines, robbed him of the greatest part of his bed and table linen, and

the whole of his plate! On searching her repositories an unfinished letter was found, intended to be delivered to him after her death, (for she was sensible of her approaching end,) but it came sooner than she expected. In this epistle he was informed that she had made a confession of her crimes to a priest, who gave her absolution, "as she had robbed a heretic, and on condition that she would leave a sum of money to the church, that masses might be said for her soul!" He assured her at the same time "that her salvation was certain, provided she did so," and was "*munie des sacrements de la Sainte Eglise!*" On further inquiry my friend found that by the sale of his property she had raised 800 francs for the above purposes, and the addition of ringing of bells!

I once reaped the benefit of confession at Palermo thirty years ago. During my residence in the country, having occasion to make a little tour, I deposited in a cabinet which I thought safe, a gilt silver box, which contained twenty-five antique rings and gems, probably worth 100*l.* On my return, after an absence of some weeks, I found my box and its contents had been extracted by picking the lock of the cabinet. I suspected my *valet de place*, but could bring no proof: I advertised and placarded a considerable reward for the restitution of my gems, but without success, and gave them up as lost. The following spring, however, when I was about to quit Sicily, the *curé* of the village where I had lived waited on me, demanding a private audience.—"Signior," said the reverend *padre*, "I hope I have recovered the property which was stolen from you last year at your villa." (I had mentioned the circumstance to the priest.) "You will please to mention the nature and number of the articles." I did so, when he rejoined, "*Avete ragione, Signior*, there can be no doubt, though several of the rings are not forthcoming. A man came to me to confess that he had stolen this box, containing several rings, &c. from an *Inglese*, and as you had informed me of your loss, I am now happy to be able to restore them to you without any

reward; but you are no doubt aware that I am not permitted to denounce the name of the robber, as they were returned in confession." I missed a few of the settings that contained the greatest quantity of gold, but the stones were left. Three or four of the most valuable had disappeared altogether. I begged the worthy *padre* to accept a few dollars "for the poor," when he retired with many acknowledgments. As I had taken some pains to make the theft notorious at the time it occurred, I am to presume that the fear of a halter had made the plunderer shy of offering them for sale; and the box being only silver the temptation was not great. On this occasion I praised the confessional box.

In Spain and Portugal the people continue in the lowest degradation, forming the last link of ignorance and superstition, compared with any other country in Europe. In proof of this assertion I will mention a striking example.

I was accosted one day at Lisbon in the street by a sturdy beggar, not in rags, but in a military uniform of cavalry, and by his badge a serjeant. He carried in his hand a large leathern bag or purse, and advancing, prayed my *excellenza* to give him something "*for the love of St. Antonio!*" Being curious to hear the nature of this singular demand, I desired my *valet de place* to act as interpreter, and to ask the mendicant how he came to be so much interested in this saint.

"Signior," said he, "St. Antonio is the major of the regiment to which I belong, *les Chausseurs Royals*; and I have this year purchased for a considerable sum the exclusive privilege of demanding alms in the saint's name for twenty-one days." "But how happens it," said I, "that he has the rank of a field-officer in your corps? for no doubt a saint of his reputation must have his hands full, except the duty is done by proxy, or that it is a sinecure office."—He could not inform me how matters were managed; "but Antonio," he said, "was the patron of the corps, and had been adopted from a circumstance that had occurred a great many years ago, when Portugal was at war

with Spain. The *Chasseurs Royals* were ordered to attack a column of the enemy; but instead of advancing, they wheeled to the right about, and the corps would have disgraced itself, had not the colonel galloped up, exclaiming: 'Rally, my brave fellows! I call you in the name of St. Antonio, who has never yet deserted you—wheel again and charge the enemy! —victory or death!' This well-timed address had the desired effect: the gallant *chasseurs* cheered their brave leader, and attacking their foes at the *pas de charge* with their sabres, were irresistible, and with cries of '*viva St. Antonio!*' conquered. On that memorable occasion our patron, to whose influence every thing was owing, was appointed a *sous-lieutenant*, and has risen to the rank he now holds by promotion at different times!" It was impossible to resist so feeling a tale, and I put a considerable sum in copper money into the proxy's bag. The purse-bearer had his story quite pat, and spoke as if he actually believed it to be truth. In return for my alms he presented me with an effigy of the major in full regimentals and mounted on a prancing charger.

It is hardly possible to conceive a better hoax than this. I had the curiosity to make further inquiries, and found that this saint has a regular commission from the king, and the regiment the pay and allowances of an extra major on account of the above gallant exploit, and that the produce of the begging-box is divided among the officers, while the serjeant contents himself with a certain per centage! "

St. Antonio is, in all Catholic countries, a personage of high consideration. At the counter-revolution of Naples in 1799, the patron St. Genaro had long held the highest rank in the calendar; but having permitted a French dragoon to nail a *bonnet rouge* on his statue which adorns the *Ponte Madelena*, without tossing the miscreant over the parapet, the favourite of the people got into disgrace, was tried by a holy tribunal, and found guilty of this and various other crimes and misdemeanours, and sentenced to be struck off the roster; but the city of

Naples could not exist without a protector, and it was necessary that a successor should be found without delay. The conclave again assembled, and St. Antonio was judged *nem. con.* as the most worthy. His reign however was but short. In eight months Genaro was restored to favour and to his former position on the bridge. I had the good fortune to be present on this occasion, and to hear the cannon of the British fleet ratify the solemn deed!

I consider these as especial good examples of the state of civilization in the two Peninsulas, and could give a score of other proofs of bigotry equally incredible.

---

## SKETCH OF HOLLAND UNDER LOUIS BONAPARTE.

It is well known that the Batavian republic, as Holland was called after the revolution of 1795, existed for several years in a state of ridiculous and helpless anarchy, highly prejudicial to its liberty and domestic interests; and the events of the war which succeeded increased its difficulties. At length, under pretence that many of the chief members of the state were desirous of a king, Napoleon sent his brother Louis to the Hague in that capacity. The little power that was attached to this mock monarch was in the hands of Hortense Beauharnois, the daughter of the Empress Josephine by her former husband. She lived on bad terms with Louis, and according to the scandalous chronicle, this misunderstanding proceeded from jealousy on his part, who thought his brother rivalled him in the affections of his spouse.

The court soon divided into two parties: the king countenanced the natives of the country, while the queen openly favoured Frenchmen.

Louis, in accepting (against his own inclination, as was gene-

rally said,) the crown of Holland, had doubtless foreseen how difficult it would be to govern so as to reconcile all that France seemed to expect from him with all that his adopted nation required.

It is in this political point of view, therefore, that all the actions of Louis ought to be regarded while he sat on the throne of Holland; and we ought not to attribute to him that instability of character with which he might afterwards be charged, and all those changes and contrary decisions which were multiplied without end.

At first he wished not to reign; but from the moment that he assumed the crown, he felt himself relieved from all engagements with the emperor prejudicial to his subjects; but here poor Louis wanted energy, and was eventually too weak to resist the colossal power which was opposed to him by the dictates of his brother; he chose rather to resign his empty honours than to compromise what he thought was his duty.

The imperious Napoleon now gave such directions relative to the government as convinced him he was only a pensionary of France, and that although he had the title of king, the emperor was the viceroy over him. Louis however employed himself with great assiduity; he had a civil and criminal code drawn up, and equalised the collection of the taxes so as to gain the approbation and good will of his subjects. He even succeeded in persuading the legislative body to lay aside its pompous title of "High Mightiness;" and when the emperor heard this, he expressed great surprise; saying,—"And has Louis then dared to pluck away this plume from the peacock?"

He planned the great object of introducing spring water by pipes into Amsterdam, which, had it succeeded, would have immortalized him; but owing to the stupidity of the engineers he employed, the scheme failed.

So absolute was the power which Napoleon exercised over his brother, that he made him suppress a journal which he had established, because its principles were not quite agreeable

to the emperor. The mutual dislike which the king and queen entertained for each other increased daily, though they went together to take the waters of the Pyrenees; but Louis returned alone, the queen remaining at Paris. Just before this they had lost their only son, a promising boy, to whom Napoleon always appeared to be much attached, and for whom, according to public report, he felt something more than an uncle's affection. The absence of the queen threw a great gloom over the royal parties, and Louis, in order to render himself agreeable to the Dutch, introduced the pestilent practice of smoking in the palace, encouraging it by his own example. The king's dislike to Frenchmen, and his predilection for the inhabitants, became daily more manifest. He looked on the former as spies, (and probably not without reason,) and took every opportunity of sending them on foreign missions, dispatching to them on their route an intimation that he had no longer any occasion for their services; thus getting rid of them with more dexterity than dignity.

One individual however, M. Hautavoine, had the courage to resist; he was the king's butler, and his majesty wished him to go to Bordeaux to purchase wines. The king, much surprised, asked him the reason of his refusal; when Hautavoine without the least confusion replied, "Sire, I would go to the devil to serve you, but if I should set off for Bordeaux, as soon as I reached Paris I should receive an intimation that I was no longer in your majesty's service; and therefore as I wish to remain in it, I shall stay in Holland!"

"But I am told," said the king, "that you drink the best wine in my cellar."—"That is very true," replied the imperturbable butler, "and if I did not, no person would believe it—not even your majesty!"

This frankness, it seems, was not displeasing to the king, who could not refrain from laughing; he was disarmed, and Hautavoine remained, upon a stipulation that he should not drink the *tokay!*

In the year 1806 he refused the crown of Spain, and this being known to the Dutch, increased their regard for him.

Among the various methods he adopted for solacing himself for the absence of his queen and the chagrins of his gilded slavery, he fixed his affections on a dog called Thiel, who was always kept in his master's company, and on one occasion accompanied him to Utrecht; a voyage that nearly became fatal to the favourite. The unlucky accident which befel him may serve to show that even royal curs are not beyond the reach of misfortune. One day being allured by a savoury smell, he directed his steps towards the kitchen, when all the *marmitons* and scullions, with doffed caps; endeavoured to make themselves agreeable to the favourite. Each offered him some delicacy, and the happy Thiel snapped up voraciously all that was presented to him; but his insatiable appetite induced him to seize on a bone which the meanest curs would have disdained to touch. He gnawed, growling the while, because they would have taken it away as unworthy of him; but his anger rendered him imprudent, and he would swallow it in spite of them; it stuck across his gullet, and poor Thiel was in danger of strangulation. The scullions called for help. By a most happy accident one of the *préfets* of the palace happened to pass, and saw the royal favourite in *articulo mortis*. The danger was pressing: he carried him in haste and alarm to the hall where the court was assembled. The king sent for M. Girand, his first surgeon, who came running, fearing that some accident had happened to his majesty. They shewed him Thiel, whom however he refused to assist, saying, "that it was true he was in his majesty's service, but not to operate upon dogs," and he retired. Luckily the king's dentist was in the palace repairing the teeth of one of the household; he was sought, and in a moment was at the side of his canine patient. The dentist was an Italian, and a clever fellow, and very adroitly drew the bone from Thiel's throat.

From this moment M. Girand lost favour, and returned to

Paris; the Italian, on the contrary, after the operation on the king's dog, saw his practice daily increase; and all the teeth of the court and the city were confided to his care, and he was placed in the high road to fortune. The new favourite however, wanted prudence, and got into difficulties; his creditors arrested him, and the king paid his debts!

In 1809 the misunderstanding between the two brothers had increased; the commercial relations of Holland with England, which Louis could not have prevented had he been inclined, and which were of so much benefit to the country, furnished Napoleon with never-ceasing reproaches and complaints. He persisted in saying "that the whole kingdom was infected with *Anglomania*, and that the king was the head smuggler." He determined therefore on what he had been long meditating, to annex Holland to the French empire.

Louis soon discovered his brother's policy; and the summons to meet the allied sovereigns at Paris soon put an end to all doubts upon the subject. He repaired thither, and took up his abode at the hotel of his mother.

Madame Mère seemed delighted to have her son near her, and it was arranged that they should always dine together; but although the king's service was considerably less than that of Madame, the pious lady would not suffer him to pay more than *two thirds* of the common expense: we may see by this instance to what length a mother's tenderness will carry her in behalf of a favourite son! Nothing is too much for him—what a delightful disinterestedness!

Louis immediately visited his brother, who received him with great affection, and Napoleon laid aside the dictator on the occasion, not speaking of state affairs. He deigned not to consult him on the projects he had in view, and the interview was short.

Louis was not admitted to the consultation of the sovereigns; sentinels were placed at his hotel, and he found that, if he attempted to return to Holland, he would be opposed. His health

was not good, and the chagrin occasioned by these mortifications rendered it worse; at length he kept his bed.

The sovereigns paid him visits, but his brother had not yet called; when, one day, as Napoleon was going to the *chase*, he turned aside to see him. He was not expected at the hôtel of Madame Mère, when on a sudden she saw his coach enter the court, preceded by a huntsman; and before her household could receive him, he tripped nimbly up the stairs, asking the officers who were running after him "which was the apartment of King Louis?" He found him in bed.—"Well," said the emperor in a satirical tone, "you are sick, I hear; they tell me you are oppressed with ill humours."—Louis, who felt the sneer which his brother's abrupt address conveyed, thought it prudent to speak of nothing but his health, and the conversation became quite common-place. Napoleon affected great gaiety, and withdrawing said, "You should get up and amuse yourself—for my part I am going to hunt; adieu!" He went for a short time to Madame, and his visit altogether did not exceed twenty minutes.

Some attempts were made to reconcile Louis to his queen, but in vain; and it was said she was equally repugnant to the proposal. With a view to accomplish this, they were lodged in adjoining rooms in the *Chateau de Compiègne*; but this produced only a precipitate retreat on the part of Louis. He learnt, however, that she was to accompany him back to Holland. They travelled in separate carriages, and on their arrival at the Hague the king had the communication between their apartments carefully bricked up. On this separation alone they seemed perfectly to agree. She was very soon desirous to return to Paris; but now, as if resolved to be revenged on her for the imprisonment which his brother had subjected him to there, he had her every motion watched, and positively forbade her departure. Notwithstanding his precautions and commands she contrived to make her escape; and the only affliction which the proceeding seemed to have caused her was in parting with her young son.

It required but little perspicacity to see that the throne of Louis was tottering, and that the designs of the emperor were nearly accomplished. Fearing, however, that Napoleon wished to secure his person, he would not have the act of abdication published until after his departure. His proclamation was an affecting appeal to the Dutch, in which he exhorted them to throw themselves on the good will of the emperor; and he had the generosity to represent himself as the sole obstacle which stood in the way of their happiness.

It was on the 2nd of July, 1810, that this proclamation appeared, when it created a general consternation. The people hurried in crowds to read the touching and solemn farewell, and it was said that it occasioned tears; but this we conceive to be a touch of exaggeration: be this as it may, every one seemed to fear that the future might produce something still more adverse to them.

He quitted his palace by night, accompanied only by a single valet, and the faithful favourite Thiel, who was unluckily crushed beneath the carriage wheels, a circumstance which occasioned the abdicated monarch great regret. He was now without a friend! He retired to Toplitz in Austria, where he lived for some time under the title of the Count de St. Leu.

Napoleon, by a decree of the 10th of July, united Holland to France; and the court of Louis, after four years of uncertainty and vacillation which had constantly agitated it, was dissolved "like the baseless fabric of a vision!"

The imperial *regime* was substituted for the royal power. The *Mynheers*, in the deepest affliction, after having shed tears for the monarch they had lost, hastened to the fêtes given by the new government, and joy succeeded to this public sorrow. No one ever existed who had such talent in making nations rejoice, in spite of themselves, as Napoleon.

Amsterdam became the third fine city of the French empire. In magnitude and population it ought to have ranked after Paris. The army and navy were incorporated with that of

France,' and the national debt reduced to one third of its amount.

---

## THE ROYAL ARMY OF CALABRIA.

I once had an opportunity of witnessing the courage of the Calabrese troops. Lord Montgomery and myself took a cruize to the Bay of Maritimo in the 74th, commanded by Captain Hood. Ruffo had requested some co-operation from the English fleet, to dispossess a small force of the enemy occupying a stronghold in this bay. Captain Hood landed his marines with one hundred sailors and two six-pounders. Lord Montgomery took the command of this little detachment, posting it to the right of the Calabrese, who were formed in three columns, consisting of 2,400 infantry and a few field-pieces; I acted as aide-de-camp. The fort, or rather redoubt in which the enemy was posted, might have been taken by assault in ten minutes by a few regular troops. The garrison consisted of only four hundred, with a little squadron of cavalry. The marines advanced as skirmishers. We expected the assault to commence; but the moment the enemy opened its fire, the brave Calabrese scampered off *pêle mêle* in all directions, leaving us to get back to our ship the best way we could! Fortunately our foes were not over bold; they were prevented, by the fire of our two great guns, from advancing till our detachment secured their retreat to their boats, which our guns covered. The few who remained were in more danger; but we had also the good luck to make our escape, having one sailor killed and two marines wounded while spiking the guns. The squadron gallantly charged us down to the beach, firing their carabines into the last boat, in which were the general and his staff. This sickened us of campaigning with Italians.

## MALARIA OF ROME.

It is greatly to be lamented that the malaria of the Roman capital seems to be annually increasing; thirty years ago it was confined chiefly to some of the faubourgs, especially in the neighbourhood of the Villa Borghese; but since that period I understand this pestilential atmosphere is daily making encroachments on various parts of the city; and many quarters which were considered healthy are now become subject to fever, and one-half of it is dangerous to inhabit.

Ancient Rome was not healthy: for many of the authors of antiquity speak of its *maladies solstitiales*. Pliny counts twenty-two plagues in two hundred years, and it is probable that they were occasioned by malaria. The temples erected to Æsculapius and Hygæia are monuments that these fevers existed, of which the inscriptions bear testimony; yet many of the places which were considered salubrious in these times are now uninhabitable. The causes of the prevalence of this scourge do not seem to be altogether known, although it is certainly often produced by the action of the sun on the stagnant water; yet in many situations there is no visible appearance of water. The air of the capital for example is esteemed pure, though the inhabitants at the foot of it, in the *Forum* and *Campo Vaccino*, one hundred feet lower, are subject to the fever; while in the Pontine Marshes it requires five hundred feet of elevation to be beyond its influence.

It appears that gardens produce fever, for every house in Rome with one is subject to fever.

The ancient Romans carefully preserved their woods, thinking that they prevented the winds from entering the city, which they considered unwholesome; viz. the *sirocco* and *libeccio*, (S. E. and S. W.) and whether their explanation was erroneous or not, they were in the right to preserve them; for after the woods of Latium were cut down, the fever became more frequent; and this has been proved in other countries.

In the United States of America, before the country was cleared of its timber, there was no malaria; nor does it exist any where in countries covered with forests.

The number of victims in all the infected parts of Italy is estimated at fifty thousand annually; yet it is the most populous country in Europe in proportion to its extent. It is extremely surprising that the parts of Rome which are the most crowded with houses are the most healthy, even those the lowest and nearest the Tiber; while the quarters to the south, now without inhabitants, and covered with gardens and vineyards, are become altogether unhealthy. This increases every year, and the more they are depopulated the fever increases in proportion; so that in a short time it will become a desart.

Before the burning of Rome by Nero, the streets were extremely narrow; and Tacitus tells us that the largest were the most unwholesome. Heat and damp are necessary to produce fever; yet it is singular that the crowded parts of the city are healthy, while those covered with gardens and vineyards are a prey to malaria. It would appear, therefore, that this terrible disease requires the direct action of the sun on a humid soil, and that the principle of the fever is not developed in more elevated and drier situations.

The destruction of the ancient forests of Latium appears to be the cause of the increase of malaria, but not the only one. After the fall of the Roman Empire, the ancient aqueducts being destroyed or broken in many places, inundated the *Campagna*, which became a marsh; the ancient population having been reduced by wars and famine, the country became more and more unhealthy; and in the course of some centuries the six or seven millions of ancient Rome were diminished to thirty thousand. It was in the fifteenth century, under Leo X., that this miserable population began to increase.

Another cause of the progress of malaria is the accumulation of sand on the sea shores, which arrests the course of the waters, and changes the limits of the Pontine marshes; which, instead

of being confined to a narrow channel as formerly, near the promontory of *Monte Circello*, have now spread under different names along the coast. Be these conjectures as they may, it is certain that malaria is increasing at Rome, and if some remedy is not discovered to stop its progress, "the Eternal City" may become a complete desert in another century.

---

## SKETCH OF BRUSSELS IN 1829.

No city on the continent is making more rapid strides to improvement than the capital of Belgium, since the accession of the House of Orange to the throne. It was before surrounded by a dilapidated brick wall, which had been formerly a rampart, but had become so ruinous as hardly to exclude the smuggler, so that the Regence was defrauded of its dues; for every article of life pays a certain duty on entering the gates; an unjust and abominable tax which falls heavy on the poorer classes.

The ramparts were demolished in 1820, which is an immense improvement, admitting a free circulation of air, and being a great embellishment to the city. A boulevard, like that of Paris, surrounds it, planted with rows of linden trees, forming rides, walks, and drives, which would have been one of the most delightful promenades imaginable, had it been laid down with a *chemin serré* instead of an execrable pavement of calcareous stones, already displaced and decomposed by frost and rain, leaving holes and inequalities, so that it is any thing but pleasant to take an airing on them in a carriage. This is the more inexcusable, as nowhere is the principle of road-making better understood on the plan called Macadamising than in the Pays de Liege, of which the highway from Dinant to Liege is an example that cannot be surpassed. Such, however, is the pitiful economy of the Regence of Brussels, that

though they put into their pockets an enormous sum by the sale of the ground for building, they would not be at the expense of breaking up the material, which could be procured from the Meuse by the canal; and the same niggard feeling prevents the park from being gravelled, though the banks of that river afford excellent material. Economy is commendable in public bodies, but here it is carried too far.

Side pavements in the streets are not to be expected where little attention is paid to the convenience of the citizens; yet the Austrians, sixty years ago, with a better taste, ordered the monks to make *trottoirs* round the *Place Royal* and the park; and the citizens, residing in the fashionable streets *Montagne de la Cour* and *Rue Madelaine*, lately subscribed to a side pavement, which, however, they limited to thirty inches wide!

Parsimony in lighting a part of the town with gas induced the contractors to make the pipes of so small a calibre, that the lamps only render "darkness visible."

Many excellent houses have been erected beyond the gates, but there are no pavements leading to them, and the consequence is, that they are impassable for six months in the year.

The fine buildings on the boulevards have but here and there a glimmering lamp, and though there is a great command of water, no attempt is made to water the rides and walks, nor is the dirt ever scraped from them. The dislike which the Brusselois have to keep the sun from their houses is singular, for though the south-east boulevard is exposed to the burning rays of 120° of the thermometer, there is but one verandah in the whole city, and that erected by an Englishman.

As German glass is cheaper than bricks and mortar, the architects are not sparing in windows; and it is not uncommon to see a room of fifteen feet square with four windows ten feet high. Until last year (1828) the Regence swept the streets only once a week, and permitted all the rubbish from the houses to be thrown into the middle of them, which was re-

moved at the discretion of the mud-contractors; and dead dogs and cats, and broken crockery, &c. might be seen under the noses of royalty. At length it was suggested to levy a voluntary contribution on the inhabitants to sweep before their doors; but only a few amateurs were found, and finally a few gangs of paupers and old women were employed with brooms, and the scrapings removed daily.

With all this slovenliness and parsimony, the park is well kept and guarded, to prevent dilapidations, and beggars getting admittance. The *pompiers* (firemen) were formerly employed in this duty, but now half a dozen strapping Wallons are the guardians, six feet high, in scarlet coats, black velvet nether garments, and white stockings, carrying an enormous cane, with a silver knob as large as a pumpkin; fierce cocked hats with silver lace, and a broad velvet sash trimmed with the same: these gentlemen ushers walk along the alleys all day long, and are extremely active in preventing porters from carrying any thing across the walks, and cook-maids their marketings. I lately saw from my window a *fracas* between one of these Jacks-in-office and a drummer, which terminated in the thumper of parchment being obliged to retire; but on what principle I know not, for his drum could not be considered as a parcel or a market basket! This delightful garden is not to be equalled in any city I have ever seen; it affords a dry walk in all seasons, and an agreeable shade from a scorching sun. None are excluded but beggars and notorious women. The tired labourer or mechanic may be seen reposing on the benches, or stretched at full-length under the trees, taking his siesta, while the children and their nurses are picking daisies on the prairies, and catching butterflies; the old, the infirm, and the invalid, enjoy the *agrémens* of this beautiful spot, and the *haut-ton* and the citizens mix indiscriminately in the fashionable promenades, listening to a band of music, and admiring each other's gay costumes, on a holiday. The poet may here compose his verses in solitude without fear of interruption in his reveries; for in

many alleys it is as retired as the forest of Soignies, of which this garden formed a part sixty years ago.

Great praise is due to the projectors of the new botanic garden and observatory, lately planned, and nearly completed, at the eastern extremity of the *Rue Royal*, one of the finest streets on the continent. This garden is most tastefully laid out, and the green-houses are perhaps unique, though designed by an amateur. Green glass has been employed in their construction, which, besides being pleasing to the eye, is said to be more favourable to the growth of plants and flowers.

The gardens were laid out by a citizen, who also gave the elevation of the conservatories, but I know not whether at the expense of the Regence or by subscription of the inhabitants: be this as it may, they are extremely beautiful, and a great ornament to the city.

Three of the gates are completed, and are handsome; the tops of the iron railing being gilt, have a fine effect.

The *Port Guillaume*, leading to Laecken, is of stone, and represents on an entablature the Regence delivering the keys of the city to William the First. This gate also conducts to the *Allée Verte*, the summer drive along the banks of the canal; but not being paved or gravelled, it can only be used in dry weather. A heavy shower of rain occasions it to be shut, and it as at all times damp from its low situation; but a thousand *Guillaumes* would render it dry and accessible during eight months of the year. ,,,

A magnificent building is now erecting as a repository of arts and manufactures, which will be completed in a short time. It will be of great extent, and useful as well as ornamental. An institution of this sort was much wanted; for though the Flemings will not admit that they are far behind France and England in the useful arts, yet such is the fact, especially in implements of agriculture, and many branches of mechanics. In architecture they are still farther in the back-

ground; and here their economy again interferes; for though Roman cement could be had cheaper than in England, (as part of the material comes from the Rhine,) yet it is but little employed in their new buildings, and a column or pilaster is seldom seen. The river Meuse affords a very superior slate near its banks; yet the Bruxellois cover their perpendicular roofed houses with a ponderous dingy tile, as it costs less!

A large and commodious hospital has been finished a few years, which does great honour to the city; and considerable attention is paid to the poor, a most numerous body, exceeding a fifth of the population.

The king's palace is a large and convenient structure, but part of it only is of modern date, and as a whole it is not very princely; but the state-chambers are handsome and spacious. Another palace has been lately erected for the Prince of Orange, also in the park, which does but little credit to the taste of the architect, who, studying simplicity, has designed a tame building, resembling an hospital or a manufactory.

The *Etats Generaux* (House of Commons, copied from the Amphitheatre at Verona) is a truly superb room, and well adapted to its purpose. The Chamber of Peers is very inferior. They were both burned down five years after they were finished, (along with a temporary residence of the hereditary prince,) and rebuilt, on the original model, by Vanderstraeten. A palace of justice has also been built since the accession. The front is handsome.

The *Rue Royale* has been extended nearly half a mile, and only wants a pavement to make it a very fine street. Farther improvements are projecting, and it is probable that in twenty years the upper part of this city will be one of the prettiest on the Continent. A splendid gate, in the form of a triumphal arch, leading to Waterloo, and a *Place d'Armes*, are immediately to be commenced; and, it is said, a large portion of ground in that direction is to be taken into the town, part of

which is to be converted into a garden for the prince. A new theatre was erected in the year 1821; and there is a small one, for little farces and operas, in the park.

The objectionable tax on bread, the chief food of the lower orders, is still in activity, though motions have been made in the *Etats Generaux* to repeal it, but hitherto without success. Nothing grinds the poor so much as this tax. The *Octroi*, pretty universal in all parts of the Continent, is also an impolitic mode of revenue, and extremely unjust; for there can be no principle of common sense in making a man pay for the commodities of life, because he lives within the gates of a town, a certain per centage more than his neighbour beyond it. The plea, I understand, is, that it is by this tax the corporations are enabled to pay for lighting and paving the streets, &c. But, surely, it would be more just that a certain sum should be levied on householders, according to their means, than an extra and partial duty laid on provisions. This would save expense in collecting, supersede the necessity of locking up the inhabitants at night, and do away with smuggling. Habit reconciles men to this restraint; but it could not exist in some countries, nor would it be possible to shut up the inhabitants in such an overgrown city as London, even if John Bull would consent to be surrounded by a wall.

Brussels is rapidly advancing in the art of printing; one individual published no less than 250,000 volumes in the year 1827. Books are published much cheaper than in Paris, which creates no small jealousy there. Didot lately intended to establish a press at Brussels, but found that he had been forestalled by the labours of more than one printer. Neither the type nor the paper equal the printing of London or Edinburgh, or perhaps Paris; but they are daily improving, and an immense number of books are exported.

The fine arts also are much encouraged; and though the modern painters finish with great care, and understand *chiaro scuro*, they are hard and liny, and their colouring greatly over-

charged; yet such is their conceit, that they consider themselves the only great living artists in Europe! During the revolution, they followed the school of David, and many Flemings went to Paris to study under him; but they now begin to find out that it was a bad school, and they are again pursuing their own, which is better. A few of their artists travel into Italy, and have greatly improved; but as long as they continue to have so much pretension and self-sufficiency, great progress cannot be expected. They hold our English artists (Wilkie excepted) in great contempt, without ever having visited England, or having, probably, seen a good specimen of art from that country.

Manufactures are beginning to thrive in various parts of the kingdom, and roads and canals are forming, so that Flanders is in a very flourishing state.

Above twenty thousand cotton spinners and weavers are in full activity in the city of Ghent: machinery is fabricated at Bruges, and, perhaps, the largest iron-foundery in the world has been established some years in the neighbourhood of Liege, in which the king has a large share, and four thousand hands are employed.

The extraordinary number of *cabarets* which have been erected within the last ten years (all of which are thriving) is a proof that the citizens can afford to spend a great deal of money in refreshments; the lower orders are the best customers, and perhaps no people of the same class in Europe disburse so much for these luxuries out of their gains as the mechanics and labourers of Brussels, who have high wages and plenty of employment. Beer is their chief potation, although spirits are so cheap. When I settled here about fourteen years ago, the Belgians were a more sober race than they are now, but still an intoxicated person is seldom seen in our streets. Women frequent the *estaminets* on Sundays and holidays, though they do not assist in the festivities beyond moderation; but the female servants are often profligate; their love of dress

and their low wages act as strong temptations to intriguing and cheating their employers.

A foreigner must have all his wits about him to deal with the Belgians: the only safety against their frauds is to pay what you buy with ready money. "A Flemish account" has been proverbial for centuries. If you remonstrate on their impositions, they add insult to injury, with a brutality quite unexampled in any other civilized country. They have one very singular trait, which is, never to keep their promise with you in the most trifling matter. If you employ a tradesman to make a piece of furniture by a certain day, you may think yourself fortunate if it is sent home a month after the time. If you purchase any thing at a shop, and desire it to be sent home immediately, it never appears till the following day. I left a watch, some time ago, to be cleaned, and afterwards quitted the town for six months; when I called for it, the horologer took it from his window, and finding that it had never been touched, he coolly said, "Is Monsieur pressed?"—To show the inattention of tradesmen to their business, particularly shoemakers, I made the experiment of being measured by six different Crispins, giving them ten days to make me each a pair of shoes. Two pairs only were sent home, a month after the promised time, the others I heard no more of. These are but trifling details, yet they show the character of the people; but the fact is, they consider that in working for you they are doing you a favour, and never show the least gratitude for employing them, or paying them liberally. I do not wish to be understood that there are not many exceptions to this remark, for I know many respectable and honest tradesmen in the capital of the Pays Bas, and have met with more than one instance of liberality. I had taken a lease of a house in the Park, at a low rent, shortly after the general peace. I had laid out a considerable sum in embellishing it, and paid my rent regularly. At the expiration of my lease of nine years I applied to my landlord, Monsieur Fienlands, a respectable clothier, for

a renewal, and as house-rent had nearly doubled during the period I had occupied it, I was prepared to give an addition of thirty or forty Napoleons a-year; but, to my astonishment, the good citizen would not raise the rent a sous! saying, "that I had been a good tenant, and that I might have it for another term on the same conditions." His liberality did not end here: as the house required repair, (folding-doors, and many other essentials,) which he was not obliged to pay for—he expended above a thousand francs on doing every thing we required:—a trait of generosity worthy of record.

My banker, Mr. Hennessy, on one occasion advanced me seven thousand francs, (when I was disappointed of my rents,) and without any security.

For the education of youth of both sexes, Brussels is one of the best stations on the Continent, and is a good temporary residence for Englishmen whose means are limited. The country is plentiful, and consequently every article of living moderate. It is near England, the government is mild, and there is no restraint in importing English books, though their own press is any thing but free.

Agriculture has been stationary for a century; the light alluvial soil is easily cultivated, and produces rich crops of all sorts of grain; but no attention is paid to raising turnips for feeding cattle, for the Flemings have no idea of any other mode of farming, except that which they and their forefathers have practised. Obstinacy always goes hand in hand with ignorance, and the consequence is, that they do not profit by the modern improvements in agriculture; there is no such thing as a threshing machine, or a drill plough, and the harrow continues its timber teeth, with a plough of the seventeenth century.

It is a remarkable fact, that the best breed of cows probably on the Continent, is in Holland; and the worst in the Netherlands. No country is better calculated for the growth of turnips, yet, except in the Pays de Waas, not one is raised;

for the seed thrown into the land, after harvest, produces only tops for a short subsistence to sheep.

The Baron de V——t has an experimental farm at a short distance from the capital. He visited England for the purpose of getting some insight into the science of farming, as practised in Norfolk, and brought back all the best modern implements of husbandry, as models for his tenants and his neighbours; but not one was adopted, and he has given up his experiments in despair.

The population of Brussels is rated at nearly one hundred thousand, of which above twenty thousand are paupers, supported by the Government and voluntary contributions. The population is rapidly increasing. The number of foreigners in the winter of 1828 was between seven and eight thousand, of which half the number were English. Many families settle for a season, and take their flight south, or return home in June; but the greatest number are stationary for the education of their children. An English clergyman, formerly a teacher at Harrow, has an establishment for boys, well conducted, and the expense does not exceed fifty guineas a year. There are several seminaries for girls, also superintended by Englishwomen, with French teachers. Masters in every department are excellent, so that few places afford better schools for education.

The air in the upper part of the city is salubrious, and the climate, perhaps, better on the whole than England; but the winters are sharper, and the summers hotter: fogs are less frequent, and the spring generally sets in a fortnight earlier than in any part of Great Britain.

Our countrymen will be disappointed who settle in Brussels as a place of amusement, for no capital can be more dull; and the natives are not ready of access, which is probably as much the fault of their visitors as themselves. As a station for economy, it can be highly recommended, provided no trust is put in servants, and every thing is paid for with ready money. The writer of this article has resided in Brussels for more than

fourteen years, and he knows this from experience. If an establishment, large or small, is well regulated, a saving of fifty per-cent. may certainly be made in housekeeping, compared with London. House-rent is dearer in proportion to other articles of living, and the taxes are daily augmenting. The horse-tax is more than double that of England; and the King of the Netherlands can boast that he is the only sovereign in Europe who has a tax on female labour.

There is an admirable establishment, called "La Société Littéraire," or Club. It consists of the principal and most respectable nobles and gentlemen of the city, who admit foreigners (on being properly introduced) as honorary members: the subscription to the club is extremely moderate. There is a house dinner at four o'clock, extremely well served, with access to billiard-tables, card-rooms, newspapers, &c. The urbanity and civility of the members merit the gratitude of foreigners. It is to be regretted that there is no such institution in London. A stranger has but little chance of getting into society in our metropolis, except by private introductions.

It is said the Belgians are jealous of us, but on what account I never could learn. The citizens are ready to pocket our money, and to make us pay handsomely for their commodities, without any feeling of good-will towards us; yet I have heard some of the shop and tavern-keepers confess that we are their chief supporters.

The master of the Hotel de Belle Vue has often fifty English families in his immense house, and ought to have accumulated great wealth; for there is not, perhaps, in any city on the continent an hotel so well frequented. Brussels has become a prodigious thoroughfare from England to the South, now that the Meuse and the Rhine are become such objects of interest to the tourist.

The bad arrangement of the apartments, and the stupidity of the waiters at every Belgian hotel, attract the observation of our countrymen. If he has not a personal domestic, there is

no attendance, and it is in vain that you ring the bells; no one comes. This annoys, and puts John Bull in a bad humour; for which, however, he has no remedy but patience. The expense of living at one of the best hotels may be calculated at twelve francs a day, which will include a bottle of Bordeaux (*Vin Ordinaire*), for which 400 per cent. is charged, in addition to the original cost. This, however, supposes that the guest contents himself with a sleeping-room, and dines at the *table-d'hôte*, which every sensible traveller ought to do. The dinners are handsomely and plentifully served, with a good dessert.

It has been calculated that a franc in the Netherlands is fully equal to a florin in Holland, in travelling. The cause of this extraordinary difference in the value of money I have never heard satisfactorily explained.

On the whole, Brussels may be reckoned as good a station as any on the Continent, either for the education of youth, or for procuring luxuries at a moderate rate.

The want of English books is a great drawback to Englishmen residing on the Continent, who have not the means of importing them, and they are so expensive that few can afford to purchase the modern publications. There are two circulating libraries in Brussels; but as the proprietors must study the taste of their subscribers, nothing is to be found on their shelves but novels and romances.

No encouragement is given by the English residents to bring over books of more interest; and reading does not seem to be their taste, which is the more surprising as there is no *passe tems* or any thing to gratify the eye; no galleries, or libraries, or club,* where gentlemen can meet to converse or play at whist, as in London or Paris, or at our watering-places; the consequence is, that the English society is divided into *coteries*, where gossip and scandal are the order of the day. No sooner

* There is one English club, but it is restricted to reading the newspapers.

does a stranger arrive than the telegraphs are set at work to ascertain who he or she is. They are frequently, however, *dark horses* that no one has ever heard of; but if they have the means of entertaining and giving parties, they are visited, and found out to be agreeable persons, till at length it is discovered by some *Paul Pry* that they have been in business; that their fathers and mothers were tailors and milliners, and that such *parvenus* ought not to be countenanced or admitted into society.

Since country dances were pronounced to be an exercise only adapted to the lower classes, and as a quadrille requires but small space, every one can give a dance. *Mons. Sacré* and his band are engaged, the floors are chalked, a restaurateur contracts for a supper at five *francs par tête*, ices and champagne are as rife as jellies, negus, and sandwiches, in former times; and one of these parties may be given with management for a *thousand francs!*

To those who can afford such an expense, no reflection ought to be made; but when a family pinch themselves for six months in the year, to give a party to twice the number of persons their house can conveniently contain, and who laugh *sous cape* at their extravagance, no greater act of folly can be committed.

This is the way, however, that the plans of economy and retrenchment are counteracted, and the chief cause of the failure of the wise resolutions that the settlers had laid down in emigrating; for not one in twenty attend to the maxims of prudence which induced them to become sojourners in a foreign country.

The *soirée* of a Bruxellois is quite a different affair. The assembly commences at an early hour; they play at *plaquet* whist (paying the same sum for their cards); *eau sucré* and cakes are the refreshments offered; and long before midnight the party breaks up. This can be done for a trifling sum, and no better return is expected; but the English vie with each other who shall spend the most money in entertainments. This

is the rock on which they split. "*Cælum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*"

Our countrymen have also imported their English fashion of dining at six or seven o'clock, but these hours are very inconvenient and not the practice of the country. In winter you are a couple of hours in darkness, and in summer you cannot take exercise at the most agreeable time of the evening. All other nations conform in some measure to the manners of the places in which they live, according to the old maxim, "He that lives at Rome must follow the Pope."

John Bull is fond of playing the *Hidalgo* abroad as well as at home, and of throwing his money about him to show the length of his purse. He gives champagne and the finest wines at his entertainments, because they are expensive; though his taste probably is for *Moselle* and *petit Bordeaux*. He must sit two or three hours after dinner because such is the fashion in his own country; and if he happens to dine with a native he sits on tenter-hooks, as there is no getting the women to quit the dinner table without the men. He does not like the chat of a foreign lady, for she knows nothing of horse-racing, or hunting, or bull-baits, or cock-pits. John, however, has only fits of extravagance, and is not always generous. He will squabble about a tavern bill, and kick up a row because a *franc* was put into it for a square of soap. I once crossed the Rhine near Coblentz with an English post-captain. The boatman had the impudence to demand the enormous sum of twenty groshen (as many pence) for ferrying us over, waiting half-an-hour, and carrying us back. The captain had discovered that we were imposed on several groshen, and stormed and swore in *high* and *low* Dutch, (of which he had a smattering,) "that he would be d—d before he would give him a *stiver* more than his fare." I interposed, by observing, "that a London wherryman or a Spithead rascal would not have let us off for double the sum," and throwing down my share of the fare, left the naval hero to settle the matter the best way he could, and returned to my

hotel. In a few minutes I heard a great fracas in the court, and looking out of the window, discovered the captain and his *Charon* still in debate, and surrounded by a mob they had collected on their passage. I was determined not to interfere. The waiter, however, who spoke French, told me that "Monsieur le capitaine was going to make an appeal to the *bourgmestre*." He did so, and after a full hearing was obliged to pay his share of the boatman's demand of twenty groshen; for though the fare was only four for crossing the Rhine, and as many for re-crossing, yet the magistrate did not consider the extra demand too much for the waiting job, and he was not only condemned to pay the whole sum, but an addition of twelve groshen more for loss of time. Moreover, a *florin* was charged for expenses of the suit, so that the captain did not come off with flying colours on this occasion; but though he blustered a good deal before *Mynheer*, he could get no redress, except by an appeal to a higher tribunal, which he did not judge it prudent to try. I can hardly conceive any thing more silly or absurd than a gentleman on his travels being disconcerted for such a trifle; for besides the meanness of such a pitiful sum, the trouble incurred ought to have deterred a rational person from inflicting such a punishment on himself. I confess I rejoiced at his defeat, and was glad of an opportunity of cutting my countryman's society the next day, and I proceeded on my journey down the Rhine *solus*. We had met by accident in the *coche d'eau*, and parted without regret on my side; such a *compagnon de voyage* was by no means suited to my taste. I always expect and lay my account to pay a little more as a stranger, when travelling, and I know no country where more impositions are practised on the traveller than in England. I made an experiment one day in London with a hackney-coachman. In Oxford Street I called a coach to drive me to a certain spot in the Edgeware Road, which was exactly a shilling fare, for I was in the habit of paying it frequently. I was dressed in a huge great coat of foreign manufacture, trimmed with fur, and might have

readily passed as a Russian or a Pole. I got in and desired to be put down at the turnpike-gate of the New Road, and pulling out my purse demanded the fare.—" Five shillings, your honour," replied the unblushing rascal!—" Are you not," said I, " a great scoundrel to ask five times your due, because you thought you had to deal with a poor old foreigner?" Jarvey, though a little disconcerted, pulled up his breeches, saying, " Well, your honour, give me what you like."—I paid him a shilling, took his number, summoned him to Bow Street where the worthy charioteer was severely reprimanded and mulcted " in the sum of twenty shillings."

At Yarmouth thirty years ago, when I embarked with a part of my regiment for Portsmouth, I was too late for my transport, which I saw lying-to for me at a league distant. I hired a boat to put me on board, and the boatmen had the conscience to demand ten guineas for the job; but having the law in my own hands I paid them with one.

Travellers in a foreign country are always cheated by hackney-coachmen, porters, &c.; but it is really beneath the dignity of a good-humoured *voyageur* to fret and fume at such paltry impositions, or to quarrel with innkeepers at their charges, being a little more than he had calculated on, for his scrutiny and self-torment will not make ten pounds difference in his expenses between Calais and Naples.

## THE LATE LORD MONTGOMERY.

The most painful of my reminiscences was the premature death of my noble and amiable friend, the companion of my travels, whose friendship and confidence I had been honoured with for more than twenty-five years. My feeble pen can but ill record his amiable qualities, or do justice to my feelings of deep regret and grief on that melancholy occasion; yet I was in some

measure prepared for the event; for when I took leave of him on the Marina at Palermo, I had a presentiment that we were to meet no more in this world. My own health was precarious, for I had not recovered from a *coup de soleil:* I had with deep regret observed that he did not rally (as on former occasions) from a recent attack of a hemorrhage from his lungs, which made me fear that the trying climate of Sicily had committed ravages that his now impaired constitution could not long withstand.

I was but too well confirmed in my suspicions; for on my arrival in England, I found letters from him, stating " that the business of his diplomacy had increased after my departure—that he greatly felt the loss of my society, counsel, and assistance; for violent quarrels had taken place between the ministers and the leaders of the new constitution, which occasioned him great anxiety of mind, and kept him in hot water;" but the worst of all was, " his digestion became daily more feeble, and his stomach so much deranged that he feared he would soon be rendered unable to carry on his various duties." In a few weeks another dispatch was still more alarming: " his disorder had increased and compelled him to give in his resignation; his physicians having recommended him to quit the island and to pass the approaching winter in Portugal, which they considered a better climate; he begged me to write to a friend at Lisbon to secure his old quarters there, and hoped I would be able to give him the meeting, as he intended to take the first opportunity that occurred of a conveyance to Gibraltar." When I had made preparations for joining my friend, a third letter announced his design " of taking his passage in the Bristol man-of-war, which would sail for Alicant in a few days, and he trusted he would find some means of proceeding to Portugal." This was the last letter I received from him, or that he ever wrote.

He was landed at Alicant in so debilitated a state that little hopes were entertained of his recovery; and he only survived six weeks after his arrival, reduced to a shadow!

I will not attempt to describe my feelings on the receipt of these melancholy tidings: after living for so many years in the most intimate habits of friendship with a man possessed of so many noble and amiable qualities, and who always treated me with the kindness of a brother, my sorrow and regret may be imagined.

It is an old maxim "that friendship cannot long exist without a reciprocity of benefits and a union of sentiments." I had given Lord M. strong proofs of a sincere attachment, by quitting my family and abandoning my profession on three different occasions, from the most disinterested motives; and I had been the fortunate means of restoring him to health, by persuading him to remain in Italy until it was re-established. He was so accustomed to my society, and we "trimmed our boat" so well together, that he could not, he often said, travel without me; so much are we the slaves of habit. It seldom happens that the most intimate friends, when shut up together in a chaise, and being without other society in a foreign country, agree in all things so happily as we did.

Before we set out on our first journey, I had for some years associated with him; and when I was on the staff at Ayr I received many personal civilities from him and his family. It was at this period that the first symptoms of his disorder appeared. I discovered by accident, when on a shooting party with him, that he had been spitting blood, which he had concealed from his physician. I remonstrated with him on the risk and danger he would incur by continuing the immoderate drinking which was at the time going on, and of which he was a promoter; but as he laughed at my advice, I communicated my fears to his mother, which alarmed her ladyship; and a consultation of medical men recommended their patient, who had a severe cough, to pass the winter which was approaching in a milder climate, and it was determined that he should visit Devonshire, taking London on his way, to have a consultation on his case.

As I had resided many years in that county, I was called into the councils, when Lord M. and his father entreated me to accompany him, to which I readily consented, provided I could procure leave of absence.

On our arrival in town, Doctors Pitcairne and Baillie were of opinion that his lordship's pulse indicated a severe affection of the lungs, and they advised him to proceed without delay to Italy. I obtained the king's leave and accompanied him. After an absence of two years and a half I had the happiness of returning with him in perfect health; it turned out, however, that his disorder had been mistaken, and that it was not consumption, but *hæmoptysis:*

In 1806 he had another similar attack, and I accompanied him to Lisbon, where in eight months he again came home quite restored, although with a delicate constitution that required the greatest care. In 1809 he was put on the staff as a brigadier general; but the fatigues of a campaign, though on home service, were beyond his strength, and after a few months he was obliged to resign.

The following year he had a relapse attended with alarming symptoms, which again made a southern climate necessary. Unfortunately he selected Sicily for a station, as it had formerly restored him, and after he had been a few months at Palermo and had rallied, the love of his profession induced him to accept the command of a brigade under the orders of Lord William Bentinck, with whom Lord M. was in habits of great intimacy. But what was more detrimental, on Lord William's taking the command of his division in Spain, he prevailed on him, from a conviction of his talents and firmness, to take the management of political affairs at a very critical period in Sicily, by which he incurred anxieties and labours far beyond his physical powers, and which hurried him to his grave.

If a generous and benevolent heart, a cool courage, and independent spirit, attachment to his friends, a kind, hospitable, and unostentatious disposition, "where the left hand never knew

what the right gave," added to the most graceful and unaffected manners, are virtues which form an endearing character, Archibald Lord Montgomery possessed all!

Wherever he lived he was beloved and respected, and popular without seeking to be so; and of all men I ever knew, (one individual perhaps excepted, who was his intimate friend,) Lord M. was the most single-hearted.

He never gave an affront, and as little could he brook one. On more occasions than one I witnessed his coolness and noble spirit, where he felt that his honour was assailed, and where he comported himself in a manner at once dignified and determined; shewing himself worthy of his high birth, and exhibiting on all occasions "the boldness of the lion with the meekness of the lamb!"

No man ever lived *in* private life whose death was more universally regretted, especially in his own country, where for three-fourths of the year he dispensed his hospitalities with an unsparing hand and the most refined taste. His elegant residence at Coilsfield, the ancient seat of the Montgomeries of Skelmorlie, was always filled with the best society, which led him into expenses beyond the boundaries of prudence; but he did not, like many other noblemen of the day, squander his fine revenue among *black-legs* and gamesters in the metropolis. He bred race-horses and encouraged racing from patriotic motives; but this amusement was confined to his own country, and he never backed his horses or betted beyond trifles, though his success on the Scotch turf was great during his short career. Lord M. also spent an enormous sum on building and improving his beautiful seat, which was also imprudent, as the earl, his father, had lately erected a noble mansion at Eglinton; but he was led, like many others, to increase his expenditure in building by degrees, and from the original intention of erecting a cottage, it became a little palace. I named it "the Castle of Indolence;" for all ceremony was banished, and no guest ever visited Coilsfield who did not quit it with regret:

though on a small scale, it is the most tasteful and classical villa in Scotland, or perhaps in the island. It is at present rented by the Earl of Glasgow.

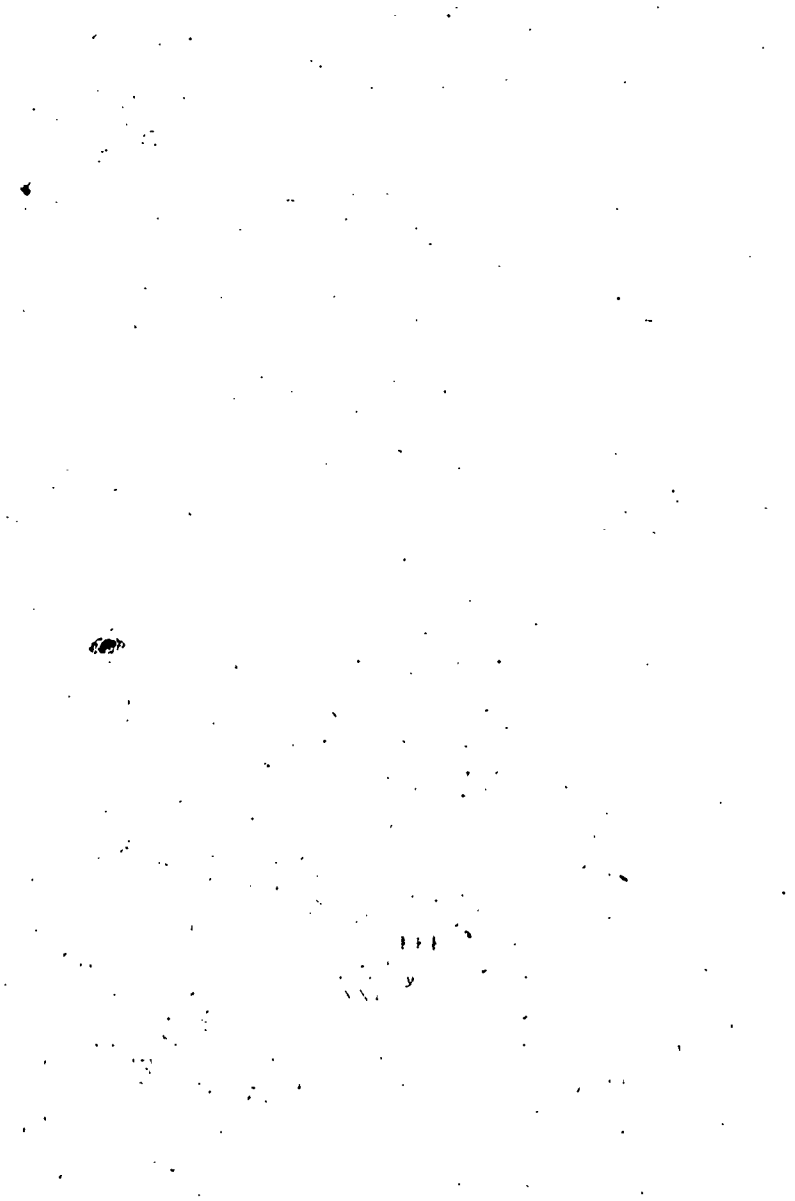
Lord M. died in 1813, in his forty-first year. He was buried at Alicant, but his body was afterwards removed to Gibraltar, where he lies with many a hero, but none more worthy or brave!

## CORRECTIONS.

Page 145, line 6, for *fall*, read *falls*.
——— line 7, for *happen*, read *happens*.
——— 268, line 4, for *seven*, read *six*.
——— line 8, *dele* Brigade Major.

THE END.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.



00026662

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 January, 2016